

THE
CORRESPONDENCE
AND
DIARY
OF
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF
VARIOUS PARTICULARS IN HIS LIFE HITHERTO UNKNOWN:
WITH
NOTICES OF MANY OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES;
AND A SKETCH OF THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF THE
TIMES IN WHICH HE LIVED.

EDITED
FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS.
BY HIS GREAT GRANDSON,
JOHN DODDRIDGE HUMPHREYS, ESQ.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. IV.

SECTION I.

	Page
A BRIEF Consideration of the Effects produced by popular Excitement, when combined with religious Sentiment ; and more particularly in Reference to its Influence on the Character of the Nonconformists towards the latter part of the Reign of George the Second ; with a Continuation of the Confidential Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge	1
Errata.—For Westley read Wesley ; for Westlean read Weslean.	
LETTERS.—1741.	
March. From the Rev. W. Warburton, D. D.	12
Eulogium on the Family Expositor, with other critical remarks.	
April 14. From the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.	14
Relative to the appointment of Mr. Orton as Dr. Doddridge's assistant in the Academy.	
May 12. From the Rev. W. Warburton, D. D.	15
Animadversions on " some pretended advocates for Christianity," &c.	
May 28. From the Rev. W. Warburton, D. D.	18
Domestic allusions ; " a good Levite under the old law."	
May 30. From the Rev. John Jones	19
Remarks on the Liturgy, &c.	
June 1. From the Rev. David Fordyce, M. A.	23
Critical remarks, &c.	
June 6. From the Rev. W. Warburton, D. D.	25
Friendly arrangements, &c.	
June 18. To Mrs. Doddridge	26
Some account of Cambridge ; a strange report, &c.	
June 20. To Mrs. Doddridge	29
Particulars relative to Cambridge ; a notice of some valuable manuscripts which were lodged in that university by Cromwell, &c.	
June 25. From the Rev. W. Warburton, D. D.	31
Mentions an abstract of the Divine Legation made by Dr. Doddridge, &c.	
June 25. To Mrs. Doddridge	33
Miss Scott ; her taste for the elegant arts, &c.	

	Page
1741.	
June 28. To Mrs. Doddridge	36
Reflections on the death of a friend, &c.	
July 2. To Mrs. Doddridge	38
Ministerial duties, social pleasures, &c.	
July 3. From the Rev. Dr. Miles, F. R. S.	40
Remarks on the Family Expositor, &c.	
July 5. To Mrs. Doddridge	42
Account of a journey, &c.	
July 7. To Mrs. Doddridge	44
Amusing particulars; a fair captive, &c.	
July 10. To Mrs. Doddridge	46
The ordination of Mr. Scott, &c.	
July 18. To Mrs. Doddridge	49
Unpleasant news, &c.	
Aug. 5. From the Rev. W. Warburton, D. D.	50
His opinion of Dr. Doddridge's Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ.	
Aug. 22. From the Rev. David Fordyce, M. A.	53
Literary remarks, &c.	
Sept. 10. To the Rev. Nathaniel Wood, D. D.	56
Opinion of Mr. Whitfield and of Mr. Orton, &c.	
Sept. 28. From the Hon. Mrs. Scawen	58
Melancholy thoughts, &c.	
Oct. 3. From the Rev. John Jones	60
A notice of Dr. Warburton, &c.	
Dec. 24. From the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.	61
Personal particulars, &c.	
1742.	
Jan. 6. From Miss Scott	62
Pious reflections on the recovery of her father from a dangerous illness.	
Jan. 8. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D. D.	66
Observations on Dr. Warburton's Divine Legation of Moses, &c.	
Jan. 12. From the Rev. David Jennings, D. D.	69
Remarks relative to his work on Astronomy, &c.	
Feb. 4. From the Rev. John Barker	71
Laments that the "younger pastors" were departing from the doctrines of the Reformation.	
Feb. 25. From the Rev. Robert Blair, D. D.	73
Inclosing the manuscript of his poem entitled "The Grave."	

1742.

Feb. 26. From the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.	75
A notice of the progress of religion in New England, &c.	
March 11. From the Rev. Hugh Farmer	77
Sentiments on receiving Dr. Doddridge's Sermon on "The Evil and Danger of neglecting the Souls of Men."	
March 13. From Miss Scott	79
Devout and affectionate.	
April 15. To the Rev. Samuel Wood	81
Important particulars relative to the examination of candidates for the pastoral office.	
May 8. From the Rev. F. Wadsworth	86
Alluding to an extravagant idea then prevalent, that the Methodists were connected with the Jesuits.	
June 9. To Mrs. Doddridge	87
An account of a journey.	
June 14. To Mrs. Doddridge	89
Pleasing interview with Mr. Darracott and Mr. Fawcett, who had been students at Northampton.	
June 17. To Mrs. Doddridge	91
An interesting sketch.	
June 23. From Mrs. Doddridge	93
Domestic incidents.	
June 24. From Mrs. Doddridge	95
A visit from Colonel Gardiner, &c.	
June 25. To Mrs. Doddridge	97
Reflections on visiting Mount Radford, near Exeter, once the seat of Sir John Doddridge.	
July 3. To Mrs. Doddridge	99
Affectionate and pious.	
July 10. To Mrs. Doddridge	101
An anecdote.	
July 16. To Mrs. Doddridge	102
"Zum-dthing in th' Zomerzetzhiere tongue."	
July 17. To Mrs. Doddridge	103
Interesting objects on the road.	
Aug. 4. From Mrs. Doddridge	105
Cheerful and affectionate.	
Aug. 9. To Mrs. Doddridge	108
About to return home, &c.	
Sept. 29. To Mrs. Doddridge	109
Speaks of having first met with the pamphlet entitled "Christianity not founded on argument."	

1742.

Oct. 6. From Colonel Gardiner.....	112
Resignation to the will of Providence, &c.	
Oct. 9. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	114
Success in preaching, &c.	
Oct. 13. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	115
Great anxiety on her account, &c.	
Oct. 21. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	118
Arrangements for her return, &c.	
Oct. 27. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	120
An allusion to an ancient practice of the Nonconformists.	
Oct. 31. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	123
A delightful picture of his devotional feelings.	
Nov. 3. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	127
An instance of resolution.	
Nov. 6. To the Rev. Nathaniel Wood, D.D.....	127
Observations on the state of religion, &c.	
Nov. 7. From Mrs. Doddridge.....	130
An affectionate caution, &c.	
Nov. 12. To the Rev. Mr. Bourn.....	133
A candid and able vindication of his opinions and character.	
Nov. 13. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	139
Domestic circumstances, &c.	
Nov. 18. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	142
Habits of study, &c.	
Nov. 21. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	143
Much anxiety.	
Nov. 24. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	145
Written under painful feelings.	
Nov. 29. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	148
An apology.	
Nov. 27. From Mrs. Doddridge.....	150
Her expenses at Bath.	
Dec. 8. To Sir John R*****n.....	154
A judicious reproof.	
Dec. 12. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	156
Pious reflections.	
Dec. 14. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	158
An elegant compliment.	
Dec. 22. To Mrs. Doddridge.....	160
Relative to his health, &c.	

1742.

Dec. —. From the Rev. John Gibbs	163
Pious and affecting account of his father's death.	
Dec. 30. To the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett	163
Resignation to the Divine Government; religious state of his own congregation, &c.	
Jan. 4. From William Bruce, Esq.	168
An allusion to Mrs. Doddridge.	

1743.

Jan. 5. From the Rev. David Jennings, D. D.	170
On the evidence of Christianity.	
Jan. 7. To Mrs. Doddridge.	171
An interesting allusion to some of his works.	
Jan. 9. From the Rev. John Gibbs	174
Requesting Dr. Doddridge to preach his funeral sermon.	
Jan. 10. To Mrs. Doddridge	175
His views in answering the author of "Christianity not founded on argument."	
Jan. 13. From the Rev. John Barker	179
A friendly caution, &c.	
Jan. 17. To Mrs. Doddridge	182
A cheerful notice of a late illness.	
Jan. 24. From Colonel Gardiner	185
Characteristic.	
Jan. 26. To Mrs. Doddridge	186
Unexpected.	
Jan. 27. From the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.	187
Alluding to a work by Dr. Jennings, &c.	
Jan. 31. To Mrs. Doddridge	189
Interesting remarks relative to the works he had in hand, &c.	
Feb. 7. To Mrs. Doddridge	192
Happy state of mind, devout sentiments, &c.	
Feb. 9. From the Rev. W. Warburton, D. D.	195
Family particulars; critical remarks on the writings of Dr. Young, &c.	
Feb. 14. To Mrs. Doddridge	200
A notice of Colonel Gardiner, &c.	
Feb. 18. From the Rev. John Barker	202
The government of Providence, &c.	
Feb. 19. To Mrs. Doddridge	205
The death of friends, &c.	
Feb. 24. From the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.	208
Important question relative to the Academy.	

1743.

March 8. To Mrs. Doddridge	211
The pleasures of religion.	
March 9. From the Rev. John Barker	212
A notice of the author of "Christianity not founded on Argument."	
March 12. From Mrs. Doddridge	215
Devout remarks, &c.	
March 12. To Mrs. Doddridge	218
An important duty happily discharged.	
March 19. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D. D.	220
Interesting particulars relative to works in hand; pleasing prospect with regard to his pupils, &c.	
March 20. From W. Oliver, Esq. M. D.	223
Extravagant mistake of the Methodists, &c.	
March 22. To Mrs. Doddridge	225
A visit to a poor man under sentence of death, &c.	
March 27. To Mrs. Doddridge	228
Ministerial success a consolation under fatigue and sorrow.	
March 31. From the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.	230
His declining health, &c.	
April 5. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D. D.	232
An instance in which Natural Religion had been <i>improperly</i> impugned; remarks on Dr. Blair's poem, entitled "The Grave," &c.	
April 13. To Mrs. Doddridge	239
Dated from Bath.	
April 14. From the Rev. John Norman	240
Relative to the influence of his works, &c.	
April 28. From Charles Erskine, Esq.	242
Remarks on the unworthy treatment which the Jews have received from what is called "the Christian world," &c.	

SECTION II.

Additional Thoughts on the Mode of Ordination practised by Dissenters; some Remarks on the Domestic Character of certain Letters; and a Continuation of the previous Correspondence	247
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LETTERS.—1743.

June 8. To the Rev. Mr. Witton	253
Important advice on a delicate question.	
June 27. From the Rev. David Jennings, D. D.	256
A point of Church discipline; a remonstrance, &c.	

1743.

July 12. To Mrs. Doddridge	259
A visit to the tomb of Shakspeare, &c.	
July —. From Nathaniel Neal, Esq.	262
Last illness and death of his father, the Rev. Daniel Neal.	
July 28. From the Rev. R. Blair, D. D.	264
State of religion in Scotland.	
Aug. 15. From the Rev. David Longueville	266
Devout sentiments ; a noble instance of adherence to Christian principles, &c.	
Sept. 20. From the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.	269
Count Zinzendorf's Sermons ; a reproof, &c.	
Sept. 29. From Dr. Secker, Bishop of Oxford	270
Candid opinion of the Dissenters ;—view of establishing a County Hospital at Oxford, &c.	
Oct. 11. From Nathaniel Neal, Esq.	274
The intercourse of Dr. Doddridge with the Calvinistic Methodists highly offensive to the Nonconformists.	
Oct. 15. From Nathaniel Neal, Esq.	277
Religious enthusiasm injurious to Christianity.	
Oct. 20. From the Rev. Francis Ayscough, D. D.	281
The good capacity of his royal pupils, &c.	
Nov. 4. From the Rev. John Barker	282
His opinion of the followers of Mr. Whitfield, as formed from his observations on their conduct.	
Nov. 10. From Lord Kilkerran	285
On the education of his son who was about to enter Dr. Doddridge's Academy.	
Dec. 10. From Nathaniel Neal, Esq.	288
A new cause of alarm.	
Dec. 12. To Nathaniel Neal, Esq.	290
A vindication of his conduct with regard to the Calvinistic Methodists.	
Dec. 14. From the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.	295
Resignation to the will of Providence, &c.	
Dec. 15. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D. D.	297
The Hymns for Children ; the Rise and Progress, &c.	
Dec. 16. From the Rev. E. Pemberton	300
Conduct of the Moravians ; restrictions on religious freedom in America, &c.	

1744.

Jan. 15. From W. Oliver, M. D.	302
Thanking Dr. Doddridge for his defence of Christianity as a rational system.	

1744.

Jan. 20. From the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D.	304
Critical remarks, &c.	
Jan. 23. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D. D.	306
The exertions made in favour of the County Hospital, &c.	
Feb. 4. From the Rev. John Leland, D. D.	309
On the Defences of Christianity which had recently been published.	
Feb. 28. From the Rev. Mr. Whatley	313
Singular remark on the divinity taught by Dr. Watts, &c.	
March 3. To the Rev. Mr. Whatley	318
Remarks on the doctrine of original sin, &c.	
April 2. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D. D.	323
An allusion to Dr. Akenside, &c.	
May 10. From the Countess of Huntingdon	325
The necessity of preaching free grace, &c.	
June 13. From the Rev. John Barker	331
Friendly support under illiberal treatment.	
June 20. To Sir James Stonhouse, M. D.	334
On the settlement of Dr. Akenside at Northampton, &c.	
June 22. To Mrs. Doddridge	339
Circumstances of a journey, &c.	
June 26. To Mrs. Doddridge	340
Thoughts excited by the anniversary of his birthday.	
July 11. To Mrs. Doddridge	342
Visit to the seat of the Earl of Orford.	
July 18. To Mrs. Doddridge	344
An instance of the spontaneous combustion of the human body; ordination of the Rev. Samuel Wood, &c.	
Aug. 29. From Mr. Williams	347
An account of the settlement of the Rev. B. Fawcett at Kidderminster.	
Sept. 13. From the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.	353
Pleasure he had found in the society of Dr. Doddridge; opinion of the "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul;"—dream, &c.	
Oct. 3. From the Rev. John Barker	358
Extremes in religious sentiment injurious to the cause of real piety.	
Oct. 6. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D. D.	360
An invitation from a church at Bristol.	
Oct. 16. From Nathaniel Neal, Esq.	362
An account of one of the annual public examinations of the pupils of Dr. Doddridge.	
Nov. 8. From the Countess of Hardwicke	364
Alluding to Dr. Doddridge's Sermon for the County Hospital at Northampton.	
Dec. 5. From Mr. Williams	365
Benevolent and pious sentiments.	

1745.

Jan. 28. From Nathaniel Neal, Esq.	369
Advice relative to the guardianship of Miss Ekins.	
Feb. 16. From the Rev. Francis Ayscough, D.D.	373
Interesting anecdote of the childhood of his late Majesty.	
Feb. 17. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D.D.	376
A late illness ;—Family Expositor, &c.	
Feb. 21. From the Rev. Samuel Wood	378
Affectionate and pious.	
Feb. 21. From Dr. Secker, Bishop of Oxford	381
Candid opinions as to the propriety of an alteration in some of the regulations of the Established Church.	
Feb. 23. From the Rev. David Jennings, D.D.	383
Opinion of "The Rise and Progress," &c.	
Feb. 26. From the Rev. N. Lardner, D.D.	384
Critical remarks, &c.	
March 15. From Nathaniel Neal, Esq.	387
The CHRISTIAN CAUSE in itself independent of the <i>disputed</i> points of theology and of the interested views of sectarian parties.	
March 22. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D.D.	391
Relative to the degree of Doctor in Divinity then recently conferred upon him.	
March 26. From the Rev. John Barker	394
Advice relative to health, &c.	
April 6. From Nathaniel Neal	396
Valuable remarks as to the tendency of certain passages in "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul."	
April 19. To the Rev. Samuel Wood	399
Sentiments of friendship and devotion.	
April 23. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D.D.	403
Critical remarks, &c.	
May 19. To the Rev. Samuel Wood	406
Laments the little influence of Christianity on many of its professors.	
May 20. From Miss Scott	408
Written under feelings of mental depression from mistaken and melancholy views of religion.	
May —. From the Rev. Thomas Scott	411
Anxiety on his daughter's account.	
June 25. To Miss Scott	412
Arguments against religious despondency.	
June 27. To Mrs. Doddridge	417
Miss Scott and other friends.	

1745.

July 15. From Mr. Christopher Wadsworth	420
Sad effects of Calvinism in destroying the graces of the Christian character; animosity entertained towards Dr. Doddridge on account of his " <i>contempt of party distinctions, &c.</i> "	
Aug. 2. From the Rev. Thomas Hunt, D. D.	425
Critical remarks, &c.	
Sept. 19. From the Earl of Halifax	428
On the propriety of certain measures in consequence of the rebellion.	
Sept. 24. From Thomas Gardiner, Esq.	431
The death of Colonel Gardiner.	
Sept. 26. A Circular from Dr. Doddridge to Persons of Influence in the County	436
On the propriety of raising troops in aid of the Government.	
Oct. 12. From Mrs. Erskine	440
Particulars relative to Lady Frances Gardiner, &c.	
Oct. 13. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D. D.	442
Armament at Northampton in consequence of the rebellion, &c.	
Nov. 14. From the Earl of Halifax	444
Honcst men frequently the victims of envy and malice.	
Nov. 22. From Lord Kilkerran	447
Historical facts, &c.	
Dec. 14. From the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.	449
A caution.	

1746.

Jan. 4. From the Rev. R. Pearsal	450
Advice relative to sermons, &c.	
Jan. 12. From the Rev. John Barker	451
Funeral sermon for Colonel Gardiner; contemplations on death, &c.	
Jan. 15. From Miss Scott	454
Religious disquietude, &c.	

SECTION III.

A brief Consideration of certain Peculiarities attending Church Societies among the Nonconformists; and a Continuation of the previous Correspondence	461
Religious Experience of the Rev. Hugh Farmer	463
Religious Experience of the Rev. J. Wilkinson	467

LETTERS.—1746.

Feb. 26. From the Rev. Thomas Hunt, D. D.	472
Sermon on the death of Colonel Gardiner.	
Feb. 28. From the Rev. John Jones	475
A plan proposed for the exhibition of the evidences of Christianity with peculiar advantages.	
March 15. From Dr. Maddox, Bishop of Worcester	478
First establishment of the County Hospital at Worcester, &c.	
June 14. From the Rev. R. Pearsall	480
Relative to the Memoirs of Colonel Gardiner, &c.	
June 16. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D. D.	482
Critical remarks. &c.	
June 18. To the Rev. John Wesley, M. A.	484
On a choice of books for a young minister.	
June 24. From the Earl of Halifax	495
Intercession in favour of a deserter, &c.	
June 26. From Edward Cave, Esq.	498
A description of a journey.	
June —. From the Countess of Huntingdon	500
Anxiety to serve Christians of all parties.	
June 29. To the Rev. John Wesley, M. A.	502
Humility, &c.	
Aug. 7. To Mrs. Doddridge	504
An extraordinary supper at Manchester, &c.	
Aug. 16. To Mrs. Doddridge	505
Visit to Dr. Watts, &c.	
Aug. 19. To Mrs. Doddridge	508
Particulars relative to the execution of the Lords Kilmarnock and Balmarino.	
Aug. 30. To Mrs. Doddridge	511
Serving a friend; sincerity in love, &c.	
Oct. 18. From the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.	514
Devout reflections, &c.	
Nov. 30. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D. D.	515
Critical remarks. &c.	
Jan. 26. From the Rev. Isaac Watts, D. D.	516
A caution.	

1747.

Feb. 3. From the Rev. John Barker	519
Interesting allusion to Dr. Watts, &c.	

	Page
1747.	
Feb. 14. From the Rev. Jacob Chapman	521
His treatise on Infant Baptism, &c.	
Feb. 19. To the Rev. Samuel Wood	522
Relative to his settlement at Norwich.	
Feb. 23. From the Countess of Huntingdon	524
Religious zeal, &c.	
Feb. 25. From the Earl of Leven	526
A mention of Mary Wills, &c.	
March —. To the Rev. Risdon Darracott	527
Success as a minister, &c.	
March 15. From the Countess of Huntingdon	528
Great devotional warmth; thoughts on death, &c.	
May 16. From the Rev. Samuel Bates	532
Confidence in God; serenity of mind under persecution, &c.	
May 21. From the Countess of Huntingdon	535
State of her health, &c.	
May 23. From the Rev. David Fordyce, M. A.	536
Literary news, &c.	
June 2. To the Rev. Samuel Wood	538
Critical remarks, &c.	
July 23. From the Rev. Josiah Tucker, D. D.	540
On some points of biblical criticism.	
July 29. From the Countess of Huntingdon	546
Assurances of friendship, &c.	
Aug. 13. From Robert Cruttenden, Esq.	548
A singular circumstance.	
Aug. 30. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D. D.	550
Particulars relative to the Academy, &c.	
Sept. 10. From Robert Cruttenden, Esq.	552
Remarks on the wisdom of Providence; inclosing a curious letter, &c.	
Sept. 14. To the Rev. Samuel Wood	562
Laments the unhappy influence of party feeling on the character of some dissenting ministers of that day.	
Oct. 10. From the Rev. W. Warburton, D. D.	564
Reflections on the "Life of Colonel Gardiner," &c.	
Oct. 12. From the Rev. Samuel Bates	566
The importance of prayer, &c.	
Oct. 22. To the Rev. Samuel Clark, D. D.	568
Interesting allusion to the works of Archbishop Leighton, &c.	
Nov. 2. From the Rev. R. Pearsall	572
Public readings from the "Life of Colonel Gardiner," &c.	

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SECTION I.

A brief Consideration of the Effects produced by popular Excitement, when combined with religious Sentiment; and more particularly in Reference to its Influence on the Character of the Nonconformists towards the latter Part of the Reign of George the Second; with a Continuation of the Confidential Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge.

Who can turn over the pages of ecclesiastical history contrasting their blood-stained records with the benevolence of the New Testament without disgust?

On every side adverse factions, led on by Violence and Fraud, are beheld struggling for the mastery; all more or less blinded with the conceit of infallibility, and determined to render spiritual matters subservient to temporal interest.

And the champions of these rival creeds have had the effrontery to assume that the envenomed arrows of their rancorous warfare were pointed by Him the Holy One of God—that “Prince of Peace” whose

words radiant with truth and mercy—shed, like the solar beams, an atmosphere of joy and life around them.

It is even so ;—and yet Christianity stands unimpeached ; self-subduing meekness and brotherly kindness are still its most emphatic laws ; nor is “ the innocent flower ” more distinct in its purity from the grossness of the soil beneath, than real piety from human prejudice.

If it be asked how the proud and the cruel have so often under the disguise of religion practised on the consciences of men, it may be answered by fanaticism, or in other words, by placing Imagination on the throne of Reason ; by making that solemn responsibility which the spirit of every man individually owes to the Creator, a thing of precedent, of form, and rule, to be judged and measured by another !

Spiritual usurpation has, in almost every instance, achieved its victories by popular excitement, growing potent amid that tumult of the mind which will not “ leave us leisure to be good.”

Thus were almost any case of martyrdom selected, we should find the death of the victim a crime so abhorrent in its nature, that it would not have been perpetrated without that cooperation of numbers in which each individual is tempted to overlook his own immediate agency.

Say the accusation was furnished by a priest—he “ laid the flattering unction to his soul,” that the sanctity of the church enjoined the deed ; which in itself was but a whisper, whose result depended on

the secular power. The judge condemned in simple accordance with the law, and stood in self-esteem absolved: nothing remained except the mere machinery of death, yet still a similar feeling prevailed; the executioner, however, practised in his stern vocation, having lulled his faint remorse, by securing the forgiveness of the sufferer.

In this protracted homicide each accessory became guilty; not on abstract principles alone, but on his own appeal! for natural instinct cannot for a moment justify the shedding of blood on a question of faith. In such instances, however, "the still small voice" of conscience was soon lost amid the yells of an infuriated mob; and thus a dominant party has frequently triumphed by the connivance of the unthinking multitude, to whom the fiery spectacle was often a positive enjoyment!

We fortunately live in an age when such atrocities are out of fashion; but it might be asked, "Is there no torture for the inward man?" may not a fair reputation be undermined by the smothered flames of calumny?—so that if the war-whoop of Fanaticism is not quite as deadly as in the olden time, it may be still as fatal!

There are, however, other modes in which popular excitement may lead us from our duty. The false zeal which has so often tarnished the lustre of Christian churches here finds its origin. How often has the amiable enthusiasm of large assemblies been abused by that specious eloquence which pictures forth splendid but ineffective schemes of general

philanthropy to the culpable neglect of immediate but common-place objects of charity !

When the lower orders in the social family are so depressed that by a wholesome share of labour they cannot escape the bondage of parochial assistance, and with it scarcely obtain a sufficiency of food, while any self-provision for the exigencies of sickness and of age is of course impossible, the finer sympathies of humanity wither under the pressure of want—and the feverish anguish of defeated anxiety too soon engenders a reckless state of mind, which must inevitably lead to irreligion and to crime.

With such growing evils prevailing around him, it is the duty of every Christian minister to devote his means of charity, his leisure time, and public influence to succour his afflicted neighbour ! The most paternal government can only act remotely in such an instance ; nor can mercantile energy rescue a nation from such a calamity, or public charities relieve it.

A pauperized populace in the heart of a luxuriant empire is one of the most appalling forms in which the demon of evil can appear ; and it is only by shackling each gigantic limb,—by paralysing the destructive force of every muscle with the crushing weight of clinging numbers that we can hope to prevail.

The remedy must be diffused as generally as the disease ; and that remedy will only be found by increasing the quantity of food ; by giving the means and encouraging the arts of domestic cultivation ; in

some instances by opening the path of well arranged emigration, and by local assistance skilfully directed; in a word, by those various measures which would result! were the public mind duly awakened to a proper sense of the vast importance of the comfort of the labouring classes in a moral and political point of view.

That some reformation in the domestic condition of the poor cannot with safety be delayed, the experience of every succeeding year renders more evident; and that the superior information, general command of time, and high character of the clergy would render them the most effectual agents in this great work of practical charity cannot be doubted.

That the moral and religious instruction of the lower orders has been sedulously attended to by the protestant clergy, from the period of the Reformation up to the present hour, is beyond question. But sermons however eloquent, and schools although ably conducted, will not alone avail. It were as vain to expect the fiery wrath of a volcano to subside, while the mineral war is rife beneath, as to imagine that aught but the tranquillity of popular comfort can ensure public virtue, or the real progress of rational piety.

That spiritual crusade for foreign proselytism which Fashion has invoked (for even Religion owns her sway), a frigid neutrality on all civil questions, where the interests of different classes of the community appear to clash, with an indefatigable zeal for enforcing the abstract doctrines of theology, are the all engrossing

impulses which have rendered the christian pastor of modern times, however truly the spiritual guide of his flock, by no means the guardian of their domestic happiness.

If we refer to the history of Protestant principle in its pristine strength, when, to borrow the common figure, it had been "purified by adversity," we behold it every where amalgamating the civil and religious interests of the community into a whole, in which virtue obtained the confidence of prosperity.

This was the spirit which crowned the reign of Elizabeth with national glory; and it was the same commanding influence which delivered us from the tyrannic profligacy of the Stuarts.

A congregation and its pastor were then identified, not only in principle but in interest. To speak more directly of the nonconformists; how beautifully was this reciprocal bond of respect and affection exhibited on that trying event, which rendered them a distinct people!

When the Act of Uniformity left a majority of the most excellent men, who then graced the episcopal church, exposed to all the vicissitudes of poverty, to what did they owe the fostering care of their people? not to the purity of their preaching, for the same doctrines were still taught in the churches from which they had been ejected: no—it was the remembrance of their domestic advice, their paternal tenderness, with the habit of cheerful though respectful intercourse that would not allow their followers to brook the thought of a separation.

Thus a degree of brotherly love and mutual responsibility prevailed in the religious societies, then founded, incompatible with that modern spirit of selfish monopoly and severe exaction which appears to contemplate the labouring population as a sort of troublesome though necessary machinery in the production of wealth.

It was in accordance with this important habit of general superintendence that Dr. Doddridge fulfilled the pastoral office. The spiritual advancement, the domestic comfort, the moral character, and even the political sentiments of his people were all points to which he felt it a duty to attend.

In this influential but homely round of local avocations, then common to the pastoral character, there was little to strike the imagination or bewilder the judgment. The only way indeed in which a minister could distinguish himself was through the medium of the press; and as the public then demanded terse argument and sound learning from a theological writer, none but the deserving could hope for success.

About the period however to which this Correspondence is now verging, a change arose in the religious sentiments of the day, which cast the decorous zeal of the nonconformists completely into the shade.

This new light, which was at first little more than a rekindling of the fanatical spirit of the Puritans, without its political rancour, sprung up within the pale of the church of England!

In Whitfield and in Westley, two of the most

extraordinary men whom the world has ever seen, in point of capacity for unremitted bodily exertion, quenchless ardour of mind, and a "learned spirit of human dealing," whose sagacious policy nothing could withstand, were presented the elements of that popular excitement, which, whatever good it might at the moment achieve, was, and is, an attribute but little congenial with the philosophical tranquillity of genuine Christianity.

In the epocha thus created, the impulse of Feeling supplanted the deductions of Reason; and the dreams of a heated fancy rather than the "noiseless tenour" of a worthy life were too often admitted as the evidence of godliness.

The champions of the *renovated* faith appeared to take the kingdom of Heaven by storm; the populace in both hemispheres crowded around them; and even the apostles, in the plenitude of their power, could not boast of greater success than these popular preachers with their thousands of converts in a day!

Public excitement is generally as evanescent as it is deceptive; but in the present instance these truly pious but enthusiastic men left a proof of their genius in the durability of their ecclesiastical schemes.

By securing to his followers the patronage and endowed chapels of Lady Huntingdon; whose domestic chaplain he became, and on whose amiable enthusiasm he engrafted his own fiercely Calvinistic sentiments, Whitfield was enabled to give perpetuity to the system of church fellowship, founded on the doctrine of election, and the *confession* of having

experienced a sensible although preternatural agency of the Spirit in the act of conversion which he had introduced.

Having embraced the Arminian tenets, and believing the service most acceptable to the Deity to consist in an ecstatic fervour of devotional feeling, Westley in this point had a more difficult task to accomplish. That despotic controller of human action, Fear—was with him a secondary impulse; the leading motives on which he confided were the more generous emotions of the heart; but these were to be roused into action through the medium of the feelings rather than at the command of reason. It therefore became necessary to establish a system in which the lively impressions of social worship might continually stimulate the imagination, while the expectation was kept alive by a constant recurrence of novelty in the mode of preaching.

Under the rules of the Denomination which bears his name, Westley has amply provided for these circumstances. He did not, however, wholly rely on the fertility of his own resources; and we accordingly find that some of the most effective points in the church discipline he adopted were borrowed from the experience of other sects.

The frequent recurrence of prayer meetings, particularly those at early morning, the vigilant mutual superintendence of the entire body obtained by the arrangement of classes, and the tickets of approval and general cognizance, were doubtless copied from

the Herrnhuters, among whom he had been when visiting Count Zinzendorf.

In a resolute assertion of creed, and a total discouragement of all theological inquiry, and in expecting a relation of individual *experience* in religious matters, some approximation to the practice of the church of Rome will be observed.

The analogy between the Westcylan Conference and the Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland will be also remarked.

One idea of moment, that of providing for a regular exchange of clergy, by which the attraction of novelty in the pulpit is maintained, appears to be as original as it has been successful.

It will be observed that both these new establishments were favourable to enthusiasm. It was easier for people to imagine and describe the spiritual pangs of the new birth, than to preserve a practical conformity with the injunctions of the Gospel. Pathetic harangues on the utter *worthlessness* of humanity, or the amplitude of the Divine mercy, constituted also a more facile sort of preaching than the close argumentative style of the nonconformists.

A reputation for piety was rendered a matter of ready attainment. To the mercenary worldling there is no concealment so advantageous as the solemn cloak of religious *profession*. It is therefore no marvel that the saintly phalanx was prodigiously augmented. To suppose, however, that the calculating hypocrite was principally to be found among

the Huntingdonians or the Westleyans would be most erroneous. The fact was, that a fresh impetus was given to what is *called* the religious world; and in the attempt to become more spiritual, the systematic chain of relative duties was weakened, little matters were overlooked, and every Denomination had to boast of its sudden conversions!

A species of party spirit was enkindled by the zeal of societies and popular meetings. Opinions were esteemed more important than deeds; and in the hurry to extend the doctrines of Christianity, it was forgotten that they were at first introduced when the social cultivation of the world was considerably advanced; and that they can only take root in the prepared soil of civilization.

During the life of Dr. Doddridge the changes to which I have alluded were but in their infancy. He was naturally charmed with the ardent piety which marked the personal character of many men of that day. He was however too deeply impressed with a benevolent interest for the temporal well being of the poor, to suppose it possible that it would ever be lost sight of by those who were sincerely anxious to promote their eternal felicity.

In the course of the present volume several letters in connection with this subject will be found, which may be best explained as they occur.

FROM THE REV. W. WARBURTON, D.D.

DEAR SIR,

March, 1741.

I DEFERRED acknowledging your last favour till both my mother and I had read your second volume*. The greatest thing I can say of it is, that it is equal to the first, and the truest thing I can say of both, that they surpass any thing of the kind.

You will receive my second volume in a very little time†. I have written to Robinson as you directed concerning the extracts. When you see the book you will find what a trick I have been played: it is the most impudent piece of plagiarism perhaps ever known. The story is so ungrateful to me that I cannot think of telling it twice. You will see it in an advertisement prefixed. Pray give it, in some proper place, one stroke of your pen. The man has foolishly ruined his character. But what then? The proving him a scoundrel is putting him in the way to thrive. It is a *Gentleman* too and of condition, one Coventry, author of *Philemon to Hydaspes*, to whom I showed some sheets, from which he has stolen my general plan of the *Hieroglyphics*, &c. in a quarto Conversation just published. You will wonder I should let such a sort of writer see any thing of mine, but suspend your censure till I tell you the whole history when I see you.

The author of *Theophanes Cantabrigiensis* is a young man whose name is *Squire*, fellow of St. John's of that University. All I have seen of

* Of the Family Expositor.

† Of the Divine Legation of Moses.

Morgan is in that pamphlet, and for my part I am amazed that any one should think it worth while to answer the most senseless and abandoned scribbler that ever came from Bedlam or the Mint. It seems that Mr. Chandler either has, or will answer him, being provoked and challenged to it by Morgan; who gets his bread by this infamous practice.

You have seen Middleton's Tully. The last section is a strange superficial thing. His account of the Academic Sect and Tully's sentiments are opposed to mine; for which reason he showed it me in manuscript. I only desire mine and his may be always read together. He gives an account of the Academy from the apologies of the Academicians themselves; and by the same way I could acquit the Pyrrhonians of scepticism. I say they *pretended* to search for the *probable* in order to determine their judgment, but never found it. He says they did find it! Lucian thought otherwise, who, in his true history, speaking of the Happy Islands, and how they were peopled from this world, says, the ancient Greek Sects were all to be found there except the New Academy, who still stuck in the neighbourhood, and obstinately refused to set one foot in the Island: for truly they had not yet found it *probable* whether it was an Island or not.

My best respects and my mother's to good Mrs. Doddridge. Conclude me, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother and Friend,

W. WARBURTON.

FROM THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

DEAR SIR,

Newington, April 14, 1741.

LAST Monday I obtained from the Fund for Mr. Fawcett an approbation of his going to Taunton, and five pounds towards the buying of books under your direction. I should have given you a more speedy information of it, but between my infirmities and other hinderances the notice has suffered three or four days' delay.

I should also acquaint you that Mr. Coward's trustees have appointed Mr. Orton ten pounds, as your assistant in the Academy. But the lawyers suppose we cannot consider him as the teacher of Mr. Coward's pupils, because the eighteen pounds a year, distributed to each of them, is supposed to include all charges for instruction; so that the grant must be assigned him under some other title: if you can furnish us with one, implying some service which he doth, it is probable we shall make use of it: but this is only *inter nos*.

With many salutations of Christian friendship,

I am, Sir,

Your affectionate Brother,

I. WATTS.

FROM THE REV. W. WARBURTON, D.D.

DEAR SIR,

May 12, 1741.

I HAVE a great many thanks to make you for your obliging letter of the 27th past.

I beg you would be so good to take a place for me in the Northampton coach for Wednesday the 27th instant. I propose to be at Kettering on Monday the 25th at noon, and should be extremely obliged to you for a seat in your chair, that I may send my horses back from Kettering.

I hope you have received the sheets from Mr. Gyles, or the greater part of them. You will find by the conclusion, why I was so large in the beginning concerning Hieroglyphics, &c. They afford me the opportunity and means of settling two most important points, the *command to Abraham*, and the *nature of the double senses of prophecies*. The first has been long the stumbling-block of infidelity. The other, on which the messiahship of Jesus depends, has, with a strange degree of rashness and madness, been given up by some pretended advocates for Christianity: particularly by Dr. Sykes in a late book, which I take to be in all respects the very worst he ever wrote*. Besides his attack on *double senses*, which I have examined, he had a little fling at my account of the Philosophers in the first volume, on which I have animadverted in a postscript at the end of the appendix against a lawyer who wrote a book about a

* Entitled "The Principles and Connection of Natural and Revealed Religion."

Future State, believed by the Ancients*. This is a man of fortune, and it is well that he is so, for I have spoiled his trade as a writer. And, as he was both very abusive, freethinking, and anonymous, I have not spared to expose his ignorance and ill faith. As for Dr. Sykes, I had in the first edition of my first volume hinted my disapprobation of that miserable discourse on the Demoniacs. I did not then know he was the author. Being afterwards informed of it by some of his friends, who complained of it, I struck the passage out of the second edition. It appears this did not satisfy Dr. Sykes. He would have his revenge; and you see what it is come to. I was only amazed he could not say something more plausible and more learned against my opinion of the Philosophers. It is certainly that part of the first volume against which most may be said.

When I hear you complain of the want of government in your Academy, it only puts me in mind of the miser, who, as his endless stores increase, keeps terrifying himself with the fears of want. I have just received a visit from a French gentleman of Paris, whom I could not prevent giving himself the trouble of a journey into Lincolnshire by all I could say. He appears to be an extraordinary person; a man of large fortune, and an Advocate of the Parliament of Paris; and though a zealous roman catholic, yet the most reasonable one I have ever met with. He has translated the *Alliance* and the first volume of the Divine Legation into French, under the title of †,

* J. Tillard, Esq.

† Letter torn.

between Religion, Politics, and Morality, and has thrown them into ten Dissertations. And what is most extraordinary, the two last contain my discourse of the *Alliance*, together with long quotations from Bossuet, &c. He tells me my principles differ very little from those of the maintainers of the *Liberty* of the *Gallican Church*. This will make you laugh, and fortify you in your contempt of the principles of the *Alliance*. How unlucky was I that the *Alliance* was not written when the late Archbishop entertained that *wise* project of a union with the Gallican Church, in which he and some doctors of the Sorbonne had proceeded so far as to agree on preliminary articles; one of which I remember was, to leave the matter of the *real presence* undetermined! One of the most remarkable effects of this project was Courayer's writings and banishment. However he has got more by coming here than he could have got in peace at home: and much more by writing for our ordination than he would have got by writing for our faith. But to be sure he deserves it all, by endeavouring so much in all his writings to give us a good opinion of *moderate French popery*; as a security, I suppose, against our falling in love with the worst kind of popery, the *English*.

Mine and my mother's best respects to you and Mrs. Doddridge concludes me, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Friend

and very humble Servant,

W. WARBURTON.

FROM THE REV. W. WARBURTON, D.D.

DEAR SIR,

May 28, 1741.

THIS day sevensnight Mr. Gyles gave Mr. Fowler himself the remaining sheets, which I suppose you have received by this time.

After an extremely fatiguing journey in the stage coach with very indifferent company, increased by worse taken up on the road, I reached Mr. Gyles's between eight and nine last night.

I have abundance of thanks to return for the very friendly entertainment I met with at Northampton, from you and your excellent lady. I must tell you frankly, you have more happiness than comes to the share of one man, and to make it the more exquisite, of several kinds. Providence has treated you with a feast of many courses, which none but a good Levite under the old law, when the dispensation was exact, could fairly pretend to. That you may long enjoy every part of it, especially "that last and best—which shares and doubles all the rest," is the earnest prayer of,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother and Friend,

W. WARBURTON.

FROM THE REV. JOHN JONES.

Ripton, May 30, 1741.

MY VERY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED DOCTOR,
I RECEIVED your kind letter with all the joy and satisfaction that so friendly a favour could excite in a grateful heart: the concern I had been a good while under vanished at once, and gave way to livelier and more delightful thoughts. You have set my heart upon a silk cushion at last; and now it rests easy; and every remembrance of you ministers pleasure, with a prospect of many new enjoyments to come. For what but satisfaction can I expect from the continuance of a friendship which I so tenderly value? and which, since I was blessed with it, has been one of the greatest comforts of my life.

Had you not written, I might perhaps have surprised you at Northampton; for it would have been worth while to have taken such a journey, rather than have quite lost so valuable a friendship. I thank Mrs. Doddridge for upbraiding you for the neglect of not writing to me; you will love her the more for it,—and she you, for so readily administering ease to the distressed; so that I need not come over to reconcile you, which perhaps it would not be safe for me to do; for the interposing between man and wife often brings the vengeance of both upon the reconciler; and I so well love both, that I would not forfeit my share in the friendship of either.

I fully see the tenderness and firmness of your friendship, since you submitted to the pains of writing so long a letter; and indeed I am almost sorry I have given you the occasion, since I am persuaded you have so much other business upon your hands: I wish I had it in my power to give you a helping hand; but alas, it is far, very far beyond my reach; I can only be a fellow labourer with you in general, upon the grand errand of the Gospel. And may God prosper our endeavours in our different methods, for the good of his church.

Mr. Jennings* is, I believe, a worthy person, and I hope by degrees to cultivate a further acquaintance and friendship with him; may he tread in the steps of his pious uncle, a man of whom I have a high opinion; for he has a great deal of candour joined with his religion; and much useful learning and judgment added to both. I hope the future generation will furnish out a large number of such persons. Your conduct and temper pave the way towards so happy an effect; and I trust there are many in our communion† who discover a like spirit (the spirit of the Gospel), tending to union and love.

I herewith send you Dr. Waterland's tract on Regeneration, and another on the same subject; you will easily discern which is the greater master, and has the deepest insight. I say no more. When you have done with the former, I shall be glad to have

* The son of that excellent man, the Reverend John Jennings, and nephew of Dr. Jennings.

† The Church of England.

it returned, for I may have some occasion to review it; but I do not say this to hasten a friend who has so much business; take your own time, and then give us a hope of seeing a piece of your own upon the argument, for I still want to see it treated in a more practical and affecting way. There is not so much life and spirit as I could wish in the treatise I most value of the two. But the judgment therein shown seems to me to be accurate and solid; yet perhaps it may not appear altogether so to you.

I do cordially thank you for your very candid remarks on my little book*. I shall duly consider them, and make the most proper alterations in my power, as far as my judgment may direct me.

In page 117, I did not mean to make our liturgy the *standard* of piety; I had only in view those of our own communion; and with regard to such persons I am persuaded the proposition I advanced is true, though perhaps the circumstances of it might better have been otherwise worded to prevent misconstructions, with regard to those of other communions; the assertion is to be considered in this sense (being directed only to those in communion with the established church, as the whole book is in its primary view), viz. The more pious any of our own people are, who hold communion with our established church, the more will they relish the piety contained in the liturgy; spoken in contradistinction to those who, professing themselves to be in the same communion, disparage and neglect the liturgy, because they them-

* Serious and Friendly Address, &c.

selves are strangers to the spirit of devotion that it contains.

Page 187. The *distinguishing* excellence appropriated to our liturgy, in respect of addressing God through the merits of Christ, may deserve a review : there is somewhat of an oversight there ; but the real meaning had no spice of uncharitableness ; and the word may very well stand in my sense. Much may be said, but I forbear. .

Page 215. The *state of salvation* there intended is the *covenant state* into which every Christian is admitted by baptism ; a state wherein God vouchsafes to us all, the means necessary in order to salvation : to this state God hath called us through our Lord Jesus Christ, and hath instated us in it by the aforesaid rite. The expression I used is directly taken from our Church Catechism, and I am (for my own part) fully persuaded it is a right one, though, like almost all other expressions, it may be liable to be misunderstood. *By grace ye are saved*, translated out of your natural state, &c. I fancy Dr. Waterland's piece will give you satisfaction as to the meaning of our Church in this, and the like expressions.

The little treatise advertised at the close is not intended for a *system*, but a kind of *glossary*, briefly explaining some theological terms commonly used, but not so commonly understood by the vulgar. It is a sort of manual to consult *occasionally*, as my *index* is ; so that, if I would answer the intent of my drawing it up, I cannot so well throw it into any other form.

And now, dear Sir, I once more thank you, both for your letter in general, and for the friendly remarks it contains. Go on and prosper in your studies, and the Lord be with you, and may your spirit become that of every Christian you have the charge of, that you and they may grow daily in grace, and in the salutary knowledge and obedience of our Lord Jesus Christ. I hope I have a daily share in your prayers. Commend my respects to Mrs. Doddridge, and believe me to be with the truest regard,

Dear Sir, your affectionate Friend,

and much obliged humble Servant,

J. JONES.

FROM THE REV. DAVID FORDYCE, M. A.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

London, June 1, 1741.

Your letter was most welcome; I had been long waiting and wishing to hear from you, and am now extremely glad to learn that you are all well. I am extremely indebted to you for your free remarks upon the manuscript you have taken the trouble to peruse so much of. If you think that your more important cares would allow you to finish it against next winter, I should wish it to continue in your hands rather than to be put into those of any body else, both because of the stress I lay on your judgment and that I do not know any one fitter to correct and polish it. But if that would encroach too much on your

other work, then I beg you will take the trouble of sending it to town along with your remarks, either to Mr. Hett's care or any body's else you shall think fit. I propose to set out for Scotland towards the end of this month, and to return, God willing, to England next September or October. Sometime ago I received your second volume, which will be part of my summer's provision in Scotland. I shall be more sensible of the greatness and value of the favour when I have thoroughly perused it, and then you shall have my blunt criticisms as well as more judicious thanks. I have read most of Cicero's life: it is certainly a fine and elegant performance, but various criticisms are made upon it, according to the interests and dispositions of people: however, let any one who criticises it write a better. You may enclose your letter to Mr. Blackwell in mine, and direct for me as formerly.

My most affectionate compliments to your lady and family. I shall return home fraught with a deep sense of your generous friendship and all the favours I have received from you, since I had the happiness of your acquaintance, on which indeed I shall always esteem and value myself. I heartily pray for the continuance of your health and strength, as one of the best blessings I can wish the dissenting cause and religion in general, being with a most cordial esteem and affection, dear and Reverend Sir,

Your much obliged Friend, and most faithful
and devoted Servant,

D. FORDYCE.

P. S. I rejoice to hear of Mr. Aikin's success. Please to give my service to him, when you see him, and to all other friends.

FROM THE REV. W. WARBURTON, D. D.

DEAR SIR,

London, June 6, 1741.

I RECEIVED your kind letter of the 31st past, on my coming from Twickenham with Mr. Pope, whither I am just now returning.

I am delighted to hear of your purpose of meeting me at Cambridge, and shall certainly let you know the precise time of my going thither; which as yet I cannot possibly determine, Mr. Pope and I having several small excursions to make of uncertain motion.

I received a letter the other day from Dr. Taylor, who lets me understand the high satisfaction he took in his journey to Northampton, and his acquaintanceship with you. And how the evening after he left you he had that pleasure contrasted by a very different sort of man, one Stukeley* of Stamford, a Dr. too in his way.

I think here is no literary news. But I can tell you of a certainty that Carthage is either taken or redeemed at a large price.

Adieu, my dear friend, and with my best respects to good Mrs. Doddridge and the young ladies, believe me to be

Your most affectionate Friend and Brother,

W. WARBURTON.

* The antiquarian.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Cambridge, June 18, 1741.

Thursday morning.

MY VERY GOOD DEAR,

As agreeable as I find this seat of the Muses, I must needs forget every other amusement for a little while, that I may indulge myself in the pleasure of conversing with you, and may continue the history of my travels. My last was dated on Monday, from St. Ives, from whence on Tuesday morning we went over to Abbot's Ripton, where good Mr. Jones received us with his usual good humour and friendship. Mrs. Bonfoy immediately sent for me and *all my friends*, and we really spent the day delightfully, in the midst of all the pleasure which a very agreeable house, handsome entertainment, lively yet serious conversation, and the most frank and generous respect and friendship could afford us; I indeed quitted the family in the evening with great regret. The hospitable Mr. Jones would make us sup with him, which we did in a manner that I will not now particularly describe. One adventure, however, I can hardly forbear to mention, which is, that having exhausted all his stores, he ordered us a bottle of elder wine, which, unluckily for me, (who always mindful of my dear's injunctions with relation to malt liquor was the only person who tasted it,) proved to be a sort of a buckthorn diet drink, which agreed exceedingly ill with the gudgeons; so that whatever you may feel at the reading, I assure you I am sick at writing this part of

my history. As it appeared upon due consultation that our nearest way to Cambridge lay through St. Ives, Mr. White, who attended us in this expedition, insisted on our returning with him that night, which we accordingly did; and rising quickly after five yesterday morning, Mr. Parminter and myself, guided and very pleasantly accompanied by Mr. Jones, set out together for this celebrated place, and with a very moderate pace reached it by nine. I assure you my horse behaved himself exceeding well; he travelled very safe and easy, and through the Divine goodness, I have been preserved from every appearance of danger in the whole journey thus far.

As for the town where I now am, it is in itself a very sorry kind of place, if you except the colleges and the public buildings belonging to them. King's College and Trinity are both charming, and I think beyond any thing in Oxford. I have seen several great curiosities in the libraries, to which I found a ready access through the complaisance of the students and fellows, and sometimes by Mr. Jones's means. I waited yesterday on Dr. Middleton, who showed me the fine University Library, and some of the most curious manuscripts in the world. I was most courtcously entertained by Dr. Newcombe, Master of St. John's; and though I have, to my great grief, been so unfortunate as to miss of Mr. Warburton, I have met with Mr. Caryl, a particular friend of his, a Fellow of Jesus College, and a very worthy gentleman; he supped with me last night, and invited me and all my company to dine with him to-day.

Mr. Henchett was so complaisant as to attend me hither, or rather, indeed, having met me at St. Ives, came hither before me, and we were yesterday his guests when he would treat us with a bottle of fine Burgundy to drink your health, which we never fail of doing divers times in a day. You may be assured, my dear, that I am expressing my concern for it, in another and a more important way. I long to get to Bury, where I depend on a letter from you; and if the next post, i. e. on Lord's day morning, you send another directed to me at the Rev. Mr. Scott's, at Norwich, and another on Tuesday, with the same direction, they will come safe, and then I shall know how to direct to you, about which I shall otherwise be uncertain. For the present I must take my leave, having promised to breakfast with Mr. Notcutt, the dissenting minister here.

I assure you every thing here is exceedingly good in its kind, and particularly the tea; and I met with very few places in our long journey where the accommodation was any thing comparable to what I met with at this good house, which though it be the CARDINAL'S HAT, will always be sure of my good word. I hope this will not be thought a farther argument of my being turned papist, though I really think it one of the best that can be produced!* And now, my dear, I beg you would accept of the united compliments of the Chancellor and Viccchancellor of this

* A preposterous report that the doctor was a Jesuit in disguise was raised in consequence of the Christian charity which the Doctor had shown in the case of poor Connell.

ancient and celebrated University, as also of those of many of the Heads and Fellows of the respective Colleges, &c. &c. and in the rear of all and at all due distance, those of,

Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient

and most obliged humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAR,

Bury, June 20, 1741.

I WROTE to you on Thursday morning from Cambridge, and though I am very uncertain whether you may not be set out for Worcester before this can reach you, I am willing much rather to venture the writing a few lines in vain than to leave you under any disappointment, if you should still be at home and expect to hear from me by the return of the post.

I cannot in reason expect many days of my life, in which I am absent from you, to be so entertaining to me as last Thursday was, for I spent all the morning with a very learned and ingenious friend of Mr. Warburton's, who is a fellow of Jesus College, and who invited me and Mr. Jennings, Mr. Parminter, and Mr. Notcutt, the dissenting minister there, to dine with him ; to which he added a most pressing invi-

tation to me, to come and spend a fortnight or more as I pleased with him in the College. He carried me to several other Colleges, where I was very respectfully received, and then drank tea with Dr. Middleton, at his house. He showed me several very fine curiosities, and I, on the other hand, had the pleasure of informing him of several very curious and valuable manuscripts, in the library of which he has the charge, of which neither the doctor himself nor any of the gentlemen of the University, that I saw, had ever so much as heard, though they are the oldest monuments relating to the churches of Italy, which continued uncorrupted in the great darkness of Popery, *i. e.* between six and seven hundred years ago; and it is most astonishing to me that the University should know nothing of them: perhaps it might be because Cromwell lodged them there; and indeed their libraries want some of the best books which have of late appeared amongst us, being written by dissenters, nor did my learned friends there so much as know that such books were ever published.

A young poet of great character in the University supped with me, and it was not till past eleven yesterday morning that I could get from Cambridge. The rain catched us, so that we were forced to lie by several hours, but we got well to Bury last night about seven o'clock, and have here met with a very kind and generous reception. Mr. Steward's company is very entertaining and improving, and good Mr. Webb is a generous, pious, and obliging friend,

with whom I could be glad to spend a great deal more time than I must allow myself here. I do not intend to write to you by the next post, unless the dear letter which I hope to receive from you to-morrow determines me to do it. But some of my other friends at Northampton will probably hear from me, which if they do, I take it for granted they will soon communicate it to you. From,

My dearest Love,

Your ever faithful and affectionate

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. My hearty services still attend all friends with you, and the dear little creatures; pray send me word how they do, and whether they have forgotten papa.

FROM THE REV. W. WARBURTON, D. D.

DEAR SIR,

London, June 25, 1741.

WHEN your last kind letters with the discourse came to London, I was on a ramble with Mr. Pope up and down, and amongst other places at Oxford*. From

* Mr. Pope and Mr. Warburton in a country ramble took Oxford in their way, where they parted; Mr. Pope after one day's stay, going westward, and Mr. Warburton, who staid one day after him to visit Dr. Coneybeare, then dean of Christ Church, returning to London. On that day the Vicechancellor, Dr. Leigh, sent a message to his

whence I am but just returned. I have read over your fine abstract with great pleasure. It is too good for the Journal. I shall reserve it for my use when I recapitulate my long general argument at the end of the third volume, where it will be of use to me. And the rather, because the second volume having had a quick sale, the book is so well dispersed and known that an account of it in the Journal is the less necessary.

My worthy friend Mr. Caryl* tells me you have been at Cambridge. And is so won with his new acquaintance, that he expresses himself to me in these words, which for once I will not scruple to transcribe from his letter:—"Dr. Doddridge spent a couple of days here last week. I shewed him all the civility I could, at first indeed merely as a friend of yours, but it soon became the result of my own inclinations. He favoured me with much curious conversation; and, if I judge right, is a man of great parts and learning, and of a candid and communica-

lodgings, with the usual compliments, to know if a doctor's degree in divinity would be acceptable to him; to which such an answer was returned as such a message deserved. About the same time, Mr. Pope had the like offer made him of a doctor's degree in law, which he seemed disposed to accept, until he learned that some impediment had been thrown in the way of his friend's receiving the compliment intended for him, by the vicechancellor. He then absolutely refused that purposed to himself. Both the degrees were therefore laid aside, and the University of Oxford lost some reputation by the conduct of this business; being thus deprived of the honour of two names which certainly would have reflected credit on the society in which they were to have been enrolled.—*Anecdotes of Boyer*, page 435.

* Master of Jesus College.

tive temper. I now reckon him amongst my acquaintance and thank you for him. Mr. * * * * * the — shire clergyman came hither with the Dr. By two or three things which dropped from him I find he suspects you slight his acquaintance; and truly if it were my case I should continue to do so, for betwixt friends, I take him to be a mere solemn coxcomb.”— You see what a liberty I have taken with my friend’s letter: but the pleasure I had in finding him think of you just as I do, made me think his words as well as his sentiments my property. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate brother,

W. WARBURTON.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Norwich, June 25, 1741.

AFTER a very safe journey to Norwich, in the whole course of which I had the pleasure of being attended by very agreeable friends, I now write to you from the very zenith of all that happiness which I am to expect in the course of this journey. It is high noon of joy with me, and I cannot forbear condoling you on your misfortune, in not being able to pay your respects in person to the amiable, generous, and most obliging friends with whom I find myself surrounded; and in whom there is all that wisdom, piety, and tender-

ness can be imagined capable of doing toward rendering that interview delightful, which all external circumstances, *but two*, conspire to enliven. The one you will easily believe is your absence, the other the illness of a charming grandson of Mr. Scott's, whom I the rather mention that I may recommend him to your earnest and constant prayers. I cannot allow myself to write you a long letter, and refer a thousand agreeable circumstances to our next interview, when I am persuaded these Norwich days will furnish out a very entertaining article for our conversation, to be renewed again and again. We are often talking of you, and often drinking your health; and I could the more have wished that you had been here, that you might have received from the hands of dear Miss Scott that splendid apron which she has wrought on purpose for you, and which indeed I am equally ashamed to receive, and unable to describe*. I should be quite overwhelmed with all the favours which I am receiving, were it not for one thought, which comes in very seasonably to my assistance; I mean that such very generous and tender minds, as those of my friends here, find a pleasure in conferring benefits proportionable to their value;—on that supposition I must believe this de-

* The specimen of embroidery alluded to, is one of the most costly and beautiful that can be imagined. Groups of ranunculuses and other flowers are represented by coloured silks relieved with gold; and a butterfly is introduced with so much skill that it may almost deceive the eye.

Miss Scott, whose devotion to works of charity inclined her father, as we have seen, to term her "a protestant nun," was not only mis-

lightful family to be now very happy, and though they may find the subject of their favours less deserving than they expected, I hope they will not find him less grateful.

I was lately treating about a new pupil from these parts, with whom I am so much charmed, that in order to obtain the honour of being the tutor, I have promised my young friend a part of your bed in my absence, to which I am persuaded you will not object ! Till then you may go on to use your seal as formerly. I must not enlarge, lest the post should be gone out, and therefore conclude with telling you that my venerable and affectionate friends Mr. Scott, and Mr. Thomas Scott, once my companion at the academy, with Miss Scott and Mr. Tozer, join in the kindest services to you. I am, my Dear,

Your ever faithful and affectionate,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. My hearty service to my Northampton

tress of this elegant art but a possessor of considerable talent, as several fine hymns still testify.

The following lines in allusion to these sister accomplishments are written on the back of one of her letters, by Dr. Doddridge :

TO MISS SCOTT,

ON HER PRESENTING MRS. DODDRIDGE WITH AN EMBROIDERED APRON.

Too lovely maid, possessed of every art
To charm the fancy and command the heart :
The bloom of Paradise thy needle paints,
Thy song's the echo of celestial saints ;
And the blest youth, to whom thy love is given,
Will pass through Eden, in the way to Heaven.

friends, and love to the dear children. I hope to reach London in a fortnight, and desire I may there find my clothes, which I am very sure I shall greatly want.

The sad news from Carthagera is some blank to our joys ; I pray God to teach our Land humility and righteousness.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

June 28, 1741,
Friday evening.

MY DEAREST,

How much I am grieved for the death of dear Mrs. Butlin you may more easily think than I can express ; yet the manner of her death yields me a great deal of comfort, and causes me to mingle praises with my tears. It encourages our faith and hope in God, who gives strength to the feeble, and an increase of power to those who have no might.

If I could envy you any thing it would be Colonel Gardiner's company. Give my most respectful services to him, and tell him that I hope the liappy turn which the Queen of Hungary's affairs have taken (for which I heartily bless God) will prevent the necessity of his going to Flanders ; and I earnestly beg that if any timely application to the secretary of war, or any other person, can procure the continuance of his troop at Northampton, that he would not omit it, for it would almost break my heart that we should be always thus, like buckets in a well.

I came hither last night, and found Mrs. Darracott, a genteel and very agreeable lady; Mr. Darracott is in all respects a most happy man, and absolutely the most successful minister I have known among us for many years. He prayed last night in a manner which approached as nearly to inspiration as any thing I have heard, or ever expect to hear. You, my dearest, had a large share in his remembrance.

My letter next post will be written to Mr. Butlin. Pray let me know my dear friend's text, that I may prepare a sermon and a hymn.

I preached to-day to a very numerous and attentive auditory; and have the pleasure to hear that my ordination sermon at Taunton was very well accepted. I have been desired to print it, but have declined.

I hope to preach at home, August 15th, and to administer the Lord's Supper there, August 22nd, if the church think fit. But if my dear colonel should leave us after August 15th, I will administer it that day, for it is something very much like heaven to me, to meet that excellent Christian at the Lord's table.

I leave many ministers and friends to write this letter. I hope God will spare Mr. Goode, that I may not have sorrow upon sorrow. My endeared services to all friends, especially poor Mr. Butlin. The Lord be with you all. My kind love to the dear children. I am,

Dear Creature, entirely yours,

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

P. S. Sometime since Mr. Butlin begged a sermon of me from those words in Job, "The thing which I feared ~~is~~ come upon me." I am thankful beyond expression to our good God, that his case has not been mine.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Yarmouth, July 2, 1741.

At length, my dearest, though not without some difficulty, I am broken away from Norwich. I felt that separation the less, as I brought away with me Mr. Scott and his most agreeable daughter, with whom, though I suppose her age is not far short of mine, our friend Mr. Tozer seems not a little captivated; and indeed she has charms in comparison, of which youth and beauty are very inconsiderable. We spent Tuesday at Denton, and it was one of the most delightful days of my whole life. Seventeen ministers were there, of which eight officiated indeed excellently well. We held a kind of council afterward, concerning the methods to be taken for the revival of religion, and I hope I have set them on work to some good purpose: on the whole, I had such communion with God, in all the duties of the day, and saw all things so well conducted in it, that I should have thought all the labours of the journey well repayed by it.

In the evening I was desired by a young lady at

Mr. Saunders's, who waited upon me with an assiduity and tenderness which quite surprised me, to favour her, as she was pleased to express it, with a private audience, when the rest of the family were retired. You know, my dear, this could not be refused, but I did not imagine it would have detained me till two in the morning ; yet so it was, but being in a parlour, I hope it will give no offence. In short we parted the next day, and pardon my vanity, if I say it was with some pleasure, that I saw four bright eyes bathed in tears on the occasion ; and I must confess too, that I could not leave my friends, especially Mr. and Miss Scott, who are indeed very extraordinary ones, without dropping a few. I then rode with my worthy friend Mr. Frost, minister here, to this town, delighted all the way with the wise and pious discourse, which filled up almost every minute of the time. I had a fine night after my long ride, and am this morning, through merey, perfectly well, and have been elegantly entertained with several curiosities, which my friend here has collected from China, France, the West Indies, &c. Miss Scott also showed me several others, of the natural and artificial kind. And the respect and tenderness, with which I was treated by all the ministers, confounded me in some measure, as well as delighted me. I am to preach to-day, as God may enable me, and find myself so well at present, that I hope I shall have no great difficulty in doing it. It is late, and all the lions of the town, and haven, which are many, are to be seen in a very few hours : I must not

therefore enlarge, only adding that I hope to spend Lord's day at Ipswich, and towards the end of next week, to have a letter from you, directed to me at Lady Abney's.

Your ever affectionate and faithful

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. DR. MILES, F. R. S.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

July 3, 1741.

I AM very sensible how reasonable it is that I should before now have made an apology to you for my long silence; and hoped I should have had an opportunity of doing it in another manner than by pen and ink. Forget you I never did, nor shall I cease to remember you with most affectionate wishes, while I have my memory.

I had many things to mention in respect to your second volume, for which I think myself bound to return you my most hearty thanks; but am at present incapable of it, my cold so affecting my eyes that I have been able to make little use of them for several days past.

I was particularly pleased with your Note on Luke xxii. 42. "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me*," and also with your Paraphrase.

* The following is the note alluded to :

("If thou pleasest to take away this cup from me") "The observing reader will easily perceive by the *Paraphrase* that I do not

I have myself heard from the pulpit more than once, with great concern, what the author* of Jesus Christ the Mediator, (page 48,) so justly complains of, and that from those, from whom I should have expected better things. The first author I know of who departs from the common opinion among ourselves, is Dr. Thomas Jackson. It is worth while to read what that sensible writer says, vol. ii. p. 813, 817, and 947, if you have his works.

You intend (God willing, and I trust he will enable you) to proceed to the Acts of the Apostles. In writing on which Book you will perhaps more deliberately consider who the *Hellenists* were. I never yet saw that question resolved to my entire satisfaction, and shall be glad to hear your opinion concerning them. Heinsius and Salmasius were antagonists you know on this subject.

I am constrained to end this very broken epistle,

suppose our Lord here prayed to be excused *entirely* from Sufferings and Death. Such a petition appears to me so inconsistent with that steady Constancy he always showed, and with that lively turn (*John*, xii 27, 28), in which he seems to disown such a prayer, that I think even *Hooker's* Solution, though the best I have met with, is not satisfactory (*Hooker's Eccles. Polity*, lib. v. § 48). It appears to me much safer to expound it, as *Sir Matthew Hale* does (in his *Contemplations*, vol. i. page 59) as relating to the Terror and Severity of the Combat in which he was now actually engaged (See *Limborch's Theol.* lib. iii. cap. 13—17): This throws great light on *Heb.* v. 7, "He was heard in that he feared." Since the former editions I have had the pleasure to find this interpretation beautifully illustrated and judiciously confirmed by the learned Dr. Thomas Jackson, in his Works, vol. ii. pages 813. 817. 947. See *Dr. Doddridge's Family Expositor*, vol. ii. page 516.

* Mr. Tomkins.

with my best wishes that every desirable blessing may be your portion, and that of all yours, and that you may daily grow in usefulness, and be long continued a blessing to the Church of Christ. I am,

Your most affectionate brother, &c.

H. MILES.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY VERY GOOD DEAR,

Ipswich, July 5, 1741.

THE necessity I am under of understanding by other people's organs, and acting by their hands, may sometimes occasion an interruption in our correspondence where I am not to blame. You may perhaps receive, together with this, a letter written from Yarmouth on Thursday last. That letter, which I gave to Mr. Frost's servant, I saw in his kitchen the morning after it should have been sent to the post. You will please, therefore, my dear, never to give yourself an uneasy thought, if one or two silent posts should happen. You have great reason to confide in that very kind Providence which has hitherto watched over us, and has, since the date of my last, brought us almost sixty miles nearer to London. From Yarmouth we went, on Friday morning, to Wrentham, where good Mrs. Steffe lives, and from thence to a gentleman's seat, near Walpole, where I was most respectfully entertained. As I had twenty miles to ride yesterday morning, he, though I had never seen him

before last Tuesday, brought me almost half way in his chaise, to make the journey easier; I reached Woodbridge before two, and rode hither in the cool of the evening, and have the happiness to be entertained in a very elegant and friendly family, though perfectly a stranger; and indeed I have been escorted from one place to another in every mile of my journey, by one, and sometimes by two or three of my brethren in a most respectful and agreeable manner. I bless God I still continue perfectly well, as Mr. Parminter is also. Your letter, which I found here last night, refreshed me a great deal, though it cut me out work. I rejoice in your health and that of my Northampton friends, and particularly in that of the dear children. I hope to reach London on Friday, though I am going a little backwards, and out of the way on a particular occasion. I have written to Mrs. Tingey and Mr. Sedgely. Continue to bless God for that pleasure and prosperity which continue to surround me in every step of my journey, and be assured I impute it in a great measure under Him to the prevalence of your prayers. I have a thousand things to say to you, but it is with difficulty I get time to write what I have done; at present I turn them into prayers, and rejoice that the time is approaching when I shall have leisure to say them in a much more agreeable manner than this distant method of paper converse will allow; in the mean time accept the love and most faithful services of, my Dearest,

Your ever affectionate

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Woodbridge in Suffolk,
Tuesday Morning, July 7, 1741.

As this is the fourth letter I send by this post, you will excuse me if the length of it be not proportionable to the affection which dictates it. Indeed, if it were a ream of elephant paper, it would hardly be sufficient to contain it; and I should spend much more time in writing than I hope to employ in all the remainder of my journey.

If you consult the map, you will see by comparing the date of my last, that like the sun, which is still in the Tropic of Cancer, or like the crabs which I yesterday caught, I am now in a kind of retrograde motion, or at least go sideways. I could not refuse the importunity of my friends here (happy for me that I was not a woman); but came back in a chaise which they sent for me on Sunday night, and preached (wicked worm that I was) an evening lecture after my other work; but this being a singular instance, you will I hope excuse it, especially as I was well enough to rise at five yesterday morning, and to make a voyage down the river, which is ten miles to the sea, when I had the pleasure of meeting thirty-five sail of ships, and of catching a great number of soals, plaice, flounders, and crabs, with two lobsters and a *fair* Maid! who immediately threw herself into a very natural attitude, and frisked about with a strange kind of motion; and so far as I could judge by the strong action of the muscles of her face, and

especially of her mouth, made a very pathetic oration in a language I did not understand. The name however she had the honour to bear, and her *resemblance* to your very agreeable sex, impressed me so far that, had not my companions been less compassionate than myself, I believe she had still been sporting with the river nymphs, and perhaps celebrating the courtesy of that gallant knight to whom she became a captive. But I must assure you, my dear, that though she was detained in the vessel, nothing passed between us that could give you any reasonable umbrage; and fair as she was, these lips have not yet touched her! nay, so insensible is my heart to the charms of her whole species, that I give it you under my hand, that I had rather have a single shrimp than as many of these fair creatures as would stock a Turkish seraglio.

But to be serious, it was a very pleasant day, and I concluded it in the company of one of the finest women I ever beheld, who, though she has seven children grown up to marriageable years, or very near it, is herself still almost a beauty, and a person of sense, good breeding, and piety, which might astonish one who had not the happiness of being intimately acquainted with you.

I am just returning in the vehicle in which I came from Ipswich; Providence has there also strangely cast my lot in one of the most friendly and agreeable families I have met with, and absolutely, as I am informed, the best in the whole town, though not that which I intended to have visited. Mr. Wood is extremely obliging. Every thing is done that can

be to make me, if possible, forget you ! and yet every circumstance serves a contrary purpose. The more agreeable the persons I see about me, the more am I reminded of her who is most agreeable ; and the more pleasurable the scenes I pass through, the more do I wish to share them with you, and by sharing to double them.

But I forget that a young lady has done me the honour to invite me to breakfast with her, and pardon my vanity, when I tell you it is one who was pleased to say that she would have gone a thousand miles for such an interview with me as she enjoyed last week. She is, I perceive, mistress of a handsome house and independent fortune ; but believe me that should such things as these happen to me every day, I should still rejoice that I am,

My dearest Love,

Securely and entirely yours,

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Brentwood, July 10, 1741.

I AM now sitting down to write to you, after the first disagreeable accident which has occurred to me in the whole month of my journey, and I bless God that accident is only a vexation, and no real mischief. I left Woodbridge on Tuesday after the date of my

last, and spent the afternoon and evening very pleasantly at Ipswich; there I viewed a third rate man of war, which is building in the neighbourhood, and is indeed a fine sight. The next day I reached Colchester, and spent the afternoon in the delightful company of Doctor Scott, who is one of the most extraordinary persons for learning, ability, candour, and piety whom I have ever met with. We set out from thence yesterday morning, and came before dinner to Springfield Hall, Mr. Hawtyn's charming residence. It was the mere dint of importunity, and a weakness of nature, which I hope I shall in time learn to conquer, which prevented my setting out early this morning with old Mr. Hawtyn for London. We spent the forenoon in viewing some mathematical curiosities, contrived and made by Mr. Heckford, the dissenting minister.

The source of my present uneasiness was our returning with Mr. Hawtyn to dinner, which was not ready so soon as was promised. We set out between two and three, and had ten miles to Newington, where I purposed lodging this night. To make the journey easier, Mr. Hawtyn was so kind as to bring me hither, which is just half way, in his chaise; and we run it very pleasantly; but one of his scholars was to take my horse at Chelmsford from Mr. Hawtyn's servant, and ride after us; but for want of such clear directions as ought to have been given, and as Mr. Hawtyn thought he had given, no horse followed us; and though I have waited here an hour and a half, none is arrived. We conclude, therefore, that some misunderstanding

has happened ; and I am to wait here till to-morrow morning, when Mr. Hawtyn, who is returned home, will send me, either my horse or his own. This is the present uneasy situation of our affairs ; and I know not how to soften the anxiety better than by devoting these spare moments to my dear love, whose company, if I could enjoy it here, would, as I have experienced elsewhere, turn an Inn into a Paradise.

I there saw Mr. Steffe, who urged me very much to be at his ordination next Tuesday, but I could not consent. The scheme is strangely concerted, or, to speak more properly, not concerted at all ; and, indeed, the ministers in these parts seem to be in a very uncomfortable way, and act with very little harmony and unity of design. I long to begin a reformation in Northamptonshire, that I may with the better grace attempt to propagate it elsewhere. I earnestly desire your prayers for me, that God may direct my counsels, and prosper my undertakings, which if he vouchsafe to do, I hope to see some considerable changes produced in less than a year. I want very much to know Mr. Orton's resolution, and also Mr. Smalley's, with regard to Welford and Newport, that I may be the better able to judge what measures I am to take in some other affairs.

I am, my Dearest,

Your ever affectionate and faithful

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

London July 18, 1741,
Saturday evening.

MY DEAREST,

YOUR charming letter came most seasonably to comfort me, under that great distress which two others which I have just received with it gave me.

One of them was Mr. Orton's, which would almost have broken my heart, had not the sad news it brought come gradually upon me. All I can say to it is, the will of the Lord be done; and may the best of blessings attend him, who is undoubtedly one of the best of men, whithersoever he goes.

The other came from Mr. Fawcett, who informs me that a kind of pestilential fever rages in Taunton, and has carried off four out of five. He adds that several very useful persons have already been removed by it, and that one of the family where he lives is fallen of it; I have a thousand fears for his valuable life.

Judge, my dear love, whether the heavy tidings of such a post must not sink my heart. May God support me, or I am sure I shall be very little fit for to-morrow's work.

It is exceedingly inconvenient for me to enlarge, on many accounts. It is happy for me that I have two such amiable and excellent friends as Mr. and Mrs. Moody, in such a time. I sympathize with you under the trouble which Mr. Orton's removal concurs to give you, though in a very different degree. Be

assured of this, that if God bring me home in peace, as I hope he will, in much less than three weeks, nothing shall be omitted which my care and tenderness can do toward making you as easy as possible.

I have been partaking of a most elegant supper, but I solemnly declare that a crust of brown bread and a draught of water with you had been a feast far exceeding it. A thousand things which once seemed romantic, grow plain sober sense when referred to you. But I can add no more. My dearest, farewell. These tedious days of absence will come to a conclusion, and I shall for a while, at least, lose all my cares, were they a thousand times greater, in your delightful society.

Your ever affectionate

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. My hearty service to all friends, especially that dear lamented friend Mr. Orton, whose name I can scarcely write without tears. What miracles in providence could make him think it his duty to leave us?—Heigh ho!

FROM THE REV. W. WARBURTON, D. D.

DEAR SIR,

August 5, 1741.

I HAVE received the very valuable present of your *Ten Sermons**, which I have read with much pleasure

* They were published in 1736; and entitled "Ten Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ, and the Evidences of his glorious Gospel."

and improvement; they are excellent: and I have the additional obligation and pleasure of finding the author of the *Divine Legation* honoured by your friendly mention of him. You speak of your Sermons on *Regeneration**; and a farther prosecution of that subject under the title of *the Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. I think you need make no apology for writing so many things on practical subjects. They are, when well written, by far the most useful to the interests of Christianity, as vast numbers of such tracts are a *disgrace* to it! But, without a compliment, I have never yet seen any writings equal to yours on practical subjects.

As I came down from London I dined at Bugden, with the Bishop of Lincoln, where I accidentally met with Mr. —. He has a very good look, and I believe is a good man, but is too trifling where he proposes to be most serious; for I had his company for some miles on the road. Dr. Newcome, Master

* In 1741 he published some Practical Discourses on Regeneration. He was at all times sensible of the importance of the subject; and knowing that several controversies had, about that time, been raised concerning it, he chose to treat it more largely than he had before done; lest these controversies should have been the means of unsettling men's minds, and have led them into some particular errors, or into a general apprehension, that it was a mere point of speculation, about which it was not necessary to form any judgment at all. These lectures, being preached on Lord's day evenings, were attended with uncommon diligence, by many persons of different persuasions; and God was pleased to make them the means of producing and advancing, in some who heard them, the change which they described; and since their publication, they have been useful to the same purpose.—See the Rev. Job Orton's *Life of Dr. Doddridge*, page 119.

of St. John's, was much taken with you, but blamed Mr. — for not telling him that it was Dr. Doddridge of Northampton, because he believes he said some things too freely of the dissenters.

I understand, by a common friend, that I have much disgusted Dr. Middleton in what I have said of Moses's fraud, of the serpent; and of the papists borrowing of the pagans: which last particular affects him most, because he is about publishing a new edition of his Letter from Rome. I find he cannot bear contradiction, though I did it with the utmost candour. Nay, he told our common friend Dr. Taylor, that there were some things in my Vindication (the little pamphlet written soon after the publication of the first volume) which displeased him; but he attributed them to the instigation of Bishop — his mortal enemy. Is not this amazing, when he had taken the same kind of liberty with me in his Tully, where he speaks of the genius of the Academic Philosophers, and the sentiments of Tully about a future state. I sent such an answer as was proper. Whether he will come to a better mind I cannot tell, but you shall know when I do. You see to what disasters we authors militant are exposed! My respects and service to Mrs. Doddridge. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Friend and Brother,

and obedient humble Servant,

W. WARBURTON.

FROM THE REV. D. FORDYCE, M. A.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

August 22, 1741.

I PRESUME that against the time this reaches Northampton you will be returned from your tour ; and, therefore, I take this opportunity of paying you my compliments, and thus making Scotch acknowledgments for English civilities. I shall never forget the many proofs of friendship I have received from Dr. Doddridge ; and whenever a proper opportunity offers of making due returns, I hope to testify my gratitude better than by verbal acknowledgments.

Perhaps it will not be disagreeable to you to hear what is become of your old friend, and how he lives since his return to his natale solum. I arrived on Scotch ground towards the end of May, rambled through the southern and western parts of the country about a couple of months, and have been another month in the character of an assistant to one of the ministers of Edinburgh, so that I had only time to spend a few days with my friends at Aberdeen. The Charge where I serve is a collegiate one, and I may say the largest and most conspicuous in Scotland, this church being the grand place of resort to our nobility and best gentry. One of its ministers is decayed, so I officiate for him until I receive and embrace a call to another Charge as a minister ; so that this engagement does not resemble the business of an assistant in England.

Mr. Wishart, the Principal's brother, is my colleague, one of the most eloquent preachers and

worthiest men we have in this country, to whose friendship and choice I owe this small preferment, the chief advantage of which is, that it gives me an opportunity of being known to some of the best people in the country, who may afterwards serve me.

Your friends in the north did not fail to inquire about you, and are exceedingly glad to hear that you think of carrying on your grand design. The other day I met with a considerable merchant in Glasgow, a great traveller and prodigious reader, who said he was more charmed and edified with your Paraphrase than with any commentary he had ever seen, either domestic or foreign. He was full of questions about you; said he had read both volumes in one week, and that he made them his daily companions. His name is Montgomery, a very worthy and pious gentleman. How far are you got in the Acts? Have you read the life of Cicero, or your friend Warburton's second voluminous volume? Few here have as yet read them. I shall be glad to hear your opinion of both. I found Roebuck here plunged deep in physic, but he is now returned to Sheffield. Mr. Blackwell, who remembers you affectionately, seems to be in no hurry about publishing his *Memoirs of the Court of Augustus**. If you can command so much leisure amidst your more important cares as to look over the rest of the manuscript, I shall take it as a favour, and shall expect the severity

* This book was published in 1753; it was not, however, esteemed so highly as Dr. Blackwell's previous work, entitled "An Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer." He was Principal of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, and died in 1757, at the age of fifty-six.

of a friend. If that is more than you can undertake to manage, please to send it to Mr. Oswald's care, at the Rose and Crown, Poultry, and desire him to forward it to me by any Leith ship. I am much obliged to you for the corrections you have already made, and doubt not but I shall learn many useful rules from them for improving the rest. If there is any thing wherein I can serve you at Edinburgh, I beg you will use me as one of your own, for it is a long while since you acquired a property in me. I beg you will offer my best compliments to your lady and family. I wish you great success both in your public work and private studies; and pray you may be long continued as a burning light in the church of Christ.

My mother sends her compliments and thanks to you for the kind present of your sermons, which I found her reading with great satisfaction when I went north. They intend to build an observatory at Edinburgh. Your old acquaintance, Whitfield, is preaching here to immense crowds; and collecting large sums of money for his hospital. I hear he is to go as far as Aberdeen. Some of our ministers have given him their pulpits, which is thought somewhat odd in our strict presbyterian kirk. You see what a spirit of catholicism we have got. Wishing you much health and happiness, I am, with great gratitude and esteem,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most obliged Friend and faithful Servant,

D. FORDYCE.

TO THE REV. NATHANIEL WOOD, D.D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Sept. 10, 1741.

I HOPE you have received the long answer I sent to your two former letters, in which you favoured me with so particular an account of your civil and religious constitution and state. If you did not I will, if God permit, on your farther application, repeat what I then said.

I am sorry to hear Mr. Whitfield has misrepresented things, as your letter imports, I take him to be a very honest, though a very weak man. Who can wonder if so much popularity has a little intoxicated him? He certainly does much good, and I am afraid some harm.

You will let me know, Sir, in your next whether you have ever heard of Count Zinzendorf and the Moravian churches over which he presides. If you have not seen his curious story I may perhaps give it you in some future letter; at present I must only tell you that I had the honour of an interview with him last week. He has sent out from his own family three hundred preachers of the gospel, who are gone into most parts of the world, and is now become guardian of the Protestant churches in the south of France, of which there are sixty that assemble privately for worship: the Count tells me that, during his absence, he has recommended them to the patronage of the King of Prussia.

I bless God we have had a plentiful corn harvest here in England; but there has been a great scarcity

of grass beyond what has ordinarily been known ; so that butter and cheese amongst us bear an exorbitant price, at least in this part of the country.

I hope the work of God is going on prosperously in many parts of the kingdom, and particularly in these counties. I have been setting on foot some schemes for promoting the discharge of ministerial duties among my brethren ; and I send you with this a copy of the form in which I offered them to their consideration. I hope, Sir, you will pray that God may quicken us, for I fear we are growing too negligent.

I hope my Family Expositor is at least by this time come to your hands. I purpose, God willing, to publish the third volume about two years hence, but am at present prevented by what appears a call to some other more immediate services. Ten Sermons on Regeneration, and two on Salvation by Grace, are just coming out : I hope God will own them for the revival of doctrines, which, however unfashionable, are, I am sure, scriptural and important.

My Academy grows rather than declines since the date of my last ; and I hope several pupils added within these few weeks will be in the number of the most pious and able ministers our age is producing, should God spare their lives, and prosper their labours in preparatory studies ; but I am just going to lose my valuable assistant, Mr. Orton, whom I had the honour and pleasure to breed up, and who is one of the most excellent persons of his age and standing that I ever knew, or ever expect to know.

I earnestly beg the continuance of your prayers; and with our united and most affectionate respects to yourself, lady, &c. I am,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged humble Servant,

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE HON. MRS. SCAWEN.

Maidwell, Sept. 28, 1741.

My thoughts are often with good Doctor Doddridge; and I believe you are frequently remembering me at the throne of grace; and am fully convinced that your prayers and those of your Christian friends have been of more efficacy than Dr. Mayne's prescriptions to my recovery so far.

I have been twice out to take the air, but cannot say I find great benefit by it; I am weak and low, and sleep but little.

I own when I look on my dear children, it overwhelms me to think what a wicked world they are coming up into; and that there is an enemy who is always ready to suit his temptations to every age and circumstance; and such a corrupt nature as we all have in us, makes it difficult to the young ones; indeed it is my shame and sorrow to be often off my guard, and to give too much into the sugges-

tions of Satan ; still, though I can do but little for my offspring, yet I hope by warnings and entreaties they may have some impressions made on them. I am afraid Dr. Mayne does not know my constitution, and the Reverend Doctor is for too abstemious a diet for me, and one which would be more proper for himself.

Now I would ask a favour of you, and fear a denial ; not but if it is possible for you to grant it I am sure you will : it is, if you could come on Thursday next and dine with me ; and as I understand Mr. Fenton, one of Sir Harry Houghton's nephews, is with you, if you will bring him with you I shall be glad to see him. Let me know by the post which returns the same day, if you can bestow a visit on your friend at Maidwell : if not, continue to pray for me, a preparedness for whatever I may be called to do or suffer, and a sanctification of all providences, merciful and afflictive. I am, good Doctor,

Your affectionate and obliged Friend and Servant,

TRY SCAVEN.

P. S. My service to good Mrs. Doddridge ; and when I am able, I hope for a visit from her.

FROM THE REV. JOHN JONES.

DEAR AND MUCH ESTEEMED SIR, Ripton, Oct. 3, 1741.

HAD not various obstacles intervened since I had the pleasure of seeing you, I had undoubtedly before now taken a journey to pay my respects to you, or sent a line to inquire after your welfare; and I have still some purposes, though now become faint ones, of taking a ride to Northampton to see my much beloved friend and brother, before the approaching dissolution of the roads.

I had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with Mr. Warburton on his return from London. He is, I hope and believe, all that you say of him, a sincere and a good, as well as a most learned man, and a true friend to our holy religion. May God prosper him in his endeavours to promote it! He has promised to call upon me at this place about the beginning of winter. When you write to him, pray present him with my best respects.

You have undoubtedly seen Mr. Lowman's excellent Dissertation on the Civil Government of the Hebrews, it is highly approved of by Bishop Sherlock, and others of our communion.

I find Bishop Godeau hath written a Paraphrase on St. Paul's Epistles. I have not seen it; but perhaps it may be worth your while to inquire after it, as you purpose to proceed. Limborch in the Acts is much famed. Have you seen Dr. Brett's Dissertation on Liturgies? wherein he gives a pe-

culiar turn to many texts in the Epistles that may be worth your notice.

I pray you to remember my kind respects to Mrs. Doddridge. I desire your prayers, as you have a share in all mine. I am, in haste,

Dear and worthy Sir,

Your very faithful Brother and Servant,

J. JONES.

FROM THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

DEAR SIR,

Newington, Dec. 24, 1741.

I CANNOT sufficiently express the gratitude that is due to you for that tenderness of friendship and kind concern for me which appears in all your letters: may the great God abundantly reward into your own bosom, and to your friends, the many petitions that you have put up for me to the throne of his grace.

Your last letter supposes Mr. Neal and I to have been at the fund; alas, Sir, we have neither of us been there these many months, and therefore I have transmitted to Mr. Jennings that part of your letter which relates to it.

I thank God I was in the pulpit last Lord's day, but for only thirty-two minutes, which almost overset me; so that my capacities of that kind still run exceedingly low: may they be increased through your prayers, if God please to hear and answer them.

I should tell you also, that as I am much pleased

with your book on Regeneration* ; we have begun it as the evening exercise on the Lord's day, in our family ; and may our Lord Jesus pronounce a word of blessing on all that you write and speak.

Our family send you their service, by the hands of your very affectionate Brother and humble Servant,

I. WATTS.

P. S. I have received several letters from New England this autumn and winter, wherein they give me an account of a great work of conviction and conversion going on, both at Boston and among other towns in those plantations, ever since the preaching of Mr. Whitfield there, last September or October was twelvemonths. God has certainly owned and blessed that man's zeal, piety, and itinerant labours. Howsoever he may have fallen into some weaknesses and imprudencies, I hope his spirit will grow in wisdom and *charity*, as well as in all other graces, so that his good works may not be evil spoken of.

* Of this work the following notice occurs in a letter written by Dr. Doddridge.

"Two Sermons on Salvation by Grace, which I preached at Rowel, in the course of my ordinary ministry, I was so much urged to publish that I could not oppose it. I laboured to state my ideas on that important subject in a scriptural, rather than in a systematical manner; as I did also in those *Ten Sermons on Regeneration*, which by the importunity of my people (to whom they were preached as a course of evening lectures) I was prevailed upon to give to the public. A second edition was demanded in the year 1745, when I added a postscript to the Preface, in which I examined the notion of baptismal regeneration, and endeavoured, in a few words, to obviate those mistaken principles which Mr. Taylor of Norwich had advanced, in explaining some of the doctrines handled in these sermons."

FROM MISS SCOTT.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Norwich, Jan. 6, 1742.

HAD it pleased the great Disposer of all things to have taken away the delight of my eyes with the awful stroke of his providence, I should not have dared to say that he had quite abandoned me, while he indulged me with such a friend as yourself; one so every way capable, and so tenderly disposed to pour balm into the bleeding wound of recent bereavement, and minister consolation to a mind oppressed with grief.

But oh! how great His goodness to an unworthy creature!—My heart overflows with sentiments I have not words to express. He hath heard, dear Sir, he hath heard your prayers, and those you have engaged for us; he has begun to deliver, and I trust he will perfect his work of mercy. Let it be recorded as a new proof that it is not in vain to call upon Him—as a new proof of the importance and value of that religion which can give its sincere votaries such an interest in the court of heaven; as it will also ever be to me of the inestimable treasure I possess in your condescending friendship, as well as my dear father, which has engaged your fervent effectual prayers on his behalf.

Last Friday towards evening the physician first encouraged me to hope the danger was over; and every day since he has continued to mend, though slowly, and still remaining very weak. He is greatly

impressed with your affectionate letter, which I have read over to him three or four times; and is greatly thankful for all your goodness, blessing God for such a friend! but more especially for the rich talents he has furnished you with, and a heart overflowing with zeal for God, and tenderness to souls. He fervently wishes you abundant success in all your endeavours to promote these most important concerns. For himself he still begs your prayers for a perfect recovery, and that only as it may capacitate him to return with redoubled vigour to his beloved work.

It has been a support to me, and a very singular support under this heavy trial, to find my dear father possessing that perfect composure of soul, so worthy the Christian character. Entirely resigned to the Divine disposal, assured that, as he had times innumerable devoted himself to God, and committed himself and all his concernments for both worlds into his merciful hands, that God was in consequence his covenant God, and in faithfulness and mercy would order the event, whether for life or death. Dear Sir, How does religion shine on such occasions, what proofs are such instances as these of its reality and excellence! May my heart be ever deeply impressed with what has now passed before my eyes. May my life be that of the righteous and my closing hours like his. But, dear Sir, pray for me I entreat you, that my life may be also one uninterrupted aspiration of gratitude to that God who has dealt so graciously with one of the most undeserving of his creatures. I fear I shall sing his praises and soon forget his works.

A sad experience lays a too solid foundation for that fear, and makes me solicitous for your remembrance at the throne of grace.

I have been talking largely of myself and my own concern in this affair; not that my regards are confined to self. I should be ashamed to have known so much of Dr. Doddridge and been favoured with an intimacy with him so long, and yet to remain so much an alien to his benevolent as well as pious spirit; not now to mention that grand example we all profess to follow. No, I rejoice in the mercy, as such to the rest of the family; still more, I hope, as a signal one to the church of God, and as of importance to the cause of truth and vital godliness. And may it prove a blessing of a long continuance. Indeed, as you finely remark, if prayer could prolong so valuable a life, it would scarcely know a period.

It is high time to finish these hasty lines; but I cannot conclude without taking notice of a hint in your letter, concerning the health of dear Mrs. Doddridge, which has given me no small uneasiness. I hope, dear Sir, the indisposition is not of a threatening nature. I beg I may be further informed as soon as you have a spare moment. In the mean time may that God with whom you have so affectionately deposited all, deal graciously with her, and long preserve so precious a life, to crown and give a relish to your every other enjoyment, as well as to be a singular blessing in the world.

My dear father has been at rest, or I had not given you this lengthened trouble; but he is now awaking,

and that, dear Sir, will give you a release, for his tenderness will scarcely permit me a minute's absence. How happy am I that I can in the least conduce to the moderating his affliction; and by my little assiduities show something of the gratitude with which my heart glows in a remembrance of his inexpressibly tender indulgence to me for so many years.

I can no more, only I must add the sincerest assurances that I am,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Yours, with the utmost esteem and affection,

ELIZ. SCOTT.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Northampton, Jan. 8, 1742.

I KNOW not for how many weeks I have been always just going to write to you and have not done it. My wife wanted to read the next Sermons, and I to review and correct them. Sometimes I had not leisure to write, and sometimes I thought a safer hand would quickly offer. At length this day came, and it was the day when our Society met, (whose services you, Sir, will please to accept), and to increase all its hurry, ordinary and extraordinary, the company of a friend, who has kept me below till between eleven and twelve at night, concurred to contract the little residue of that time which I had determined to de-

vote to that debt of gratitude and respect which I had so long intended to acknowledge.

I thank you, Sir, most heartily for your review of my Sermons. I should be sorry that one word should drop from my pen to contract men's spirits, already *too narrow*; or to inflame their angry passions, already too much too warm! In this view I have expunged a passage from the eighth Sermon, which in the main, I think very just and true; yet not so important as to incline me to risk the consequences of retaining it.

I have had so many anxious cares on my mind since the date of my last, that I have scarcely written one line of poetry. I shall have a long story to tell you when I have next the pleasure of seeing you, about the poor creature on whose condemnation I so much rejoiced, and for whose deliverance on the fullest conviction of his innocence, I afterwards so heartily laboured. But the tale is so long, and the remembrance so mournful, that I gladly omit the particulars now. I have learned lessons by it, which are a full equivalent for all I did and suffered in that melancholy affair, and have the most pleasing reflections on the acceptableness of my conduct to Him who knows all the circumstances and views under which I acted, and whom I most desire to approve my actions.

I heartily rejoice, Sir, that you are entered on that charitable work for the Instruction of poor Servants, in which as in all other labours of love to immortal souls, I earnestly pray that God may succeed you.

I bless God my wife is finely recovered from her miscarriage, and that the children are well. We join in the best services to you, your good lady and family. I have carefully read the second volume of Mr. Warburton's Divine Legation of Moses; it is full of profound and accurate learning, with an astonishing variety of new and curious thoughts. Were they all as solid as they are refined, it would be quite a matchless production.

I have lately met with some trials in my congregation, and have been under a sad necessity of proceeding against some scandalous members of the church under my care, concerning the particulars of which I will write as soon as I can. At present, however, it is more than time that I should conclude, which I cannot do without renewing my request that you would afford a continued share in your prayers to, Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most obliged, affectionate,
and faithful humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. Last Lord's day I preached two funeral Sermons: one in the afternoon, and another in the evening, which was the seventh funeral Sermon which has occurred within four weeks; and it is observable, that I have preached no other sermon between any of the seven in my own pulpit. An awful providence never to be forgotten.

Mr. Warburton makes many objections to the last

Section of the Life of Cicero, by Middleton, especially where the New Academy is spoken of. That gentleman has favoured me with a delightful visit, and seems an excellent Christian, and full of the most amiable candour in his private character, though he is to be sure a very severe writer. He has a great zeal for the peculiarities of Christianity.

FROM THE REV. DAVID JENNINGS, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Jan. 12, 1742.

IF I had resolved on publishing my Astronomy, I could easily have disposed of the copies I have by me; but as I had no such design, I have parted with them as sparingly as I could. However, I have made no resolution against publishing it, with your emendations, which I hope you will bring with you the next time you come to London, and then we will talk over this matter.

I remember I did hear some time ago, that somebody had seen a sixth Satellite of Saturn; perhaps it was a new ring; but indifferent telescopes, assisted by a strong fancy, have so often created Satellites and Comets, and other celestial phenomena, that I give little heed to such reports, unless I have them from very good authority. I do not know what use is usually assigned to the Sun's motion; but we know that motion is essential to all terrestrial fire; and why may it not be so to the Solar Fire likewise?

Motion produces fire, and keeps it burning. And by the way (since you are upon experiments) let me hint to you a pretty microscopical one, if you have it not already. Strike fire with a flint and steel on a sheet of paper; gather up the dust, and put it into your microscope, and you will see round iron balls: which shews that the motion of striking, heats the steel even to fusion, so that every spark is a drop of melted steel, which forms itself into a sphere, for the same reason that the drops of rain are globular. Many of these liquid spheres will be broken and thrown into irregular shapes by their falling on the paper before they are sufficiently cooled; but you will see many perfect spheres. My third magnifier shows them as big as peas. If your microscope (which I think is Wilson's) was screwed to a pillar standing on a pedestal, so as that it should hang perpendicular, and with a plain reflecting speculum under it, it would be a great improvement, and make it on the whole, the best sort of microscope that has yet been published. So much for Philosophy.

My wife unites her joys with mine, on account of Mrs. Doddridge's recovery from her late indisposition; and no one pays you the common compliment of the season, *et multos et felices*, more sincerely than

Your affectionate Brother, and obliged

humble Servant,

DAVID JENNINGS.

FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,

Feb. 4, 1742.

MR. JACKSON faithfully delivered your pathological message, in answer to which you now have it under Mr. Barker's hand that he often thinks of his dear and good friend Dr. Doddridge; that his heart is full of good will to his old friend, and joy in his prosperity, and good wishes for his health and success. That he would be glad to see you at London before the middle of April, or at Epsom, after that time, and that he converses with no man with greater pleasure or confidence than with Dr. Doddridge.

But Salters' Hall now takes up much of my time, for indeed I not only prepare with some care and pains for the public services of the Lord's day, but am constrained to attend on other days both the sick and the well, lest they should seem like sheep without a shepherd. Under this burden I groan, and yet I am not able to bear the thought of their scattering, or making an improper choice. What, cannot you think of one minister, old or young, whose furniture, spirit, principles, and pulpit talents would make him suitable for Salters' Hall! Have you forgotten your obligations to that people? or that I am almost three-score years of age, and have not nerves of brass or sinews of iron! I do not after all so much desire a suitable pastor there to spare myself, as to see that congregation well settled for its own sake, and that of the common interest.

A good many affairs both of town and country now come in my way, and I neither eat, nor write,

nor think so well as I used to do ; but I puddle on as well as I can, and do more in two hours than in one.

The defection of our younger pastors I greatly lament ; and if the people departed from the doctrines of the Reformation as much as many of them, I should begin to think, whether it were an interest worth serving !

Our late Minister is turned out in the plenitude of power, treasures and Royal favour, by that Providence he was wont to deride *. Whether he will sit easy in the House of Peers I do not know ; but now is the time for good men to pray that God would inspire our counsels, and regulate and settle our affairs.

Mrs. Barker's and Miss Lambe's service to your lady, concludes this from

Your affectionate Friend,

J. BARKER.

* Sir Robert Walpole, who was then advanced to the title of Baron Houghton, Viscount Walpole, and Earl of Orford. "He had," (says Lord Chesterfield) "a most extraordinary talent of persuading and working men up to his purpose. A hearty kind of frankness, which sometimes seemed imprudence, made people think that he let them into his secrets, whilst the impoliteness of his manners seemed to attest his sincerity. When he found any body proof against pecuniary temptations, which, alas ! was but seldom, he had recourse to a still worse art ; for he laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue, and the love of one's country, calling them 'the chimerical school-boy flights of classical learning ;' declaring himself at the same time, 'no saint, no Spartan, no reformer !' He would frequently ask young fellows at their first appearance in the world, while their honest hearts were as yet untainted, 'Well, are you to be an old Roman ? a Patriot ? you will soon come off of that and grow wiser !' and thus he was more dangerous to the morals, than to the liberties of his country, to which I am persuaded that he meant no ill in his heart."

FROM THE REV. ROBERT BLAIR*.

REV. SIR,

Athelstaneford, Feb. 25, 1742.

You will be justly surprised with a letter from one whose name is not so much as known to you : nor shall I offer to make an apology. Though I am entirely unacquainted with your person, I can assure you I am no stranger to your merit as an author ; neither am I altogether unacquainted with your personal character, having often heard honourable mention made of you by my much respected and worthy friends, Colonel and Lady Gardiner. About ten months ago, Lady Frances did me the favour to transmit to me some manuscript hymns of yours, with which I was wonderfully delighted. I wish I could, on my part, contribute in any measure to your entertainment, as you have sometimes done to mine in a very high degree. And that I may show how willing I am to do so, I have desired Dr. Watts to transmit to you a manuscript Poem, entitled the *Grave* ; written, I hope, in a way not unbecoming my profession as a minister of the gospel, though the greatest part of it was composed

* He was the son of a minister of the Scotch church, resident at Edinburgh, and educated at the University of that city. In later life he obtained much reputation from his botanical researches ; in which, by the use of the microscope, some novel and curious observations were made. The poem, called the " Grave," was, however, his most important work, and has been so highly estimated, that Doctor Lempriere speaks of it as having " ensured the fame and immortality of its author."

The Rev. Robert Blair married the daughter of Mr. Law, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh, by whom he had five sons and a daughter. His death occurred in the year 1746.

several years before I was clothed with so sacred a character. I was urged by some friends here, to whom I showed it, to make it public ; nor did I decline it, provided I had the approbation of Dr. Watts, from whom I have received many civilities, and for whom I ever entertained the highest regard. Yesterday I had a letter from the Doctor, signifying his approbation of the piece in a manner most obliging. A great deal less from him would have done me no small honour. But at the same time he mentions it to me, that he had offered it to two booksellers of his acquaintance, who, he tells me, care not to run the risk of publishing it. They scarcely thinking (considering how critical an age we live in with respect to such kind of writings) that a person living three hundred miles from London could write so, as to be acceptable to the fashionable and polite. Perhaps it may be so : though at the same time I must say, in order to make it more generally liked, I was obliged sometimes to go cross to my own inclination, well knowing that whatever poem is written upon a serious argument must, upon that very account, lie under peculiar disadvantages : and that, therefore, proper arts must be used to make such a piece go down with a licentious age, which cares for none of these things. I beg pardon for breaking in upon moments precious as yours, and hope you will be so kind as to give me your opinion of the Poem.

I am, Reverend Sir,

Your most humble and obedient Servant,

ROBERT BLAIR.

FROM THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

DEAR SIR,

Newington, Feb. 26, 1742.

I CANNOT converse with you upon an equal footing ; for though I think my heart is honest, yet I am sure the kindness of your expressions far exceed mine : may the blessed God render you a much better man than you take me to be, and pour out upon you all the blessings that can make your station useful or desirable.

As for the Assembly's Catechism with Notes, we would have sent you a dozen or two of them if you had told us how many you want, for you know our number in the whole two years cannot arise above forty. I rejoice to hear that you have such success in these smaller labours.

I am glad Mrs. Doddridge is so happy a partner of life to my friend, and is so far restored to health, and usefulness. May every blessing attend her and you, and your household.

Your Sermons on Regeneration still go on through our family on the Lord's Day evenings, and that with great acceptance amongst us all : our ladies send you their hearty salutations.

I hope you will not lay aside for any long time the "Rise and Progress of Religion," however some other things may intervene.

My health, I thank God, has enabled me in the midst of the cold weather, to spend four or five half-hours in the pulpit ; but I am so broken, that I can

expect to study or preach but little more. I return my friends, who are near you, and under your care, a thousand thanks for all that respect, tenderness, and goodness they manifest to me by their prayers on my account ; may God return every blessing abundantly into their own bosoms !

Your scheme of rendering the female sex more abundantly useful in the world, by instructing them how to educate their offspring, will be a most useful service, if you always set a prudent guard upon yourself, how far to go in particulars and where to stop.

As you have a good account of the success of Mr. Whitfield's ministry in Scotland, so have I of the success of a great number of the ministers in New England. The little account Dr. Guyse and I published five years ago in the American Northampton, seems to be republished again throughout many more towns in New England, and particularly in Boston. There is a most surprising work of God going on amongst them.

I am, dear Sir, with much affection,

Your humble Servant and Brother,

I. WATTS.

FROM THE REV. HUGH FARMER.

REV. SIR,

London, March 11, 1742.

I TAKE the first opportunity of acknowledging my obligation to you for the favour of your Sermon; which I cannot but greatly value, both as a testimony of your kind regard, and as a wise and seasonable admonition*.

It is impossible not to be impressed with your affecting representation of the evil and danger of neglecting the souls of men. When I seriously consider how important, how difficult and dangerous a trust is lodged in the ministers of the gospel, to whom the care of immortal souls is committed, I wonder that it is possible for us to think of any thing but how to execute that trust with the greatest faithfulness and diligence. It is strange that we do not rather want cautions against too great a solicitude in our work, which might very much distract our thoughts and impair our health, than pressing exhortations and the most solemn admonitions not to be slothful or negligent in a concern which, when we think of it at all, must swallow up every other thought.

* In the same year (1742) I preached a Sermon at Kettering, on "the Evil and Danger of neglecting the Souls of Men." Being desired to print it, I prefixed in the preface an account of the proposals there made for the revival of religion, which I cannot but look upon as of the utmost importance; and bless God, that I have in some instances happily found the good consequences of acting upon them; nor have I ever yet seen any congregation much reduced in which these methods were pursued.—*Dr. Doddridge's Letter to Mr. Wilbraham.*

But unhappy experience too fully convinces me, that my zeal wants to be quickened, and that your attempt to stir me up to greater activity was too seasonable and too necessary.

I shall endeavour to improve your discourse to the end for which you so piously and kindly designed it, and which it is so wisely calculated to promote. But I fear the scheme you propose in the preface is not practicable in its utmost extent at Walthamstow; that part of it which relates to the personal behaviour of a minister, I shall always regard: and I pray God, that you may every day see still more reason to think, (and every day have a more delightful relish of the thought) that by your example and instruction many ministers, and in consequence, the multitudes under their care, are made wiser and better, and quickened to greater diligence.

I am very sorry it was not in my power to serve you in the affair you wrote to me about in your last; pray convince me that you believe this, by sending me some fresh command, for I am,

Honoured Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged humble Servant,

HUGH FARMER.

FROM MISS SCOTT.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Norwich, March 13, 1742.

SHALL I not cause you to regret those acts of kindness which have drawn upon you so troublesome and importunate a correspondent? But can I be silent under so many obligations! or, if under all others, those relating to that dear parent who deservedly lies so near my heart? Impossible! Forgive me, therefore, this once, I entreat, and permit me to return the grateful thanks of a heart overflowing with the most pleasing resentment of your goodness, not forgetting the last inestimable present of your Sermons. But, dear Sir, my best apology is yet behind—a commission from my father. In the first place to return his grateful acknowledgments for your tender and pious remembrances of him in your devotions, and in those of your family and church. He would gladly have made them with his own pen, but is not yet permitted such an exercise by his physician; for though his fever, through the Divine goodness, is gone off, some remains of the old disorder still fill me with a thousand anxieties and obligations to take great care; on which account therefore, he still begs a continuance of your prayers, that he may not be rendered unfit for that service in the church of God, it would be his joy to be able to perform: but he also entreats them for an abundant effusion of the Spirit to direct, animate, and succeed his future labours. These, dear Sir, I assure you, are his fervent frequent prayers

on your behalf; yet mingled with joyful thanksgivings to God for that rich furniture of head and heart he has blessed you with, and which you are improving in so zealous and happy a manner to promote his glory and the good of immortal souls.

Your two volumes of Sermons have been our delightful entertainment in this confinement. If any thing could have increased the pleasure, it would have been their flowing from the lips of their excellent author: yet I entered so much into his spirit, that I flatter myself I did them more justice in the delivery than I ever did to any other compositions. I can here scarcely refrain telling you, dear Sir, what frequent interruptions these various readings suffered, from an inability to suppress our admiration of the piety, strength, and beauty of the sentiments, and the purity of style and diction which perpetually appears, or rather runs through the whole: and also from my dear benevolent father's wishes and prayers for the abundant success of these, and all your other labours of love; and that you may be strengthened in body and mind to abound yet more and more; and that all may be amply returned in a profusion of blessings into your own bosom.

We exceedingly rejoice in Mrs. Doddridge's amendment, and in your recovery, dear Sir, from an indisposition we were at the time happily ignorant of. May both these mercies be perfected. Indeed, as I once told you, I tremble to think you are mortal. Yet, surely, this is a truth you live under a constant and lively sense of: How else could you crowd so many

important and laborious services into so narrow a compass. Go on, dear Sir, thus daily and hourly to add fresh laurels to the eternal crown that awaits you, and which cannot but be one of most distinguished glory.

I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Reverend and very dear Sir,

Your most respectful and affectionate Servant,

ELIZA SCOTT.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL WOOD.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Northampton, April 15, 1742.

SOME degree of confusion mingled itself with the pleasure with which I received your second most obliging letter before I had answered your first. You must now accept my thanks for both, in a more hasty manner than I could wish to send them. I dare not so much as promise to be a constant and exact correspondent for the future, so many are my engagements to write more than I apprehend may agree with my health. Yet I will faithfully assure you, that in my large and good acquaintance I know very few with whom I should be equally desirous to exchange frequent letters: very few, with whom I should be so ambitious to cultivate an intimate endearing friendship. That knowledge of me, which such an intercourse would give, might perhaps be the

readiest cure of the only fault you at present seem to have, which is your thinking so much better of me than I deserve.

The kind sentiments you express of my Kettering sermon gives me great pleasure. You were very much in my thoughts, when I wrote the dedication, and I am particularly obliged to you, dear Sir, for the account you give me of the sentiments of *our critical friend* upon it, whose heart was from the beginning so free from that *tome's peccati*, which I find it so impossible wholly to eradicate from mine. I am the better pleased with your starting the subject, because it gives me an opportunity of explaining myself in some particulars I might not else have thought of, and of lodging with one of the kindest and best of friends an apology which it may perhaps be necessary to produce to some others.

As to the supposed confederacy between me and Dr. Watts on this head, I need only acquaint you with two facts by way of answer. The first is that the questions which the Doctor has published for young students, were drawn up without my knowledge, nor did I ever hear of them till he sent them to me printed. The other is that when I drew up my scheme, I was so far from having these questions in view, as the rule of our proceedings in examinations, that I did not to my knowledge recollect they were in being; so that this is only a fine cobweb spun from a brain, which seems to have an excellent talent at inventing hypotheses in which proofs from fact are not much regarded.

But as you, dear Sir, seem to be apprehensive that I have carried matters rather too far, in what I have proposed in the sixth page of my dedication ; or that what I say is liable to dangerous abuse ; I should be sincerely thankful, if you would freely tell me how the scheme may be meliorated. Should associations of ministers take no notice who rises up to the ministry, and encourage all who pretend to it indiscriminately ? if not, there must be some examination ! and if there be any, must it turn merely *on the progress a candidate has made in literature*, without any inquiry into *the views with which he professes to undertake the ministry, or into his aptness to teach* ? or can they judge of his aptness to teach, without some inquiry into *his acquaintance with, and sense of the great doctrines of christianity*, or ought they to *give him a certificate of their approbation*, if they do *not in their consciences believe that he is fit to be employed in the christian ministry* ? These which I have marked are my former words, and what can be objected to them ? and what medium can be found out between doing this and doing nothing ?

But *ill consequences arise when we come to fix the very thing to be done*. They do so, and therefore I do not fix the very thing. I do not pretend to dictate the questions to be asked, much less the precise answers to be returned, and therefore stand clear of all the difficulties attending subscriptions, &c. And I refer it to every examining minister to judge, as in the sight of God, in present circumstances, whether

the candidate has given such an account of his acquaintance with christianity, and his sense of it, as that he, the examiner, in his conscience believes he is fit to be a christian minister. For the fidelity and impartiality of the judgment, he must answer to God another day : and we know a wise and *good* man, will err rather on the CHARITABLE, than the severe extreme, so that I see no inconvenience attending the scheme thus proposed, but what is inseparable from every plan to be executed by fallible men ; i. e. that it may possibly be abused both ways ; which if it be an objection against any thing, is an objection against every thing, especially where the discipline of a church is concerned.

I have neither time nor room to add much more ; but must renew my thanks to you, for all the undeserved respect which your letters express ; and must also renew my humble services to your good lady, Mr. Badely, and his family, Messrs. Wood of Woodbridge, and of Framlingham, to which last I purpose quickly to write, and to Mr. Crumpton, Mr. Hebden, and all other friends your way, particularly those of Ipswich. Our friends at Harborough received your letter with great grief. They have a very hopeful young man, but I wish ten years may make him a little like what dear Mr. Wood now is. I commend you, my dear friend, you and all yours to the divine care and blessing. I desire your freest objections to what I have written above, which I shall take thankfully, for if I have proposed any thing

wrong, I am very desirous to rectify it. I am obliged to you, dear Sir, for the large order you have sent for my sermons on regeneration, which I hope you have by this time received. If you are disappointed in your view of disposing of any of them, I would by no means have you burthened with any one, but return them when opportunity offers: the money may be sent to Mrs. Jenners for me. I hope to finish my exposition on the Acts before I set out for my western journey, that if God should remove me during my absence from home, the world may have the best assistance I can afford it towards understanding and improving that excellent and important part of scripture; but I am ready to think that if Providence spare my life, it will be some considerable time before it is published.

I entreat, what I very highly value, the continuance of your prayers for a divine blessing on this and my other labours: and am, with very great respect,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

and much obliged humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. F. WADSWORTH.

REV. SIR,

May 8, 1742.

I AM much surprised with a book, called the "Country Parson's Advice to a Parishioner," which is circulated with extreme diligence by Ingham, and other Methodists in our parts. It artfully disguises, but most evidently contains and recommends almost all the doctrines of Popery, and none more than that fatal one of consigning conscience and fortune into the hands of the priesthood. I am not hasty to smell out a Jesuit, and ever thought the methodists had more honesty than wisdom; but this certain fact surprises me, and I should be glad of a key to it. If it cannot be explained without prejudice to Methodism, it should, I think, alarm the friends of truth and liberty, for no pretences to piety should induce us to be accessory to the bringing in of the impositions of the Church of Rome.

It may be said, that they have generally appeared men of plain understandings, void of that art and learning necessary for missionaries; but all plots require tools and have underparts, nor may these always be let into the whole design; which will also account for many other objections which may be made to this suspicion. On the whole while they are diffusing such sentiments, Protestantism and our free Constitution may have as little reason to thank them as Learning and Reason have had already!

I am sorry to find, and wonder at the reason, that

in all the pamphlets relating to the Duchess of Marlborough's piece, so very little concern has been expressed to vindicate King William's character from some of the worst imputations, and rescue him from the hands of his foes as the most reasonable act of retaliation.

My wife joins with me in the best good wishes and very humble services to your lady and self.

I am, honoured Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

F. WADSWORTH.

P. S. Pray, Sir, what is there in the account of Mr. Bulkeley's Rebaptism?

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY GOOD DEAR,

Dedmorton, Wednesday night, June 9,
1742 (12 miles short of Bath).¹

I AM very solicitous lest I should have communicated to you the doleful dumps in which I wrote from Banbury; but I take the first opportunity to tell you that both horse and man mended in the afternoon, and have been very well all this day. We dined at Cirencester, where I saw two or three wise agreeable people, and a young gay spark, just come to be their minister, whom I cannot celebrate under

either of the former characters. The house in which we dined, which is a very good one, was the scene of the only bloodshed which happened at the Revolution when King William came in, on which hangs a remarkable story that I hope to tell you, when I come home, which I begin impatiently to long for, after the tedious absence of almost *two whole* days.

It was a great pleasure to me to hear of you by Mr. Balch's excellent servant, whom, by the way, I esteem above most of his rank in life. These advices were dated at half an hour past four in the afternoon. I pray God to preserve you during my long tedious absence; and to say as much as is possible, I apprehend it is difficult for you to be more solicitous for my safety, and comfort, than I am for yours.

I am quite concerned to think how I shall incommode you with writing letters, and therefore have thought that it would be proper for you to employ either Mr. Bradbury or Mr. Daniel to write for you, and to add only a few lines by way of postscript. By this means, the main point will be secured; and I can very truly say, that I am much more solicitous for your case, than my own pleasure. I charge you, my dear, and by all the authority vested in me, I *command* you to go to bed in good time, which therefore Mr. Churchill will tell you is your indispensable duty, from the day you receive this; which by the way will, I suppose, be Sunday night!

Remember me most affectionately to all my friends at Northampton, especially the afflicted, whom I

bear most tenderly on my heart, and long to hear how they do.

Good night, my dear girl; perhaps I may write a line to-morrow.

Bath, Thursday noon.

Accordingly I have the pleasure to tell you, that we are got safe hither, and find this celebrated city very hot and close, but have not yet seen any of its amusements. I thank God I am very well, but have only time to subscribe myself,

Dear Madam,

Your most affectionate and obedient Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Taunton, June 14, 1742,
Monday morning.

MY DEAR LOVE,

As I am now arrived at one of the most considerable stages of my journey, and have gone through the work of the most laborious Sabbath which I expected in the whole course of it; I think myself obliged, though I wrote but two days ago, to give you a line. The congregation was vastly large beyond any I had ever seen, yet the place so spacious as to be cool considering the heat of the day. I was obliged to exert my voice, but I hope was generally well heard, and on the whole, though weary in the evening, soon found my relief in a very good night's rest.

I hope we had something of the presence of God amongst us, and that the day will be remembered by some good tokens. I am now setting out for Mr. Welman's, whose senior son met me at Taunton with a very obliging message from that worthy family, one of the most considerable among the dissenters in England, and to a branch of which I have the honour to be a distant relation. Mr. Fawcett is pure well; his mistress is a genteel agreeable girl, about twenty-three, and will have a good 1,400*l*. He thinks her temper something like yours; and I believe, if I read her countenance aright, he is not mistaken. Mr. Darracot is fat, and flourishing vastly the better for matrimony. He and Mr. Marshall met me on the road on Saturday; the good man, who looks not much older than I, was quite transported to see me so young and so hearty, and knew not how sufficiently to express his joy and gratitude. One of his first words was, "Dear doctor! make my house your home;" which I seemed to accept: when poor Mr. Darracot burst out into tears that his father was taken away from him! and reminded me of a former promise, which I owned, and got clear of Mr. Marshall's invitation, without at all disobliging him. It is well if I am not killed with kindness: these hospitable people bring me the tribute of earth and sea, and treat me with an affection and respect which I can hardly bear, under a consciousness of having deserved it so very little. I am in the house of a very worthy gentleman, and here is his good mother, a fine lady of about eighty-one, with whom I am

almost in love. I hope, my dear, to secure my constancy, notwithstanding so formidable a temptation, you will soon let me hear from you ; and renew the assurances which your seal used to give me of your fidelity in my absence : but I am called away, so shall make no end ; and surely an endless letter will content your ladyship.

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. How does Mr. Goode? I had an uneasy dream about him. Accept and present many services, &c.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Taunton, June 17, 1742,
Thursday noon.

MY DEAR CHARMER,

YOUR delightful letter reached me here on Monday night, just after I was returned from the polite and religious family of the Welmans, the glory of the dissenters in these parts ; and, on the whole, such a family for all that is great, or good, as I never before knew. Their only fault was, that they received me with almost a princely elegance and magnificence at a table much fitter for an archbishop than a poor country minister, which confounded me not a little. I spent the day with them, supped there, and we parted not till towards ten o'clock.

On Tuesday I dined with Mr. Fawcett's mistress : a sweet girl truly, fair as alabaster, with black eyes

and hair, a pretty little mouth, and wanting only a little more colour in her cheeks, which now and then I gave her! These sons of Levi take for their wives the best of the flock, and it is but fit they should.

Yesterday I preached and prayed over Mr. Fawcett. We had, I suppose, near two thousand persons present; of whom forty were ministers. I was treated by them with a deference of which I was quite unworthy; and forced by them to submit to honours which I should rather have bestowed on the least of my brethren; and bless God, I went through my work with cheerfulness, though I had no sleep the night before.

All this morning I have been receiving visits; and as I slept near seven hours on the stretch, and so rose late, I cannot enlarge. I set out this evening for Wellington; in the mean time, I fear good Mr. Stoddan's dinner will wait for me. I therefore only add my kind love to the dear children, and hearty service to all friends.

Be as voluminous as you please in your next; and be assured, that I write every line in a hurry; but if I had leisure to write, ten thousand could never express how fondly and affectionately I am

Yours,

P. D.

P.S. Near a seventh part of this age of absence is expired.

FROM MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Northampton, June 23, 1742.

WHY is it that whilst I love you with a tenderness not easily expressed, that I find it so hard a task to employ my pen in conversing with you? but, alas! the reason is too plain; for I know that some of the things I must tell you will give you pain; and, therefore, I could wish with all my heart to conceal them; but to relieve you, my dear, from any unnecessary anxiety, I shall begin with my important self, as I know it will give you pleasure to hear I am well; and the dear children are all charmingly well, and so are our friends, especially good Colonel Gardiner, who desires with many others, to be most kindly remembered to you; he is so good as to favour me with much of his company, for I generally see him once and often twice a day; but this pleasure is very incomplete to me, for want of sharing it with you.

Our public affairs have taken so agreeable a turn that the Colonel begins to expect he shall not go abroad; and if so, hopes to continue at Northampton till after your return, and with this good piece of news I would gladly conclude, did you not insist upon it, my dear, that I should fully inform you with respect to Mr. Goode: a commission painful for me to perform, as I know it will much affect you to hear that God has been pleased to renew our breaches, by removing him, about nine o'clock, last Sabbath day morning. The loss is, indeed, great

to his family, and to the church : but an all-sufficient God can, we know, with infinite ease, support the one, and make up the loss to the other ! and he is indeed pleased to support poor Mrs. Goode under her heavy affliction, in a manner beyond what any of her friends could have expected. If you can spare a few minutes to write her a consolatory letter upon this sad occasion, I am sure she would take it extremely kind ; and indeed, so tenderly is my heart affected with her sorrows, that I should be glad to deprive myself of the pleasure of hearing from you for one post, that she might enjoy it. But let us not, whilst we are mourning over some of our friends who are laid in the dust, forget to adore the Divine goodness, which is still spreading so many other delightful and valuable friendships around us : and may I not rejoice, my dearest, in your continued health and prosperity ; though, indeed, I long to have it again confirmed under your own hand.

I entreat you to take all possible care against every thing that may endanger your health. At this sickly time it is a comfort to me to remember, that no disease can seize you without the Divine consent ; and I cheerfully hope and earnestly pray that God will preserve you, and return you again in his safety to,

My dearest Love,

Your most affectionate Wife,

M. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. The dear children send their duty to their dear and good papa.

FROM MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Northampton, June 24, 1742.

I HOPE, my dearest, it will not be deemed an unpardonable act of disobedience for me to write to you to-night; though I believe it is now something past twelve, as I imagine your command was laid upon me only out of pure tenderness to my own precious self; and, therefore, when it will give me more pleasure to sit down to converse with a much dearer self than to go to bed and to sleep, I hope my good father confessor will absolve me! and if not, I must beg leave to assume for once the character of Pope, and absolve myself; not that I should be very fond of the title of a Pope Joan neither, but am truly so of the alliance you tell me of with that worthy and excellent family in the West: I want much to see them for themselves, but still more as it would bring me so much nearer to the centre of my earthly happiness.

I was much pleased with the account of your interview with Mr. Darracot. I heartily rejoice in the prosperity of all my friends: but permit me to tell you, my dear Sir, that I am a little in pain for your constancy, and think I have some reason, when you seem so much transported with those genteel young ladies, with their black eyes and alabaster complexions! with pretty little mouths too: indeed I think I have much more to apprehend from them than from the good old lady of eighty-one you told me of

some time ago ; however, I will endeavour to comfort myself that, notwithstanding all these powerful temptations, your constancy will be as inviolably secure as my own, and more I cannot wish it to be, though, perhaps, should I tell you this is the third letter I have written by this post ! so extraordinary a circumstance might give you a suspicion that I am carrying on some intrigue in your absence ; but I need do no more to remove it than to tell you the names of my correspondents.

The first of them is then, good Sir, my trusty and well-beloved stay maker, if you will please to allow the phrase ; the second, poor Sammy, from whom I received a letter, earnestly begging your direction and assistance : I should not have troubled you with this affair at present, but only for this reason, that if you should hear of any thing in your travels that you think would be a comfortable settlement for him, you will be so good as to think of him, as I know your generous and tender heart takes so much pleasure in relieving the oppressed.

Do not envy me, my dear, the pleasure of good Colonel Gardiner's company, nor that of twenty other persons as good and as agreeable, could they be found, for they would not be by any means a balance for the loss of yours ; but I hope that this happy turn in our public affairs, for which I desire to be very thankful, will permit the good Colonel to remain at Northampton, till after your much wished for return. He drank tea with me this afternoon, is very well, and desires to be most kindly remembered to you.

All this sad town would not afford me one poor crow-quill pen, so that I am indebted to the wing of a goose; and hope the character of that bird will be a full excuse for all the nonsense sent you from,

Dear and honoured Sir,

Your most *disobedient* Wife,

And vry affectionate humble Servant,

M. DODDRIDGE.

P.S. The dear children are all well, and send their duty: many services attend you from Northampton.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Tiverton, June 25, 1742,
Friday morning.

MY DEAREST,

It was my unhappy mistake of the post day at Exeter, which prevented my writing to you on Wednesday; but be assured, that whatever accidents of this kind may happen, I am not and cannot be for a day or an hour unmindful of you.

From Wellington, whence I dated my last, I went to Breedwell, and was most affectionately received by that good lady Mr. Clark's mother-in-law, who is a most amiable Christian. She has agreed to send her youngest son, a promising youth, to spend two years with me to finish his studies.

On Saturday, about noon, I arrived at Exeter, where I found a whole Synod of ministers ready to receive me; and such a feast prepared as put me out

of countenance, which is, alas! my daily exercise. Mr. Tozer is a charming man, and I never saw so many fine women of any one family in my life. They all treat me with the kindress of sisters, and multiply their favours upon me beyond all I can easily express. Entertainments have been daily provided for me by the principal families, and I have seen that noble palace which once belonged to my family; my arms are there curiously carved over the great mantelpiece in the diningroom, which is quite a room of state; and in several other places, particularly in a great upper room, one hundred and twenty feet long, which is surrounded with the arms of all the nobility and gentry in these parts. I assure you, my dear, I saw this without any regret; and I hope I have a much nobler mansion reserved for me in my Father's house above; and, in the mean time, am incomparably happier with you in my present circumstances than such a seat and all the estate once belonging to Mount Radford could make me, without you, or without my dear charge at Northampton*.

On Tuesday I preached at Lymstone, where Mr. Hancock lives, as did also Mr. Walrond, it being a fast day. He gave us an admirable sermon, one of the best I ever heard; afterwards I dined with the most beautiful girl I have seen in all my journey, though I must say, this country abounds with fine women beyond any other I know, Yorkshire and Lancashire by no means excepted.

* It will be remembered, that Mount Radford was the favourite residence of Sir John Dodriddge.

I preached here at Tiverton yesterday to another Synod of ministers. I am lodged with the charming family of the Inchmarsh's, where the good lady at the head of it sees ten of her children grown up to be most worthy characters ; all church-members, and all likely to prove the ornaments and supports of religion in their day ; so that I must needs say I think it the glory of Devonshire. I have not yet seen Mr. Parminter's ; but, by what I can learn, it is much of the same stamp.

I am now setting out for Barnstaple, taking Mr. Palke's, at South Moulton, in my way. I must, therefore, conclude with renewed prayers for you. I fear poor Mrs. Cove is dead ; but I shall continue praying for her till I hear she is beyond the reach of prayer. My affectionate services to all my friends, and love to the dear children.

I am, most cordially and constantly yours,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. I find a great deal of religion in the West.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Plymouth July 3, 1742,
Saturday night.

I AM now at the greatest distance from you in person that I ever was, or I hope ever shall be, for it is more than two hundred miles, yet I was never nearer to you in affection, and perhaps never more sensible of

my happiness in being so near to you in relation. I have often thought of you this day, which has indeed been a very pleasant one, and pleasant days, I would especially desire to share with you, indeed it is necessary I should so share them, in order to their being completely so. I will not answer for it, that you would have been pleased to have seen me in every circumstance of the day; particularly when in a little boat dancing on the swelling sea; and afterwards feeding a tame bear with biscuit, which to give him his due, he took very prettily. But had you with us seen Mount Edgecombe and the dock, I am sure you would have been delighted. Our good friends Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd who received me in a most agreeable manner, seem but half contented that I came alone, and join with many more, in affectionate invitation to us both to come to Devonshire together. I am sure if a pleasant country, and the most hearty friendship can induce us to the journey, it will some time or another be undertaken. I write at present in great haste, as I have written poor Mrs. Goode a very long letter: see her as often as you can, and comfort her, as her sad case requires. Her sorrows would be sufficiently great, in the loss of so good, so dear a friend, but I fear that house in Gold Street will greatly increase her burthen.

Remember me to the dear children, and tell them I am very glad to hear they are so well, and that I pray for them every day. Their dear mamma may be sure she is not forgotten; I hope we shall have many comfortable days and sabbaths together, and

in the mean time, let us, whether present or absent from each other, own the divine goodness, in preserving us so graciously thus long, and endeavour to prepare more and more, for that better world, where so many of our dear friends are awaiting us, and where there will be no more absence. In the pleasant views of it, I am,

My Dearest,

Your most affectionate

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Lynington, July 10, 1742,
Sat. night, 12 o'clock.

AFTER riding forty miles I am set down the veriest ragamuffin you ever saw, bating only a fine silk nightgown in which good Mr. Pearson has invested me; first to tell you that I am still in high spirits, and not at all weary, though I have ridden one hundred and fifty miles in six days. I have sundry adventures to inform you of in almost every stage of my journey, but at present can only tell you that Messrs. Berry, French, and Marshall are each of them courting one of three sisters with two thousand five hundred pounds fortune. Mr. Berry succeeds, French hopes—and poor Mr. Marshall, now my companion, despairs; but he has chosen the finest girl by far, and after all may carry his point.

Having dispatched thirty miles since one in the

afternoon, we arrived safely here between nine and ten; and I have, to my great joy, found dear Mrs. Bulkley quite well and hearty as ever I saw her. I have spent a delightful evening with her, when your health was drunk, and your dear name often mentioned. I am astonished to reflect how well I am, after having been six several times wet to the skin, during my travels through that delightful county of Devonshire, without getting any cold.

To be serious, God's goodness is quite marvellous, and I desire you would join with me in adoring it. Time fails, and the post calls, but I am with unfailing tenderness,

My dearest, entirely yours,

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

LOVEE,

Wilton, July 16, 1742.

ZINCE ch'a been in Downzhire and Zomerzetzhire
 ch'alearnt zum-dthing o'th'tongue, and zure, and zure,
 and double zure, ch'ood be glad to zhow ye all my
 zgollership. Cham just come to yonder and be pretty
 witty, and Mr. Marshall tells he's zo too; but I do
 'dthink he's but pretty zo, and not deadly well. I
 tell'n has got vire in zyeart; and indeed he be zo
 zore i'th mucks, that I'll wage a croon ye might ha'
 nacktn doon wi' a motte! Ch'av rip'n store times
 for the doxies' womun ha' mad'n lament wist, and

thick athernoon, ha' zlogger'd a leet and an by had een talln a dwoyllen; yet cha can't cal'n a dump-head, nor a duplehead, for they tell sh'as a vine stubb, as indeed a pretty many omun theren 'ave; but wish he be no left i' th' lare. He was zore gallicd the day lest h'as lamps'd his horse; but he's better the neart zo hope he'll eat a lam'ing piece of mutton, an' he get seart ont. We've had a quant rain, yet the fielme did vlee vast the vower or five last miles; but the rod was heart vore, and we had no zeam and bod in narrow rods to crame us; but zupper and lappè and mazzards be coming, zo mun get ready to till to, or could writc o' thick and thucke, and the men aboo th' hour; but as they zayn yonder,

Dear Lovee, yours always to command,

P. D.

To Mrs. Doddridge.

My Dearest,

Fareham, July 17, 1742,
Saturday afternoon.

If the nonsense I have sent you on the other side, give you no other satisfaction, I hope it will at least convince you that I am well, and if you want an interpreter, I recommend you to good Mr. Parminter, who is no doubt well skilled in his native dialect.

Since I wrote my last from Lymington, on Wednesday morning, I have been at Wilton, where I saw the most curious collection of ancient statues and busts

which our kingdom affords, in comparison of which Lord Pomfret's is but a little gleanings. I have also been at Salisbury, and seen the fine cathedral there, and at Rumsey, where I found a large number of new and very good friends; from thence I was sent for to Mr. Baker's (honest Richard Norton's great friend), and he received me with a mixture of respect and affection which quite surprised me, and detained me at his very agreeable seat till this morning. I then came, attended by Mr. Norton, to Southampton, and thence to this place, which is called Fareham. It is a small market town in the way to Portsmouth, chiefly remarkable for my having eaten the greatest dinner here which I ever remember to have eaten any where, for no less than seven steaks of a neck of lamb, charmingly dressed, could satisfy my voracious appetite! Poor Mr. Marshall is in a sad way: his heart lost, his horse lamed, and his spirits broken.—In short he is in as great distress as the French at Prague, excepting only that he is now asleep, and, as I believe, dreaming he is in his mistress's arms. I have sometimes my dreams too, but I hope for more before this day month. If scores of people drinking your health can ensure it, yours my dear can be in no danger; we always have it after dinner and after supper; and I constantly pray for it as the most valuable blessing to myself. But no more from Fareham, I hope to conclude from Portsmouth, and shall rejoice greatly to find there a letter from your ladyship, for the last I received was dated this day fort-

night, and I begin to be uneasy for want of later advices.

I lose every other care in a solicitude for you, and find a kind of argument for growing fear from the great and growing attachment of my thoughts and heart to you, and from that impatience of desire with which I have been longing to return to you. I pray God that, if it has risen to a sinful degree, you at least may not suffer for it.

I remain,

Invariably and too tenderly yours,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM MRS. DODDRIDGE.

DEAREST AND BEST OF MEN,

Northampton,
August 4, 1742.

DID I know tenderer epithets, I should certainly use them; but even Mrs. Evans herself cannot help me to one; for though she says you are an angel, even that does not suit me so well whilst I myself am quite a mortal.

She has formed a very dangerous conspiracy against me upon your return; fatal, indeed, to my repose, should it succeed; but I make myself perfectly easy about it, and believe, how great soever your friendship for Mr. Evans may be, you would not choose to change wives with him; at least not at present. But, indeed, my dearest, your three last

delightful letters have made me quite a bankrupt in every thing but love; that, however, is a stock on which you may largely and freely draw, and give me leave to tell you, dear Sir, you shall not, nor cannot, exhaust it; for though I most readily yield you the superiority in every thing else, here I must, and will, contend with you, at least for an equality; and, could you see my heart, you would there behold it written in characters, which neither time nor age can erase; but, alas! so great, at present, is our unhappy distance, that, as Mr. Pope observes upon a like occasion, were even the scheme of having a crystal placed in the breast to take place, it could be of no service to us, and, therefore, we must, in this instance, as well as in many others, content ourselves with believing what we cannot perceive.

You kindly reprove me for not congratulating you, as I ought to have done, upon your birthday; but be assured, my dear, it is as impossible for me not to breathe, as not to think of you, and not to wish you many happy, very happy years; though that claims no merit, as it will, I fear, be all found to centre in self-love. You tell me this is the last letter you can receive from me, and this would, indeed, give me great joy was it soon to be succeeded by your presence, but, alas! Friday sevensnight is an age to a love and impatience like mine. I am in some pain to hear you intend to return by Bedford, lest that should detain you, but think and believe, if I may judge of you by my own heart, that it will not. I heartily

thank you for all your care and goodness to poor Sammy; to have it in your power to save one more of my family from ruin will, I know, my dearest, give your generous heart great pleasure.

I can add no more; and, as all I can say does but faintly express the unutterable affection and tenderness my heart feels for you, read it by your own. I hope that kind Providence, to which I am so much indebted, will still continue to preserve you, and give you a safe and pleasant journey, and that nothing will happen to retard you a day, or an hour, longer than you intend from the impatient welcome of your then too happy

M. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. I hope you will not be late, as I shall watch every hour with the utmost anxiety till I see you. The dear children are well, and much rejoice to hear of dear papa's coming home;—they have made their bargain with me already, that they may sit up to see you. And now I will try, once more, to have done; may every thing that is happy and pleasant await you in every further step of your journey; and be assured, my ardent prayers will not only attend you for your safe return out of the Hundreds of Essex, but in every other circumstance.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

London, August 9, 1742.

ONCE more, my dearest love, accept my thanks, my wishes, and my heart, for they are all most affectionately yours. I continue, considering my labour, surprisingly well; yesterday I preached for Mr. Godwin, to a vastly crowded auditory, two very plain and serious sermons, which seemed to be heard with great regard and attention. If God be pleased to make my poor endeavours of service useful in proportion to the degree in which they seem to have been acceptable, during this nine weeks' absence from you, the crown of all my earthly joys and hopes will be amply complete. But, if it be his blessed will, may I never more know, what it is to be another nine weeks together separated from you! for, indeed, when I am not engaged in some public service, I seem to be but a poor fragment of myself. If I calculate aright, and can reach you by eight o'clock on Friday, it is but about one hundred and eight hours to our meeting, and nearly sixty of them will be past before this has the honour of kissing that dear hand which has written me so many charming letters. In the meantime, my dearest, I must bid you, what appears to me, a long farewell.

I will not add any thing else lest the letter should be delayed, and you made uneasy; for, next to offending God, there is nothing I fear so much as the grieving my dear charmer; and, next to pleasing him, nothing I desire so much as pleasing you. I hope it

will be the delightful business of all the remainder of my life; and I think there is no view in which death would appear so painful to me as that it might distress you. May the blessings of Providence and Grace meet and rest upon you. I am,

My Dearest,

Your unutterably affectionate

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. I shall rejoice to see my dear children. Tell them I remember them, and love them dearly; and assure all my dear Northampton friends that it is the greatest object of my ambition to be their humble servant as long as I live. They know for whose sake, and in whose work I would be so. I come loaded with numberless services, but if love were any weight and burthen to a horse, I have so much of it on my heart that it would be necessary I should ride home upon an elephant.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE*.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

Northampton, Sept. 29, 1742.

I BLESS God we are all returned safe to Northampton after this long journey, without any uncomfortable or perplexing accident, and indeed all the stages of my return were as pleasant as they could be,

* This letter was written on the Doctor's return from Bath where he had taken Mrs. Doddridge, then seriously indisposed, for the benefit of her health.

considering what friends I had left behind me. We dined at Dedmorton and lodged at Cirencester, which I reached, as I did Banbury, on Saturday, and Northampton last night just as the clock struck six. I had a large company at Cirencester, who came to pay their respects to me with great civility. We dined at Chipping Norton, and were received at Banbury in the most obliging manner you can imagine, both at Mr. Hampton's and Mr. Newman's, who with their agreeable ladies send their best services to you. I was, for my part, very poor company in my return. It was too plain I had left my heart behind me. I have employed myself in lecturing over to my dear little girl, an abstract of the history of the Old and New Testament, which I set off as well as I could, with its most enlivening circumstances; and truly was myself so deeply affected, that I could hardly speak for tears in many places. I have also read the three pamphlets I bought at Bath, with one of which I was much impressed*. It is a most artful attempt, in the person of a methodist, but made, indeed, by a very sagacious deist to subvert Christianity; and it wounds as a two edged sword, tending most dangerously to spread mad enthusiasm among some, and utter irreligion among others. It is said to be written by a son of the Earl of Bristol, and is in high reputation among the nobility and gentry. On this account I am fully determined by the assistance of God to answer it, and have already planned the general scheme of my answer, which I design to begin this very day, and to dispatch as soon as possible, which I judge the more

* The one entitled "*Christianity not founded upon Argument.*"

necessary, as the answer already written is one of the most childish things I ever saw; and I much fear that my dear friend, good Mr. Jones, was the author. I mention this the rather, that you and Miss Rappit and Mr. Orton, to whom you may communicate it, may pray earnestly for me that God may grant me suitable assistance, and that you may excuse me if you seldom hear from me, and receive but short letters.

I beseech you, my dear, to let me, or some friend, receive a line from you, or Miss Rappit, or Mr. Orton, each other post at least: but when you write, let it be very short; my longest letters will generally be to Mr. Orton, to whom I usually write in short-hand. A cargo which I received last night must be answered as they can. I am sorry I have not a fortnight entire for this great and necessary work before me. Accept, my dearest, our united services. I pray God you may be in health as well as I, and better it is impossible to be in that respect. Many inquiries have been made after you, and many daily and earnest prayers are put up for you by others as well as by him who is most of all interested in their success.

Your most affectionate and faithful humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. Mr. Coles's congregation at Gloucester have applied to me for a minister, and I think of sending them Mr. Olding.

FROM COLONEL GARDINER.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Ghent, Oct. 6, 1742.

I AM favoured with your very welcome letter of the third instant, for which I return you my hearty thanks ! It has been matter of great praise to me upon a double account ; first, that Mrs. Doddridge is in so good a way of recovery ; and also, that our gracious God vouchsafes to give you such manifestations of his favour and loving kindness. As for me, I am in a dry and barren land, where no “ living water ” is. Rivers of tears run down mine eyes, because nothing is to be heard in our Babel but blaspheming the name of my God ! and I am not honoured as the instrument of doing any great service. It is true, I have reformed six or seven field officers from swearing. I dine every day with them, and have entered them into a voluntary contract, to pay a shilling to the poor for every oath ; and it is wonderful to observe the effect it has had already. One of them told me this day at dinner, that it had really such an influence upon him, that being at cards last night where another officer fell a swearing, he was not able to bear it, but rose up and left the company ; the first time, I dare answer for it, that it ever happened to him. So you see, although the first principle they acted from was but a very poor one, viz. the fear of paying their money, yet it pleases God, to make use of it as an instrument to bring them to think seriously, and show them the

horrid nature of that sin in particular, and may, at last, that of every other sin.

I received, some days ago, a letter from Mr. Whitfield: the accounts I have had of that man, both when in England and since I came here, have ravished my soul. If my heart deceives me not, I would rather be the persecuted, despised Whitfield, to be an instrument in the hand of the Spirit, for converting so many souls, and building up others in their most holy faith, than to be emperor of the whole world.

My dear friend, I wrote to you, that I was in hopes of having the pleasure of seeing you this winter, and to be sure it would have been a great one to me; but we poor mortals form projects, and the Almighty ruler of the universe disposes of all as he pleases. A great many of us were getting ready for our return to England, when, to the great surprise of the whole army, my Lord Stair not excepted, we received an order to march towards Frankfort; neither can any of us comprehend what we are to do there, for there is no enemy in that country, the French army being marched into Bavaria, where I am sure we cannot follow them. But it is the will of the Lord; and his will be done! I desire to bless and praise my heavenly Father, that I am entirely resigned to it. It is no matter where I go, or what becomes of me, so that God may be glorified in my life, or my death. I should rejoice much to hear that all my friends were equally resigned. I think you have undertaken a noble work, and I hope our gracious God will give

you the wished for success. Pray remember me kindly to Mrs. Doddridge, and to all those with you that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and particularly to Mary Wills. How much do I stand in need of your prayers. I hope God will bless you, and yours, more and more. My dearest friend, I am always, with the greatest sincerity,

Your most faithful,

and most obliged, humble Servant,

JAS. GARDINER.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

Northampton, Oct. 9, 1742.

I HAVE great hope that you will continue very humble, if not merely my love but even my admiration be the chief thing you have to be proud of; though if that would necessarily elevate your mind you would have no chance to escape; for I do not believe the post which set out from Bath on the day you sent your charming letter brought a better, from all the beaux and belles, scholars or wits of the place!

I have been truly concerned at that wicked and unreasonable complaint which you received from the poor Hare*; and I plainly find it was utterly

* In a former letter, when complaining of not having heard in due time from Mrs. Doddridge, the Doctor concludes without a signature thus:

"The Hare that *had* many friends" sends due services to them *all!*"

groundless and occasioned by the delay of the post, but my very heart and soul was so set upon hearing from you, that really I could then hardly bear the disappointment, especially as I knew I should be far distant when the next post came in.

There was a vast congregation last night, and a very serious one, so far as could be judged by their countenances. Impressions were I believe made on several; God grant they may be lasting.

My Bicester journey, the meeting of our Philosophical Society, and this funeral sermon have interrupted the course of my answer to the sly subverter of Christianity, and indeed of all religion; but I intend, God willing, to resume it on Monday, and shall pursue it as fast as I can.

The house is very orderly. I have so much work to do for to-morrow, and so much need of sleep to-night, that I will only add that I am

Most affectionately and entirely yours,

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Northampton, Oct. 13, 1742,

Wednesday night.

MY DEAREST,

I CANNOT express the Concern with which I hear by good Mr. Orton that you are worse;—that you are obliged to leave off the Bath waters, to consult Dr. Oliver, &c. It would really wound me to the

heart if my expectations should be disappointed, and you were to come back worse than you went.

I dare not say, nor even think of the consequences; our meeting would be so distressful, that so far as personal satisfaction was concerned I should be glad to hide myself in the grave from the bitterness and agony of such an interview. Indeed my dear, I love you too well;—and though I sometimes admire myself wonderfully for being able to sleep and study and go cheerfully through my business though you be not here, yet when such a shocking idea as this arises, I find my Heart is a great Hypocrite, and that much of its Tranquillity was owing to the Secret Hope that you were all this while growing better; and that it was indeed little more than the Generosity of the Miser, who can part with his Money for a while, and be pretty easy though it is out of sight, when he expects to receive it quickly with Large Interest. I am afraid that if there were any rich medicine that could secure me from all danger and possibility of being a Widower, I should be willing to sell my Books and even my Children (poor dear puppets, they little think what I am writing,) to purchase it.

You give us a great deal of trouble here. All the family mourns, and poor Mr. Haworth and Mr. Brown, who were both here when the letter came, and Mrs. Bliss's family, with whom I have spent an hour since supper. It is not for the good of Society that one person should be so much beloved, and capable of afflicting so many. But I will write no

more at present, but employ myself better for a little while, and then go to Bed, and see whether Sleep is to be courted to relieve my Cares for a few hours;—and if it does, I shall fare better than I can at present reasonably expect. Yet why should I be unwilling to leave you in the hands of God, as poor Kitty used to say, *If I can trust him with my soul!* Dear Girl, it would be much for my Ease to be with her. Mr. Sharp might make you a less anxious and troublesome Husband. Yet now I think of it again, if you were likely to live to bless a Second Husband, I should not be in so much Haste to follow my former Mistress, even to her present abode.

And now it is Thursday Morning, and all I have Time to tell you is, that after five hours in bed, of which I believe I slept between three and four, I rose pretty well, but have been greatly occupied in the Cares of this World and the Deceitfulness of Riches. I think you must, in a Course of Nature, want some more money, and would send you a Bill as soon as I can, and yet I want it myself. The Assignees of the Worshipful and worthy Mr. Prat called on me yesterday for 15*l.* 0*s.* 7½*d.*, which I must pay them, and then receive at the rate of 25*l.* a year for my Stable, which is an Evil Occurrence, and so much the more so, as I brought it upon myself by not following the affair up as I ought. But the much greater concern about you I also brought upon myself by my dirty journeys to Coventry in the year 1730; and yet I would trudge on Foot to Bath with all my Heart to bring you back half so well.

You see clearly it is to no purpose for me to write. Every thing centres in you. I will write no more at present, but only to tell you that I desire no more of your letters in haste; and that not so much that I am affronted with your calling me *toad** in your last! as that I would not have you give yourself so much Trouble; for if I am a TOAD, I am a very loving one, and would be glad to be as Familiar as Milton's at the Ear of Eve. But lest I should sink lower and lower, I will conclude with subscribing myself,

Dear Creature,

Your ever affectionate and too solicitous

P. DODDRIDGE†.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Northampton, Oct 21, 1742.

A THOUSAND blessings upon you, my dearest, for your delightful letter, which cheered my very heart, and filled my breast with joy, and my mouth with praise. I cannot number the tender thoughts I have had on your account, since the date of your last; but I bless God who has now comforted me according to the days in which I was afflicted.

I think myself inexpressibly obliged to you for all your care of me; but if you would show it in the most expressive manner, take care of yourself;—and spare

* See Letter to Mrs. Doddridge, dated October 21, page 120.

† The capital letters have been retained in printing this letter, as they appear in the original.

nothing which may in any way conduce to your safety, ease, or comfort. The most agreeable use of money which I can think of, is to supply you with what may be agreeable and useful. But I can consult your interest at a much more expensive rate. Stay at Bath as long as you please! Stay till March or April if it be at all necessary. I will bear life without you, which were it not for the service and enjoyment of God in your absence would not deserve to be called life; but be it as God shall appoint, may I but at length see you revived and your health established.

I have very little news, or time to write it. I shall endeavour to take your advice, and when I return from Harborough next Monday shall make no more long journeys, without unthought of necessity, till I have the happy call to meet my dear charmer at Oxford. I have already bargained with Wickes for the coach which is to go and come in three days. Joyful days indeed will they be to me if God grants my desire in returning you safe. I will, if possible, contrive then so as to have nothing to do for a day or two at least.

Thus far I wrote last night. I have this morning been ending my answer to the book I formerly mentioned, and now the bell rings for prayer, so I must conclude with only telling you that the children are well, and that I am,

My Dearest, altogether yours,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. Services to Miss Rappit, Mr. Orton, &c. I am sorry he is indisposed. We pray for him. Polly and Mercy give their duty to you, they are standing by me and shake the table so that I can scarcely write. .

The enigma explained :—I have a great deal more ‘*to-add*’ which I must reserve for another time.

We can never get your letters in much less than a week. That which you wrote on Thursday last came not till Wednesday night.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Northampton, Oct. 27 and 28, 1742,
begun Wednesday night, ended

MY DEAREST LOVE,

Thursday morn.

MR. ORTON’S charming letter, though it came with nine companions, rejoiced me beyond expression ; I have, however, but little time to answer it. The service last night was a very comfortable one ; Mr. Brown, Mr. Haworth, Mr. Bunnyan, and Mr. Olding prayed for you with such importunity, and with such tenderness, and so much of the Friend, and so much of the Christian appeared in each, that had you been a perfect stranger I must have been delighted ; and I do most assuredly hope and believe, that God will grant an answer of peace ; and that you will come back in good health and spirits, and be a long continued blessing to me, your children,

and to all our friends, whose love has been on this occasion so agreeably manifested. Mr. Orton was largely and earnestly remembered amongst us, and Miss Rappit was not forgotten.

I was yesterday at Halsern, where Philly and Cælia still continue. Your son is grown wondrous good, and is fallen in love with Jane, and with his book. He has learned a multitude of good things, delights to read the Bible by the hour, and is repeating with more judgment than I should have expected fragments of Dr. Watts's Hymns, with which he seems much charmed. In consideration of all this I design to let them stay a few weeks longer, and to make Mr. Plumpton some acknowledgment.

I have this evening had a letter from Lady Frances Gardiner, full of respect to us both. She is very well, and sends me surprising news of the progress of religion in Scotland. I should be glad to hear the like from Bath, or to write the like from Northampton; yet I bless God, things in the main, go on well here. I am more sensible than ever how absolutely necessary it is that I should keep near my Heavenly Father, when so long separated from my dearest earthly friend, and I have reason to bless his name, that I am not alone.

I am very sorry to hear that the stage between Oxford and Bath is no longer performed, but it may perhaps be resumed by Lady-day, and I am sometimes afraid you will not be able to return much

sooner. I should be glad to know what your doctors think on that head. Whatever I suffer by your absence, I beseech you, my dearest, to stay a due time.

I am very sorry good Mr. Walrond has left you, and much more so that Mr. Orton is so soon to return to Shrewsbury. It will be a fasting time indeed with you, when he goes.

I am greatly delighted to hear of your walks. If you could walk back to Northampton, it might perhaps save money!

Mr. Orton mentioned Mr. Warburton; pray let me know in your next how I may direct to him.

I bless God I continue perfectly well, and go on cheerfully, and I hope successfully in the services to which he has done me the honour to call me out—you helping me, I doubt not, in your prayers. I long to see you with inexpressible desire, but I am cordially willing to wait God's time. When you are able to write to me yourself, my impatience will be increased; and yet, so inconsistent is love, that I wish for that increase. You may be sure of our remembrance at the table of the Lord, which we shall attend next Lord's Day for the convenience of the moon*. I hope a few sacrament days more will bring you back, and give us an opportunity of en-

* Many of the nonconformist churches were then in the habit of receiving the sacrament in the evening; in which they followed the practice of the primitive Christians. Several persons of the congregation at Castle Hill came from considerable distances in the country: the moonlight, on such occasions, was, therefore, an advantage of some importance.

joying those entertainments together in the house of the Lord, which it is so many months since we shared there. In the mean time I wish you much of his presence in your exile, and am,

My Dearest,

Your ever faithful, affectionate, and obliged

P. DODDRIDGE.

P.S. Pray let me know how your sabbaths are spent. I hope Mr. Orton preaches often.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Northampton, Oct. 31, 1742.

I DISPATCHED all the other letters which I had to write last night, but designedly reserved that which I intended for you till this morning, because I knew I might take the liberty of writing in a strain not ill becoming a sabbath, and a sacrament day; nay, because I was sure my letter would be so much the more agreeable to you, in proportion to the degree in which it was suited to such a season. The comfortable news which Miss Rappit's letter brought me on Friday night proved very sweet, and, as I hope, put me in better spirits for the work of the day.

I question not, my dear, but that you and she are both wishing yourselves with us, and we should greatly rejoice in your being so; and yet I hope it

will be some comfort to you to think that we shall remember you at the Lord's table, and recommend you to the Divine support during your absence. And I hope, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been, very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I hardly feel that I want any thing. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days, and weeks, and years with you; yet I am not at all anxious about your return, or indeed about any thing else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for him, and to live with him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to him, and converse with him, speak to him while I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awaking, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or, perhaps, weeks of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home; pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick; pleasant to write

letters of necessary business by which any good can be done; pleasant to go out and preach the gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the week day to think how near another sabbath is;—but, oh! much, much more pleasant, to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven.

I cannot forbear, in these circumstances, pausing a little, and considering whence this happy scene just at this time arises, and whither it tends. Whether God is about to bring upon me any peculiar trial, for which this is to prepare me; whether he is shortly about to remove me from the earth, and so is giving me more sensible prelibations of heaven, to prepare me for it; or whether he intends to do some peculiar services by me just at this time, which many other circumstances lead me sometimes to hope; or whether it be that, in answer to your prayers, and in compassion to that distress which I must otherwise have felt in the absence and illness of her who has been so exceedingly dear to me, and was never more sensibly dear to me than now he is pleased to favour me with this teaching experience; in consequence of which, I freely own, I am less afraid than ever, of any event that can possibly arise, consistent with his nearness to my heart, and the tokens of his paternal and covenant love. I will muse no further on the cause. It is enough, the effect is so blessed.

Since I began this letter I have attended family

prayer; I wish I could communicate to you and dear Miss Rappit the pleasure I found in reading the Promises in Mr. Clark's Collection, p. 106, 107, and singing the eighty-ninth Psalm.

But the post calls, and I must therefore conclude, wishing you all the happiness I feel, and more if your heart could contain it.

My Dearest, your ever affectionate Friend,

who hopes to love you for ever,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. Stay as long as you judge it necessary. I cannot express how glad I should be to see you, but I open my heart to you the more freely that you may not hasten your return to the detriment of your health. I am grieved that Mr. Orton is leaving you; but my God can make up that loss by his presence, and supply all your wants and wishes.

I am thankful to every body for their kindness to you; and particularly to Mrs. Axford and Miss Rappit. Mrs. Wright* is an exceeding great blessing to us all. A multitude of services attend you.

* A friend who took the domestic charge of the family during the absence of Mrs. Doddridge.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Maidwell, Nov. 3, 1742.

THERE are some wicked women in the world who will not write to their husbands once in an age,—and there are some who promise and perform not. And yet, such is the infirmity and corruption of human nature, that their husbands are still apt to love them, and even to write to them; but it is a weakness to be mortified.

I will, therefore, go to bed, and to sleep if I can, and I will not so much as send you Mrs. Scawen's service, though she desires it. Nor will I tell you whether I am well, or ill,—nor, indeed, so much as who I am.

If you can guess you may, but from me, you shall, at present, hear no more.

TO THE REV. NATHANIEL WOOD, D.D.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND, Northampton, Nov. 6, 1742.

I AM both ashamed and grieved to think how long I have suffered your two last letters to remain unanswered. Great satisfaction they both gave me, and I found myself so much comforted and delighted by the first, that I carried it with me in that long journey into the West of England which I made last vacation, till I almost wore it out.

Blessed be God if any thing I have written be useful; and I rejoice that you, and my brethren in your parts, than whom, I never knew a more valuable and excellent set of men, are acting so strenuously in pursuit of the common cause; I mean that of real vital Christianity—a cause which God will support, and in the service of which, he will support his servants. I wish I could give you a better account of the state of things in our neighbourhood; yet I hope God has not forsaken us, and we are waiting, with humble and earnest desire for more evident tokens of his interposition in our favour. The little hope that I had of seeing you at Rocheford, small as it was, was very delightful; there are few men living with whom I should have more desired an interview, and that your indisposition prevented it made the disappointment doubly painful. I desired Mr. Jeffries to assure you of my cordial sympathy, and prayers for your recovery. May God confirm a health, and prolong a life, of such importance.

I have been very much afflicted since the date of my last, and especially since my return home, on account of the great and dangerous illness of my dear wife. I carried her to Bath about six weeks ago, and I bless God that there is some prospect of her recovery, though she mends but very slowly. I earnestly desire your prayers for her. I am much grieved for Mrs. Steff's illness, and shall be glad to hear of her recovery. Please to give my service to her, and tell her I apprehend I did a service to the public in communicating to it the excellent remains

of her son. They met with the acceptance they deserve; almost the whole edition sold off in two months, and I believe a second is preparing for the press. I intended to have sent them a corrected copy, but have been so exceedingly busy I could not possibly despatch it. Perhaps, Sir, you will wonder to hear it, but so it is, that I am now engaged in a controversy with one whom I take to be one of the most dangerous writers I have met with. It relates to the evidences of Christianity and the *impossibility* of communicating them in a rational manner even to the generality of Christians; this, which is, indeed, its most obnoxious side, has been most artfully assaulted, and I have taken the opportunity of searching into the question more largely than any other writer whom I have met with, and have proposed a plan on which, if parents and masters would proceed, I am fully persuaded it would be greatly for the public service. I hope to send my letter to the press in a few days, and desire your prayers for its success. I have wrought hard at it, early and late, but I bless God I am in perfect health, and more cheerful than, in my present circumstances, I expected to have been. I desire my most affectionate service to all my friends about you; particularly your good lady, Mr. Beden, and his family, Mr. Wood, of Woodbridge, and his son, to whom I take the liberty of writing a few lines in short-hand on this paper, and I desire you would make my compliments to your pretty daughter, whom I pray God to spare for a great blessing to you both. I thank Mrs. Steff. for

her kind offer with regard to her son's sermons ; and to show that I am not unwilling to accept an obligation from so agreeable a friend, I should be willing she should send my wife one of the second edition of her son's sermons, when printed : as I presented one of them to Mr. Barker, she need not be further solicitous on that head. I conclude with entreating you once more to pardon my long silence, and to continue to believe, even though the next interval should be yet longer, that I am with the most cordial esteem and gratitude,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your very affectionate Brother,

and obliged humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAR LOVE,

Bath, Nov. 7, 1742.

I HEARTILY thank you for your delightful letter of October 31. I rejoice greatly in your sublime pleasures, nor at all wonder that such a degree of the Divine presence should free your mind from all anxious cares, and, in those serene moments, render you perfectly happy, and that independently of earthly friends : but I must confess that a part of your letter, delightful as it was, had a very different effect, and filled my mind with great anxiety and concern, and made me, indeed, as Miss Scott well expresses it,

“almost tremble to think you are mortal;” and this fear was increased much by a consciousness of the extreme tenderness my heart feels for you, which sometimes makes me dread lest I should sin you away, by giving you that place in my heart which ought to be sacred to God alone, next to whom I believe I am permitted to love you;—pray that I may rest there. Nor was even this the only foundation of my concern, for I fear also lest these extraordinary manifestations of the Divine favour, which lead you so ardently to thirst after souls, should engage you to labour beyond your strength, and so have a tendency to shorten a life, dearer to me than any thing in the world. I shall conclude with begging you to remember Mr. Boyl’s “Thief in the Candle,” and by turning your thoughts to a recent instance of this sort, though now numbered amongst the dead, and I doubt not, amongst the happy inhabitants of heaven, I mean good Mr. Saunderson of Rowell, whose death I saw in the news with great concern, and fear it is true, though you omit to mention it.

And now, Sir, I shall next proceed to thank you, since I find I cannot help it, for your last to Miss Rappit, and that I had the favour of receiving this morning. It goes a little against one too, methinks, to thank a person who has experienced the tenderness of one’s affection for so many years, for reproaching one of inconstancy, want of love, and for calling one a “wicked wife;” but, alas! how unjust were all these reproaches, and how little did you know my heart! judge of it by a scene you once

knew just parallel to what I have felt here, only with the difference of my being a wife! You once knew, my dearest, what it was to be blamed for a want of love, when your excess of passion for that object was the just matter of humiliation in the Divine presence. I need not enlarge here, but will freely confess that there was too much appearance of reason on your side for these suspicions; for how could you possibly imagine, when you heard by so many hands I was so much better, able to walk, to visit, and talk all night, but that I should have given you, my dear, the pleasure of hearing it, had it not been owing to pure negligence, or want of affection? "But I might have written a line or two to you every post, or, at least, a word or two," for so reasonable was your first kind request. It is impossible for me to describe what I have felt by not being able to comply with this; nor could I do it more emphatically, though I should fill a whole sheet of paper, than by telling you it has cost me more pains with my own heart, to bring it to due submission and resignation to the Divine will, under this trying providence, for so, indeed, it has been to me, than most other afflictions I have met with in life. I have found, indeed, by sad experience, whenever I attempted writing that my boasted strength was but weakness, and that a feeble body rendered my mind incapable of bearing any thing that required attention. I have often, when I have been at my best, attempted to write to you, and have always been so ill before I had written three lines,

and sometimes before I had written a word, by only thinking what I should say to express the tenderness and gratitude of my heart to you, my dearest, that I have been forced, with great concern, to throw the paper from me with the thought that it was impossible.

This has been my sad situation till my last letter, which I hope you have received. I was afraid to wait your answer, lest it should bring me an express prohibition against writing. I therefore seize these happy moments to assure you I am pure well; and though I have written all this since six o'clock this evening, it has not cost me one bad symptom: but in order to secure this important truth, which I know will give you, my dear, more pleasure than any thing else I can say, I shall conclude, without further ceremony, by assuring you that I am, with all possible sincerity and tenderness, My Dearest,

Entirely and affectionately yours,

M. DODDRIDGE.

TO THE REV. MR. BOURNE*.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Northampton, Nov. 12, 1742.

HAD the letter which I received from you so many months ago, been merely an address of common friendship, I hope no hurry of business would have led me to delay so long the answer which civility and

* It will be observed from this letter, that even the moderation of Dr. Doddridge on theological points was with some persons a cause of offence.

gratitude would in that case have required; or had it been to request any service in my power to you, Sir, or to any of your family, or friends, I would not willingly have neglected it so many days or hours: but when it contained nothing material, except an unkind insinuation, that you esteemed me a dishonest man, who, out of a design to please a party, had written what he did not believe, or, as you thought fit to express yourself, had "trimmed it a little with the gospel of Christ," I thought all that was necessary, after having fully satisfied my own conscience on that head, which, I bless God, I very easily did, was to forgive and pray for the mistaken brother who had done me the injury, and to endeavour to forget it, by turning my thoughts to some more pleasant, important, and useful subject. I imagined, Sir, that for me to give you an assurance under my hand that I meant honestly would signify very little, whether you did or did not already believe it; and as I had little particular to say on the doctrines to which you referred, I thought it would be of little use to send you a bare confession of my faith; and quite burdensome to enter into a long detail and examination of arguments which have on one side and the other been so often discussed, and of which the world has of late years been so thoroughly satiated.

On this account, Sir, I threw aside the beginning of a long letter, which I had prepared in answer to yours, and with it your letter itself; and I believe I may safely say, several weeks and months have passed in which I have not once recollected any thing relating to this affair. But I have since been

certainly informed that you, interpreting my silence as an acknowledgment of the justice of your charge, have sent copies of your letter to several of your friends, who have been industrious to propagate them far and near! This is a fact which, had it not been exceedingly well attested, I should not have believed; but as I find it too evident to be questioned, you must excuse me, Sir, if I take the liberty to expostulate with you upon it, which, in present circumstances, I apprehend to be not only justice to myself, but on the whole, kindness and respect for you.

Though it was unkind readily to entertain the suspicions you express, I do not so much complain of your acquainting me with them; but on what imaginable humane or Christian principle could you communicate such a letter, and grant copies of it? With what purpose could it be done, but with a design of aspersing my character? and to what purpose could you desire my character to be reproached? Are you sure, Sir, that I am not intending the honour of God and the good of souls, by my various labours of one kind and another—so sure of it, that you will venture to maintain at the bar of Christ, before the throne of God! that I was a person, whom it was your duty to endeavour to discredit? for, considering me as a Christian, a Minister, and a Tutor, it could not be merely an indifferent action; nay, considering me as a man,—if it was not a duty, it was a crime!

I will do you the justice, Sir, to suppose you have really an ill opinion of me, and believe I mean otherwise than I write; but let me ask, what reason have

you for that opinion? Is it because you cannot think me a downright fool, and conclude that every one who is not must be of your opinion, and is a knave if he does not declare that he is so? or is it from any thing particular which you apprehend you know of my sentiments contrary to what my writings declare? He that searches my heart is witness that what I wrote on the very passage you except against, I wrote as what appeared to me most agreeable to truth, and most subservient to the purposes of His glory and the edification of my readers; and I see no reason to alter it in a second edition, if I should reprint my Exposition, though I had infinitely rather the book should perish than advance any thing contrary to the tenour of the Gospel, and subversive to the souls of men. I guard against apprehending Christ to be a mere creature, or another God, inferior to the Father, or coordinate with him. And you will maintain, that I believe him to be so! From whence, Sir, does your evidence of that arise? If from my writings, I apprehend it must be in consequence of some inference you draw from them, of laying any just foundation for which, I am not at present aware; nor did I ever intend, I am sure, to say or intimate any thing of the kind. If from report, I must caution you against rashly believing such reports. I have heard some stories of me, echoed back from your neighbourhood, which God knows to be as false as if I had been reported to have asserted the divine authority of the Alcoran! or to have written Hobbe's Leviathan; and I can account for them in no other

way than by supposing, either that coming through several hands, every one mistook a little, or else, that some people have such vivid dreams that they cannot distinguish them from realities, and so report them as facts; though how to account for their propagating such reports so zealously, on any principles of Christianity or common humanity, especially considering how far I am from having offered them any personal injury, would amaze me if I did not know how far *party* zeal debases the understandings of those who in other matters are wise and good. All I shall add with regard to such persons is, that I pray God, this evil may not be laid to their charge.

I have seriously reflected with myself, whence it should come that such suspicions should arise of my being in what is generally called the Arian scheme, and the chief causes I can discover are these two: my not seeing the arguments which some of my brethren have seen against it in some disputed texts, and my tenderness and regard to those, who, I have reason to believe do, espouse it, and whom I dare not in conscience raise a popular cry against! Nor am I at all fond of urging the controversy, lest it should divide churches, and drive some who are wavering, as indeed I myself once was, to an extremity to which I should be sorry to see such worthy persons, as some of them are, reduced.

Permit me, Sir, on so natural an occasion, to conclude with expressing the pleasure with which I have heard that you of late have turned your preaching from a controversial, to a more practical, and useful

strain. I am persuaded, Sir, it is a manner of using the great talents which God has given you, which will turn to the most valuable account with respect to yourself and your flock ; and if you would please to add another labour of love, by endeavouring to convince some who may be more open to the conviction from you than from others, that Christian candour does not consist in judging the hearts of their brethren, or virulently declaring against their supposed bigotry, it would be a very important charity to them, and a favour to,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your very affectionate Brother and humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. I heartily pray that God may confirm your health, and direct and prosper all your labours, for the honour of his name and the Gospel of his Son.

The multiplicity of my business has obliged me to write this with so many interruptions, that I hope you will excuse the inaccuracies it may contain. My meaning I am sure is good, and, I hope, intelligible ; and I am heartily willing that, with what measure I mete, it may be measured to me again.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST LOVE,

Northampton, Nov. 13, 1742.

I COULD hardly believe my own eyes for joy last night when I saw your dear hand on the superscription of the letter I received from Bath, and then when I opened it and found four pages, with the delightful conclusion that you were still better, and had not had one bad symptom while writing, I cheerfully hope that God is answering our daily and affectionate prayers for you, and will restore you, ere many weeks are passed, in good health and spirits. Too much do I long for that happy time, and never did I find it more difficult to obey the calls of duty, in staying at home, than now that the better part of myself is at so great a distance. It signifies comparatively little to me who is, or who is not, at Bath, any farther than as your pleasure is concerned in their company. If you were in a cottage in the wilderness I had much rather, so far as this dear self of mine is concerned, be with you, than in the brightest, most polite, or most learned circle. And indeed the very reading your letters is more to me than any other company or entertainment which books or friends can here afford me. But write no more, except it be five or six lines in ten days, which I hope, if you mend, will not hurt you, for indeed your letters increase that impatience for your company, which, without any additional incentive, I find it very hard to keep at a bay.

The reason why neither you nor Miss Rappit, in whose debt I must continue till Tuesday, had no letter from me by the last post was, that I wrote to Dr. Oliver, and made him the best acknowledgments I could for his important favour, and made him a present of my Family Expositor. I shall certainly love him as long as I live.

I am vastly obliged to you, my dearest, that you are so tenderly solicitous about my health. I am strangely well. I eat, drink, and sleep as if they were the great businesses of life. People tell me I never looked better, and certain it is, I am so cheerful that I am almost ashamed of it, considering that you are abroad. Nay, I really find that disagreeable occurrences impress me less than ever, which I can only account for by referring you to my letter of the third of October. On all these accounts I hope you will be quite easy, for though I am most surely a *mortal man*, yet I seem as likely to live some years as ever. I was myself above three hours in the pulpit on the fast day, and repeated at night, besides some other labours in the day, and when all was over, was refreshed rather than fatigued, though I had eaten not one morsel till between four and five.

You desired a paragraph relating to the children; and indeed, my dear, I have reason to ask their pardon and yours that I omitted it so often. Be pleased then to understand that Polly is pure well. That Mercy continues very brisk, and that both give their duty to their dear mamma, and are always

ready to worry the postman for letters from Bath. As for Philly and Cælia, they continue at Harlestone, where they were both well this morning, but I hear not whether they remember either of us!

At Northampton, however, my dearest, you are *both* sufficiently remembered, and I wish it were only sufficiently. Heigh ho! But while you are better, far be it from me to complain. I ought to be all thankfulness and joy. I could find in my heart to say a great deal more, but my paper restrains me, and indeed I have so much business that I often wonder I can write to Bath so much as I do; but the truth of the matter is, I am much more in my study than usual. Pray let me know how much money you may want, and you shall be cheerfully supplied, be it what it will.

In the mean time, my dearest, I renew my wishes and my prayers that your heart may be continually filled with the Divine Presence, and am, with a confidence in the sincerity and tenderness of your affection which I never could interrupt for one single moment,

Your equally affectionate and faithful

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Northampton, Nov. 18, 1742.

I MUST write, though it be but a line, because I know a line that tells you I am well at a sickly time, for such indeed is this, will be welcome: and this sad weather, cold, raw, gloomy, and damp as it is, will I fear have such an effect upon you as to make you need all the recruits of spirits we can send you from Northampton.

How I continue so much better than many others who seem to deserve colds less, I cannot tell; but I bless God for his goodness to me and the children, who are also well, and learn good things apace. I renew my entreaties that you would not make too much haste home. I bless God we contrive to live without you, and that my life is pleasant and cheerful. I was incessantly employed yesterday in studying, writing, lecturing, and praying, with only short intervals, from between five and six in the morning till eight at night, yet miserable as the weather was, continued well and quite in good spirits to the last. I sleep like a top; but was kept awake a little last night by the high delight of a charming letter from Count Zinzendorf from "the ends of the earth," where he tenderly remembers us. We salute you both—I wish it was literally true with respect to,

Good Madam, your most affectionate

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Northampton, Nov. 21, 1742,

MY DEAR CHILD,

Lord's day night.

I WILL spare you any severe expostulation on the occasion of my having received no letter from Bath by the third post, so that it must be a full fortnight between the date of the last letter and the arrival of the next. Your returning illness must be the excuse, if no letter has miscarried; and if it has, you are not to blame. But it has certainly happened very ill, and it must grieve you to think of the distress I have suffered. I think Miss Rappit could not omit writing thus long. I think she has more regard for my comfort, and I must add, her own credit too; for if no letter had been sent for so long a time, and both of you have not lost your understandings, no excuse can be made; and exceeding ill you, my dearest, must have been to justify your not writing one line yourself.

I hope I shall learn how little human friendship is to be depended upon, if it be indeed the case, that I am neglected and forgotten. I cannot but have melancholy apprehensions; and after the intense labours of the day I needed the refreshment of a line from Bath, the want of which has left me little capable of relishing any other good news; and it will be a singular instance of Divine goodness if a very restless night is not succeeded by illness. I need not say to whose account it must be charged. I am continually praying for your health. I think I must

add another prayer which I shall leave you to guess. All your friends are much afflicted, some, too, plainly ashamed, and labour hard to find excuses. All that can be said is, that it is strange if both are so ill as to be light headed! I write myself more and more into the vapours, so I will add no more but my services *as due*. I am,

My too dear Creature,

Yours, &c.

P. D.

P. S. If there be little consistence in this letter, it must be ascribed to the confusion of my thoughts, between the fears of your illness and of your unkindness: yet I think *you* cannot be unkind. I am strangely uneasy. I think to write no more till I have a letter, if I have none for a whole month.

I have been preaching of the pleasures of a good conscience; but could not enjoy them if I had neglected my friends at Bath for THREE POSTS.—But the waters of Bath may be opiates! if they are, I will tap your hamper, for I think I need them. Would I could forget you, except when I am praying! but the misery is, the less you deserve it (that is, if no letter has miscarried) the more I think of you.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

DEAR MADAM,

Northampton, Nov. 24, 1742.

A FOURTH post is now come in and has brought no letters from Bath. You may easily judge how it has astonished not only me, but all the family, and many friends who are expecting news with great impatience. I cannot suspect myself of being so scandalously ill used as I must have been in case of a silence all this while. I do not believe any of the sex capable of the unkindness and ingratitude which such a conduct would argue; and, therefore, I suspend that apprehension of ill treatment which would otherwise be unavoidable, and remain only grieved and astonished.

Things have happened of late to try my temper sufficiently, and to make me need all the kindness I could receive from those who indeed love me;—in which number if you are not, I neither know any one that is, or that ought to be; on which account, I entreat you, for God's sake, that you would not omit sending an immediate answer to,

Dear Madam,

Your much afflicted Friend,

and amazed humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P.S. We cannot but think many letters have miscarried, and therefore desire to hear how many have been sent, and at what times, and I will complain to

the general post office, if I can trace the particular cause. We are all as well as disappointment, sorrow, and shame will permit us to be. My services attend the Doctors, Mrs. Axford, &c.

Written two hours after the former, just before I went to bed.

My Dearest,

11 o'clock at night.

That unparalleled tenderness with which you have always treated me, from the day in which I had the happiness to call you mine, will not permit me to think you capable of the cruelty of suffering me to languish so many days without any news from you, whatever your health may be; yet I greatly fear either some sad relapse, or calamitous accident. I have written so many letters, one by every post, and two by the last, that I am in some fear lest their very importunity should grow disagreeable; but you must ascribe it to love, which, as somebody says, is a troublesome dog, that teases its best friends most with an excess of fondness. I am,

With all possible sincerity and tenderness,

My Dearest, yours,

P. DODDRIDGE.

Nov. 25, Thursday morning.

My enemies rage against me, and my best friends seem to have forgotten me, but I enjoy the Divine presence, and am happy in that. After having received in the day the unkindest usage and the basest

insults from that poor *Carter*, distracted as he is with pride, passion, and prejudice (for he spares me neither among pupils nor people, but represents me as one of the worst of men, and has set up a separate meeting at Mrs. Hunt's), and after having been disappointed a fourth time successively in my expectation of hearing from Bath, I had a most calm, pleasant, refreshing night, and am quite easy and comfortable this morning.

I am not at all angry now, nor will I be so if Friday's and Sunday's posts continue silent. The 187th Sect. of my *Harmony* came, in course, to be read this morning, the improvement of which seemed peculiarly suitable*.

* Mrs. Doddridge has written on the envelope of this letter as follows.

"Ten thousand thanks, my dearest, for the favour of yours this morning, which I confess, notwithstanding all the gall that mingles with your ink, gave me great pleasure; since certainly you must love me extremely, or else you could never chide me so severely: but, as somebody says, "the reproaches of a friend are his kindness."

"I hope you will forgive me for not apologizing for faults I was not at all conscious of; but imagine not, my dearest, that when I am capable of using you ill I shall ever allow you the pleasure of enjoying it all to yourself; no, indeed, I shall wish *all the world* may know and despise me for it as much as I should deserve.

"I am heartily sorry I have been so unhappy as to offend you; it must certainly proceed either from the number or the length of my letters; and, that I may not relapse into the same fault, I shall conclude with assuring you, my dearest, as well as *all the rest* of my Northampton friends, that I am, without the least alteration, and with the utmost sincerity, both yours and their

very affectionate humble Servant,

M. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. My love to the "*child*!"

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Northampton, Nov. 29, 1742.

IF it was possible, my dearest, that a heart should melt away with tenderness, I am almost ready to think that it would be the case with mine, on the receipt of such letters as those you send me. That of last night gave me a strange mixture of pleasure and of pain : pleasure in hearing that you and dear Miss Rappit were better, pain in thinking how much uneasiness the doleful complaints I have been making would give you. I heartily wished I could have recalled and burnt my last ; though, perhaps, it contained as much love as any you ever received ; but it was love in a gloomy kind of dress, such as I would not have it wear when it has the honour of appearing before you, though it must, in some measure, assume it during your absence, and especially during your silence.

I beg your pardon for being so hasty in my censure ; but, indeed, you should have explained the matter sooner, and not have left me in the fundamental heresy of believing we had all been neglected by you both, from the 11th to the 21st of November. I will not plead some symptoms of a feverish illness after the last disappointment, which, had it indeed seized me, would have grieved me more on your account than my own ; and I only mention it now to excuse the seeming acrimony with which I wrote

that motley piece of love and chiding, which, through the instigation of some dæmon, I sent you last, and for which I again ask your pardon with all my heart.

I am rich enough to answer all your demands, if they be not very high, for, to my great surprise, I was informed, a few days ago, by Mr. Neal, that he had received the desperate debt of the honourable counsellor, and I am just going to draw for 47*l.* 5*s.* For this he tells me we are obliged to you, and it will probably go a great way towards defraying the charge of your journey; so that you see you bear your own expences. The news of this came last Wednesday night, when, as poor Castalio says on another occasion, I was “dashed in the fierceness of my expectation;” for then I would almost have laid my head to an apple dumpling that I should have had a charming letter from your dear pen, and the disappointment sat so heavily upon me that I hardly felt any sensible pleasure in the news of such unexpected success.

As for myself I am perfectly well. The trials of last week were on many accounts exceedingly heavy; yet God was pleased to maintain, with very short interruptions, great harmony and peace in my mind. Some scenes have opened which appear to me quite astonishing. It is, however, much better to suffer injury than to do it. I rejoice to hear you meet with new friends. I pray for you more and more, and return thanks to God for your advancing recovery as the greatest of my temporal blessings; and

I long so passionately to see you that I almost tremble for fear of some new disappointment. The children are well, and in good spirits.

My Dearest, yours ever,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. Humble services to Dr. Stevenson, Dr. Oliver, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Bruce. I heartily thank Dr. Oliver for his being so fond of my wife; though, after all, there is no great merit in that, as it only shows his taste.

FROM MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Bath, Nov. 27, Saturday night.

I HAVE just met with an observation in the third volume of Pope's Letters, which suits me at present; it is this: "How many occurrences must we omit if we are determined to say nothing that we cannot say gracefully." This is a care which, at present, I am willing to dismiss, because thinking intensely upon any thing, even though it be your dear self, hurts me, as I have found by experience, ever since yours of Lord's day night; I therefore only ask Nature, not Thought, to be my guide; take it, therefore, as she shall dictate, and allow her to tell you she thinks it hard you should charge me with neglect and want of affection, and that if you are ill I am the cause, when it ought only to be charged upon the carelessness of the post, which is generally a week in carrying our

letters to Northampton, whereas, to our great joy, yours come to us in three or four days. But love we know, my dear, is often a very inconsistent thing, and, therefore, to that I shall charge all these severe remonstrances, as well as your expecting me to write, after so many prohibitions as I have received to the contrary. Indeed you have grieved me much, but I love you too well to need any advocate to make up the breach betwixt us; my heart pleads much better than even Mrs. Axford herself, though I assure you she executed the commission you gave her with all possible address.

The chariot you mention gives us great pleasure; and as I hope my stomach will have no objection to leave Bath by the middle of next month, we shall thankfully accept your offer of a servant to ride by us. I do not want money at present, as I have a little more than what I believe will be sufficient to defray my usual expenses, should my stay be longer than I hope it will; though, indeed, Bath is a very expensive place, as you, Sir, doubtless find by this time to your cost. Whether I shall return with twenty pounds more flesh I cannot say; but am sure I shall be lighter by nearly, if not quite, fifty pounds in my pocket. I am greatly disposed to grudge so much expense upon myself; however, as I know, my dear, you grudge me nothing, I will add, to please myself, that I am as sparing in my expenses as I decently can: it has, indeed, in some measure been owing to my being so ill equipped for a winter campaign, that they have risen so high, as I have been forced to buy

several things here. I have bought a pair of toed clogs, but these, I hope, will soon pay for themselves, by saving me in chairs more than they cost me; but what is to come is much worse, and will save me nothing, as gloves, ribbons, and silk, not to mention Bath lace, which you know must follow of course: my next and last article on this head will, perhaps, surprise you more than any of the former, for I have been under an indispensable necessity of commencing Capuchin, and you know, Sir, initiations are always attended with expense.

My Dearest,

Lord's day night, 8 o'clock.

The rest of my page is now likely to be filled in a very different manner from what I intended; so little do we know of to-morrow. I wrote last night much at ease, and in pretty good spirits, in consequence of yours to Mrs. Axford, and our cheerful and certain hope, as we imagined, that all your uneasiness, so far as we had, or could be suspected to have any share in it, was before this time quite at an end, by the receipt of one, or rather several of our answers. Judge then, my dearest, for I cannot describe it, how great was our grief and astonishment when we received yours to-day. This is, indeed, an affliction in which I find that even innocency can afford me no relief, as it cannot, at this distance, appear, and give any to you, although this that I am now writing is the *seventh* letter we have written to Northampton. For my part, I cannot help suspecting that some persons there are so base as to intercept our letters;

nor can this sad affair be for so long a time chargeable upon the post; though I wish the latter may appear much rather than the former, as I would not willingly suspect any person capable of so vile an action. But to do all that is in my power to secure this, I shall enclose it in one to Mrs. Bliss, and get Mrs. Axford to direct it, and put it into the post office; not that I have the least reason to suspect I have had any tricks played me here.

It is very kind and generous, my dearest, not to believe me capable of such vile ingratitude, as the appearance of things at present would but too well justify. Your kind and tender letter of this morning has almost overwhelmed me; nor could, I think, your bitterest reproaches, in present circumstances, have grieved me more. I can hardly read it or think of it without tears, and yet I can scarcely think of any thing else. But my trust and hope is in God, he is good to us both, as I feel at this present moment; and therefore hope this dark affair, if not already, will soon be cleared up, and your peace restored. Adieu, my dearest life, and believe me to be,

With unutterable affection,

Your much afflicted

M. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. My kind love to the dear children; their little tender concern moved me much.

TO SIR JOHN R*****N.†

DEAR SIR JOHN,

Northampton, Dec. 8, 1742.

PERMIT me frankly to speak my mind to you on a head, on which I fear to be silent, lest I should fail in gratitude to a gentleman to whom I think myself much obliged, and whom I would gladly serve to the best of my little ability.

Be not angry, when I tell you, I was heartily grieved at the libertics you took last night in using the venerable name of the ever blessed God in so light a manner; and in the needless appeals which you made to Him! as to matters which would have been believed on much less evidence than the word of Sir John R*****n.

I have not, for some years, heard so much language of that kind, except when passing by people of low education in the streets; whether it be owing to the complaisance with which gentlemen commonly treat our profession, or, as I rather hope, to a sense of what is in itself reasonable and decent.

I am sure, Sir, that your knowledge of men and things is capable of making conversation pleasant and improving without these dreadful expletives; for dreadful I must call them, when considered in a view to that strict account which must so certainly, and so

† "He had resolution to reprove, in a gentle but effectual manner, persons of rank and fortune; and had the happy art of complimenting them upon some good quality they possessed, while he pointed out their irregularities, and thus prevented feelings of resentment."—*The Rev. Job Orton's Life of Dr. Doddridge*, p. 263.

quickly, be rendered up to God for all our words, as well as our actions.

I was the more solicitous, Sir, to mention the affair to you in consideration of your office as a Magistrate; the dignity of which would certainly be most effectually supported by avoiding whatever it might require you to punish in others. In this view, Sir, permit me to entreat you to join your efforts with those of all other wise and good men to discountenance and, if possible, to drive out of the world this unprofitable enormity of swearing in common conversation; concerning the evil of which, I am sure, it is not necessary to enlarge, when addressing myself to a gentleman of your understanding.

I conclude, Sir, with my most affectionate good wishes and prayers for you, that the whole of your conduct, in every circumstance of life, may be such as will yield the most pleasing reflections in the awful hour of death; and the most comfortable account before that Divine tribunal to which we are all hastening; and in the serious expectation of which, I have presumed to give you this trouble, hoping that you will esteem it, as it undoubtedly is, a proof that I am with great sincerity,

Your most faithful and obedient humble Servant,

PHILIP DODDRIDGE*.

* "I thought it more respectful to write to Sir John R*****n on this occasion, than to speak to him before the company; but it is a law I lay down to myself to do the one or the other, lest I should seem too indifferent to the honour of God, and the good of my friends, and of the world about them."—*Diary*.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Northampton, Dec. 12, 1742,
Lord's day morning, 9 o'clock.

I WAS willing to give you the pleasure I know you will find in one line which tells you that I am, through the Divine goodness, perfectly well, and as full of joy and comfort as my heart can hold. God graciously continues to visit me with such condescensions and endearments of his love, as often fill me with wonder as well as pleasure. Yet amidst them I forget not you, my dearest earthly friend; nay, then do I especially remember you, and so remember you, that I cannot but think he hears me, and visits you with his grace.

Hasten not your return on my account; here is ONE that can make me very happy without you. Stay till your physician thinks you may safely return; and then, be sure, I shall not receive you with less pleasure than if I had languished for you in every hour of absence. I am, indeed, sometimes too impatient; but I hope God will teach us both some very valuable lessons by this absence which we have so much dreaded, and so much lamented. I often remember dear Miss Rappit with great affection, and pray for her with you, both in public and in private.

Write no more than suits your health and spirits, and lose not an anxious thought on me. I am in safe hands in all respects. Mrs. Wright's punctual, humble, tender, prudent care of me sometimes not

only surprises but pains me. I deserve not, in all my little interests, and even in all my relishes and fancies, one half of that solicitude from a person of her worth. I am in high health amidst unusual labours. Be not therefore apprehensive for the event; when I grow unwell I will lay by and nurse myself, but let me preach just now my two lectures a week; one in College Lane, on Thursday night, which is then quite crowded; and another, somewhere in the country, on Tuesday or Wednesday. They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; and the ardour with which many persons, and several of them strangers, are pressing after the word, in season and out of season, inclines me to believe that God is working, and that this is a day, in which I am peculiarly called to work with him in my humble sphere; you striving also together in your daily prayers to God for me, that I may not only be well, and cheerful, and happy, which I am, but that I may be useful; and that “Christ may be glorified in me, whether it be”—one way or another;—yet why should I fear to end the verse when writing to you, my dear, to whom I feel I am too much so? let us both say it courageously—“whether by Life or by Death.” I believe that for me to abide awhile longer may be more profitable for the church; and, therefore, though I have not confidence, I believe I shall abide. It is, however, enough that I know who has said,—I have the keys of the unseen world, and of death!

The bell rings for breakfast. Farewell, my dearest;

Mrs. Wright has written, and you will, God willing, receive it next post. Divide among you all the thanks and services of,

My good Dear, your own

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. The children are quite well and brisk : Mrs. Wright takes great care of them ; and they sensibly advance in the knowledge of divine things. Mr. Orton was better the other day, and longs much to hear from Bath.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Maidwell, Dec. 14, 1742.

I LOVE you beyond expression, and wherever I am I cannot but be mindful of you. I was thinking last night, as I sat at Mrs. Scawen's table, forgetful of every thing else, that if I were to live in the planet Saturn (with the distant and cold situation of which Miss Rappit is very well acquainted), I should study the art of grinding glasses, that I might make a telescope capable of discovering this Earth of ours, which has the honour of being your abode. The south-west, since you have lived at Bath, is become as it were the sacred point of my horizon ; and was it possible to see the tower of your cathedral from the top of the Monument, it would be a great temp-

tation for me to wish myself at London; I was going to say, to take a journey to it, that I might scale that lofty ascent, and try from thence to send you a sigh.

You see, my dearest, how the sharp air of Maidwell, attempered as it is by the spirituous flame of love, improves my understanding, and elevates my diction. It is well for me that the post is just calling, or I might, like the good Archbishop of Cambray, whose works I have just been reading, grow too rapturous to be intelligible.

I brought with me Middleton's *Life of Tully*, which I mention for two reasons;—the one is to recommend it to your reading, the other to tell you, that when I read of the care that celebrated orator took to polish his style, by conversing with *Lælia Mucia*, and other Roman ladies, I could not but greatly congratulate my own happiness in the superior advantages which your correspondence, and that of your elegant companion, give to,

Ladies,

Your most obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. Mrs. Scawen and her family are well, and at your service. I received no lesson of politeness from Bath by either of the last posts.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Northampton, Dec. 22, 1742,
Wednesday night.

MY DEAREST,

To have received two letters from you by the same post would have been a circumstance of joy, exceedingly well suited to this happy day, had it not been alloyed by the melancholy tidings of your returning disorder.

Pardon me, if I say that your excellent sermon on the care of health might have had greater weight if the preacher had been in this respect of a more exemplary character! To speak seriously, my dearest, I think myself much obliged to you for your kind and prudent admonitions, to which I shall pay all due regard; but at present I am as well as it is possible to be; nor have I been ill one hour since I saw you. Every body wonders to see how stout I am; and Sir John Robinson, the other night, rallied me on my unusual cheerfulness, as the effect of your absence; how justly you may easily judge. It happens also, most charmingly, that just at this time, as if I had foreseen what the contents of your obliging letter would have been, I have ordered no country lecture this week; so that it is well, if instead of wearing myself out with hard work, I am not like an old dagger that rusts in the sheath.

If I improve as much in the vigour of my constitution for the next twelve years as I have done the last, I shall be almost a Hercules in the year 1754; and

on the same principles, a perfect Atlas in 1766. But I remember your motto, "Let him that thinketh," &c.—and, therefore, will add no more upon this head, except it be that I see not how it is possible that any man in his senses, can be prodigal of a life which he hopes to spend with such a companion. And thus much for your letter, with this farther appendix, that in order to secure myself, if a country lecture should be needful this Christmas, I have purchased a bear's skin* of your good friend Mr. Hayworth; in consequence of which, I hope, I shall both be sheltered from cold winds, and from all reflections of being a wolf in sheep's clothing, which possibly some of the shepherds through whose folds I may prowl, might otherwise throw upon me.

And now, my dear, for your postscript. You charm me exceedingly by what you say of Colonel Gardiner and Mrs. Scawen. God will, I hope, hear our prayers for that Christian hero—and heroine too, for such I must call Mrs. Scawen, to whom I shall communicate your compliment.

As for the good friends you inquire after, they are most of them very well; and they all, I dare say, pray very earnestly for you. It is several weeks since I saw poor Jane, but Mary Wills dined here on Lord's day; and I was last night to see good Mrs. Ford. They are all excellent Christians; indeed I wish Bath was crowded with such. However, I cannot but think that there are two in it, not inferior to any of them. I will not name them—but they come

* A kind of coat so called.

from Northampton, and will, I hope, in due time return thither, where, rich as we are, they can very ill be spared.

Your dear little girls are greatly delighted with your condescending letter, which pleased me as well as either of them. They long to be able to send you an answer under their own hand; and Polly says she will *study* one in my study.

But it is time that I should, with this day, draw to a close. I began it with cordial thanksgivings to God, for the inestimable gift which I received as from his hands this day 1730. I wish my memory was not quite so exact in some tender circumstances attending it. You, Mrs. Bride, were—but I must drink a bason of whey, not, however, in commemoration of sack-posset, nor of aught else; for as things stand at present, a draught of the water of Lethe, if I were sure it were wholesome, would be more agreeable than nectar to,

My dearest Girl,

Your affectionate Lover,

and ever happy, but when absent, Husband,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. JOHN GIBBS.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Stratford, Dec. 1742.

I AM in a very weak and languishing state, nor should I in the least expect to recover, was it not that God has inclined his people to pray for it with such earnestness. For the church's sake, if I might be useful in it, I would be content to stay as long as my dear Lord shall see fit; otherwise I long to be with Jesus, and to worship him in his temple above.

Oh, Sir, many things concur to render this world insipid to me: my own corruption, my afflictions, and, can I write it! the death of my dear father. I have none now to call father; but, blessed be God! though I am fatherless, I am not friendless; and, I believe, never shall be while dear Dr. Doddridge lives. Your "Orphan's Hope" is very suitable to me in these mournful circumstances. Oh! if the Lord will take me, then, though father, yea, and every other relation forsake me, I shall be happy. And, blessed be God! I hope this is the case; and though I cannot say I have a father on earth, yet I trust I can say I have a Father in heaven, one who has and, I doubt not, always will act towards me with a parental tenderness and care.

I suppose, Sir, you will be glad to hear a little concerning my Father's Death. The dear Man left this World last Tuesday night, November 15th. He altered on Saturday night, but revived again. On Sabbath day he was poorly, and took his leave of

Mr. Hewson with a great deal of affection (for my father loved him extremely): he gave him words for his Funeral Sermon. Poor Mr. Hewson could scarcely bear it; and, indeed, seems to be most tenderly affected with our afflictions. Monday night he altered again after I was gone to bed, so I did not know it, and in the morning was surprised to find that Death was approaching. I was then forced to leave the room; but at night I went down to see the holy transports of the departing. He had been shut up in his soul some time before; but, oh! he had then a divine Liberty. Heaven dawned on his soul! and he sweetly slipped away from us to his heavenly Rest. He sat up until just as he died. On Friday, the 18th, he was buried. I was carried in a sedan, for I had a great mind to pay that last piece of respect to him. From Church we went to meeting, where Mr. Hewson preached in a most affecting, rousing, yet delightful manner, from the words my father had chosen, "I know in whom I have believed," &c. There was a crowded assembly.—But I must leave off, and subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble and obliged Servant,

JOHN GIBBS*.

P.S. My service to Mrs. Doddridge and all the family.

* Mr. Gibbs, who was then suffering under the last stage of consumption, was one of Dr. Doddridge's most promising and favourite pupils.

TO THE REV. BENJAMIN FAWCETT.

Northampton,
Dec. 30, 1742.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,

I OWE you a great many thanks for the kind and prudent letter which last night brought me, with one from Mr. Marshall, who, I question not, has given you that pleasure which so friendly a heart would receive, in hearing that my wife is a great deal better. I have conceived some hope of seeing her here in less than a month; but what the doctors may say to that proposal I cannot tell; and I desire, she may stay as long as it shall be judged necessary: yet you will easily imagine that, after an absence of fourteen weeks, I shall be glad to see her as soon as it may be convenient. I bless God my mind is kept in perfect peace, and a sweet harmony of resignation to his wise and gracious will.

We must become as little children; willing to be taken up and laid down, carried out and brought in, fed and corrected, as our heavenly Father pleases; and the less will we have of our own, for any thing but to please him, the more comfort shall we find in ourselves, under whatever circumstances he is pleased to allot us. Self-denial and mortification, in giving up our own schemes, and in being sometimes censured and condemned even for things in themselves right, and in the circumstances in which they were done, most requisite, is a very wholesome kind of discipline; and though it be something distasteful, the soul often

thrives by it; as I trust I have in many instances found.

Some malignant and disaffected persons have raised such a clamour and odium against me, that I am almost ready to think there are in England congregations that would rather have a very indifferent minister from other hands than a very good one from mine. But I fear there are others that are ready to go almost as far in the other extreme. The truth of the matter is, I am a poor weak sinful creature; but one who sincerely believes the Gospel; and who desires to spread the savour of it, were it possible, all over the world; and to cnthrone its power in every bosom; that all hearts might grow humble, benevolent, and upright; and who heartily wishes that every thing opposite to its spirit may fall; not by violence, nor human power, but by the gentle ministration of the Divine influence!

Nor am I concerned any further than the honour of my Master is interested, whether I go through evil or good report. If any think me a deceiver—my God knows that I am true; and if any wish that I were unknown, I bless Him, I have reason to believe that I am well known to not a few, by tokens which will never be forgotten.

I shall, in a little time, write to you about a young gentleman, who, perhaps, might teach the languages, and preach occasionally in the neighbourhood. I beg you would be pleased to present my very affectionate service to your good lady, and to good Dr. Dickson, from whose brother I cannot get one single

line, and to all other Taunton friends. I wish them, and you, my dear brother, above all, many comfortable and useful years. I am charmed to hear that you are making the benevolent tour which you mention. May the Lord succeed you in your pious cares to extend the Gospel from house to house. I plainly find the happy effect of it. I have exhorted almost every day since, Saturday inclusive, and shall continue to do so through most of the next week, if God continue my strength and cheerfulness; and I hope my labours will not be in vain.

Mr. Brown acts as an elder in our church, in conjunction with Messrs. Ashworth and Evans, and I never saw a congregation in a more thriving and promising state. I believe we shall open the new year by the addition of five or six to our communion; and though twenty-six have been added to the church last year, I have great hope that if God continues his presence in the manner in which he seems to encourage us to expect it, the increase will be greater during the next.

Continue, my dear friend, to help me by your prayers. Salute my dear friend Darracott, and his agreeable spouse, on whom I wish the best of blessings; and believe me to be at all times

Your affectionate Brother, in our common Lord,

and faithful humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM WILLIAM BRUCE, ESQ.

WORTHY DOCTOR,

Bath, Jan. 4, 1742.

I HAD the pleasure of yours by Mr. Marshall, and a very sensible pleasure it gave me, in spite of some complimentary strains, which, give me leave to say, were unworthy of your judgment. My claim to your regard, if I can properly be said to have any, arises from my being well affected to the interests of religion, liberty, and the happiness of mankind; and, in consequence of this, of wishing success to those labours which with uncommon zeal and judgment are employed in their behalf, and of suitably esteeming their author.

After taking this uncourtly liberty of finding fault, it is but justice to own that the rest of your letter not only pleased me, but has in truth increased my esteem for the writer. I love you for cherishing those sentiments towards Mrs. Doddridge which such uncommon merit has a right to inspire; and for feeling that happiness which such excellent qualities of mind and heart are fitted to yield: I honour you for obeying the generous impulses in your own breast, by avowing these sentiments in contempt of our present senseless fantastical delicacy; and I most heartily congratulate you on that benign dispensation of Providence, which has given you a companion so thoroughly qualified for giving a true relish to all the enjoyments, and sweetening the cares of human life. It is true the tenderness of her material frame must

unavoidably occasion frequent alarms; but is there not a gentle feeling accompanying even these alarms that has something in it more elegant than the voluptuous ever tasted in the height of his joys? Withal there is great reason to hope that these alarms will be much less frequent than unhappily they have been before her journey to Bath; such has already been the efficacy of the water that in all appearance a little longer perseverance will so far strengthen her constitution as to render life easy and joyous for many years to come:—where the inhabitant is mild and placid within, a very delicate texture of body will last a long time.

I was much pleased to hear that you had set yourself to detect the fallacies of “Christianity not founded on Argument,” and am much obliged to you for your kind compliment. The pamphlets are not yet arrived, and possibly I shall leave Bath before they get hither; but I shall soon have an opportunity of seeing the Letter, as we purpose to be in London about ten days hence. Uniformity of opinion was never a requisite towards my esteem, and if in the present instance there should happen to be a diversity, it will afford reasonable matter of mortification to myself, but can in no degree diminish that affectionate respect and attachment, with which I am, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obliged humble Servant,

WILLIAM BRUCE.

P.S. Mr. Henry gives you his respectful service.

FROM THE REV. DAVID JENNINGS, D. D.

DEAR SIR,

London, Jan. 5, 1743.

I MOST sincerely thank you for your late book, though I find it has not the approbation of our good Methodists. I am told that Seagrave was but this day in the coffee-house vindicating the book you wrote against, imagining, I suppose, that it was written by one of his own party.

It is, I think, a pretty thought of Warburton's, that God forbade the Jews the use of chivalry, on purpose to show that he protected that nation by a special providence. Suppose it were allowed, that God has so ordered the external evidence of Christianity, that it should not, in fact, lie before one in a hundred, on purpose to show that he conducts the kingdom of Grace by his Spirit; yet what earnings could the Deists make of this concession, when there is sufficient external evidence to convince all, who will fairly inquire into it; and when, also, Christianity tells us of an internal evidence; and there have been hundreds and thousands before whom, it is allowed, the external evidence did not lie, who have yet given the best evidence that men could possibly give of their being rational believers; I mean by their sufferings for Christianity? would not this amount to a new external evidence in favour of Christianity, by proving there is a reality in that inward witness, which the Gospel speaks of?

I long to hear of Mrs. Doddridge's return, and health; and most heartily wish you and your family, not only one happy new year, but *multos et felices*.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble Servant,

D. JENNINGS.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Northampton, Jan. 7, 1743.

I CANNOT thank you as I would for your charming letter, but as soon as I read it I returned my affectionate thanks to God for it, as a blessing of great importance to the happiness of my life. So good a head, and so good a heart, are seldom united; but God has been pleased to magnify his mercy to me, and to bless me beyond the common standard of human felicity. He has undoubtedly given me one of the most excellent of her sex; and I thank him from my heart, that if he has not given me merit enough to deserve her, he has favoured me with understanding enough to discover much of her value, and a temper formed to taste the most exquisite pleasure in the possession of such a friend.

Your Northampton doctor has been paying me a visit this afternoon. He sends you a great many compliments, and advises you, if you find that Bath agrees with you, to stay a quarter of a year longer; to which, if it be judged necessary, I renew my con-

sent, and in that case will endeavour, towards the latter end of February, to spend a day or two with you.

As for the publication of either of our letters, I apprehend that that of yours would do me much more honour than that of my own; and, accordingly, I preserve them very carefully*. I hope if any memoirs of my life be ever written, the world will be informed of that most happy part of my history which relates to your character and affection, and takes its date from December 22, 1730,—and it probably will, if I should have the unsupportable calamity of surviving you, from which I verily believe God will graciously deliver me. But these matters we will, on either side, leave with Him, who will be sure to order them well. In the mean time, let us both be placing more of our happiness in Him, that we may be fortified for every event.

Poor Mr. Wilmer, eldest son to our representative, died at Wellingborough, a few days ago, as it is said of a fright. He had it seems been drinking the devil's health with a profane debauchee, who was his intimate companion, and who to try the young hero's mettle, placed a servant under the bed, who first lifted it up, and then came out in some disguise, or with a noise, which shocked the wretched youth to such a degree that he never got over it. This is the story which goes about; but as the fatal prank is

* This sentence probably alludes to some passage expressive of the fear which Mrs. Doddridge had entertained, that some of the letters which were delayed had been intercepted at Northampton.

charged upon the son of one of our baronets, I should be cautious how I reported it very circumstantially.

The third letter to my enthusiastical Deist is now finished, but it will cost me a great deal of time and pains to transcribe it, and it requires many alterations. It greatly retards my progress in my book on the Rise and Advance of Religion in the Soul, but I hope to return to that work again in a fortnight or three weeks. The second Letter is in the press, and I hasten it the more as I hear Mr. Benson is writing on the same controversy, and I doubt not on principles very different from mine. He who knows what views have engaged me in the affair, will, I hope, succeed my feeble efforts, and make it appear that I am set for the defence of the Gospel, for which I am ready to labour or suffer as He pleases to appoint.

It would be endless to tell you how many services attend you both, and how many prayers are put up for you ; I hope God will answer them in mercy, and give your many affectionate friends the pleasure of enjoying you many years, with, my dearest love,

Your ever tender and faithful,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. JOHN GIBBS.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Stratford, Jan. 9, 1743.

I AM ashamed to think so kind a letter as yours should have been so long unanswered ; but I was not able to write, and our expecting Mr. Parminter made my sister delay doing it.

I am grieved to think the uneasiness it will give you when you hear that the scene is quite changed : I altered on Thursday, and since that time have continued very bad.

I am much obliged to you and your lady, the children, and my fellow pupils, for the joy that was expressed on the news of my revival. I desire you would make known my resentment of it to them with my kindest respects ; but as for the dear little children, with what eagerness could I embrace them, and with prayers and tears express my gratitude to them. May these seeds of humanity and generosity be continually growing in their tender minds ; but especially may divine grace be gently distilled upon them, and form their opening minds to such a temper and disposition as will make them ornaments to the Gospel of Christ.

As you are my tutor, and as I belong to your church, and I may add that you are one of the dearest friends I have in the world, I should be glad if you would take the trouble to come and preach my funeral sermon from these words " thanks be to God who giveth us the victory," &c. Let not my worthless

name be mentioned with any encomiums; I expect to be made worthy, only, through the worthiness of Christ. I should be glad to receive an answer by the return of the newsman.

A messenger will be sent as soon as I am dead. And now, dear Sir, I conclude myself with kindest salutations to yourself, your lady, and the dear children, with the rest of the family,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

JOHN GIBBS.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Northampton, Jan. 10, 1743.

I AM sorry to say it, but, indeed, so it is, that your last, which I received last night, gave me but very little pleasure. I see your love in it, with great thankfulness, and with a return fully equal; but your prudence I do not see. You are yet so imperfectly recovered that I hardly know how to call it a recovery, and yet you write the longest letters I ever received from you, or any body else, at a time when you yourself acknowledge that even to write at all is prejudicial to your health. This, my dear, is a cruel sort of kindness: I not only consent you should write no more, but earnestly entreat you to forbear: nor can I, whatever I suffer, consent to your coming home with the many complaints you mention, without trying a while longer what a more airy lodging, an

entire relaxation from the care and trouble of writing, and the benefit of the advancing season will do towards perfecting the cure, in concurrence with earnest and repeated prayers, which will, I hope, by the discouraging account your last gives us, be quickened rather than slackened. Take therefore, at least, one fortnight more than you propose, and if you find a great advance add a fortnight more. This, my dear, seems prudence, and therefore, in present circumstances, duty ; for it is certain you have made the trial hitherto under many and great disadvantages. No earthly enjoyment could give me a delight equal to that of seeing you, and had not God raised my heart upwards in some uncommon degrees during this separation, I know not how I should have borne it, but as it is, I can be quiet and comfortable though duty should require its being much longer ; and as for the expense, God will provide. I desire only to be honest in the sight of all men, and for the rest, can leave myself, and you, and the children, to Him with as little anxiety as a raven. If on another month's trial things continue as they are, I shall wonder, but then I must submit, and shall think of trying some other mineral spring, concluding the Bath waters will not fully answer in your case.

As for me, my dear, I am taken as good care of as you can imagine ; and I take great care of myself. Colds must sometimes be expected, and when I govern myself ever so exactly, they happen and will have their course. I was perhaps too obsequious in nursing my last, submitting to such confinement that, indeed,

I question whether I did right or wrong, considering how much business I omitted. Yesterday in the afternoon I preached with ease, spirit, and pleasure, yet would not repeat, lest I should seem less careful of myself than my friends were of me. I have no lecture to preach this week but a very short one at College Lane; so that really, my love, I think you have reason to be quite easy with regard to me: nor can I think it becomes our characters as Christians to be as anxious about the health and life of each other as if there were no guard of Providence upon us, and no refuge in God! There will and there must be uncertainties in all distant and future events. You may be sick and dying while I write this, or I may be so before you receive it. But a general hope and confidence in God, resignation to him, and complacency in him, gives strength to the heart, and is far better than any fancied security which we can have, even when nearest to each other.

You see I have got to the end of my third page before I have answered half your letter, but one comfort is, that as I am to have no more to answer, I shall have room in my next; in the mean time let Miss Rappit answer this, and tell me what your sense of the matter is. It is a very severe proof of my love that I am giving you in the proposal I make; and yet I think I should be ready to carry the proof of it much farther. Due compliments attend our friends with you; many here long to come under that denomination, and among the rest, your old friend, of whom you may dispose as you please,

P. D.

P. S. I am a little surprised at what you write in your postscript, as to the judgment of our friends at Bath on my late Pamphlet. If they mean by the *doubt* they express, that it is not a full answer to all my antagonist has said, it is no great discovery; for as I have two letters in reserve, I intend this only for an answer to his first part, in which, nevertheless, his chief strength lies.

It is far from being my design to satisfy weak Christians in the grounds of their faith, but to show (what has never yet been fully shown by any author I have met with) that they may have a rational satisfaction; and that the arguments with which we have been again and again insulted by the Deists, to prove Christianity incapable of any rational proof, are utterly inconclusive.

They must be very hasty and injudicious readers who do not see this to be my design; and it was a piece of service which has long been wanted. I was therefore willing to take this handle for doing it; and my answering the objections as proposed by that author was accidental, and my replying to him, but a *secondary* end; whereas the Oxonian has only aimed at a personal reply, and left the merits of the question almost untouched, so far as it is a common concern, passing over all the grand difficulties, under pretence of their being beyond his depth, as a "young divine."

The world is so full of superficial readers that I shall not wonder if his slight performance be preferred to mine, which is the result of attentive thought, and, as I apprehend, a much fuller view of the subject

than is any where else to be found ; but the consequence is, that it will be useful when the memory of the pamphlet which occasioned it, and the Oxonian's Letter, being personal, is lost. This result I shall keep in view in both my other Letters, in which points of high importance will be accurately considered.

Young Mr. Neal, who is a gentleman of no small capacity, and some other very sound judges, have expressed their satisfaction in it, thus far, as a full confutation of the author's pernicious principles ; and the Bishop of Oxford has declared himself so entirely pleased with it, that he has ordered every thing I have printed to be bought up for his library. Such readers, however, are not every where to be found.

FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

Jan. 13, 1743.

My regards for you are not to be judged of by my letters : one reason why I do not write to you oftener is, that I know how fully you are employed, and how you fill up your time to the brim, as the parsons, in the Hundreds of Essex, do their glasses of brandy in a frosty morning. I often hear of you by our common friends. The last account I had of you, however, was to your disadvantage : it was that you were ill, and I partly believe it, for you treat that poor body of yours without any mercy, and I suppose have got cold in the absence of your governess, whose prudence and tenderness you much want, in order to check the

speed with which you urge the animal frame to keep pace with that lively soul of yours, which is always reaching and pressing forward towards something not yet attained.

I congratulate you upon the happiness you enjoy in your review of the services of last year. God grant you, and the church of God, many more such years as that. Your answer to that pernicious book which has lately been before you, I have read. I thank you for the present, but much more for the performance. I like and relish it, as far as you have gone, exceedingly well, and long for the second part, which I hear is in the press. I put the book into the hands of a clergyman who visited me on Monday last, to whom, I dare say, it will be an acceptable present. I hope the second letter will be of the size of the first, because I intend to bind them both together. You know, perhaps, that Mr. Benson is going to answer the same book; and his answer is to be *good for something*, because he is a *right thinking man*, and no proper answer can come but from *that quarter*. It is that Mr. Benson who succeeds at Crutched Friars; but, oh! how different a man from dear Dr. Harris.

I doubt not but you have read and relished Young's *Night Thoughts*, which have been a great entertainment, and, I hope, some improvement to me.

There is some hope that Dr. Wright may be longer useful: if this threatening disease should mend his temper, and not impair his talents, what an excellent instrument of Providence would he be, and lovely

servant of Christ Jesus, our gracious, humble, meek, and merciful master.

I should be glad if the name of Ben Andrews Atkinson might be buried in perpetual oblivion; such weakness and wickedness from a minister above fifty years old—"tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Ascalon."

The face of public affairs does not seem to be at all easy and promising; but the late changes and present proceedings of patriots and courtiers, and courtiers and patriots have cured me of being a politician.

Our affairs at Salters' Hall go on well. Mr. Hunt has had great affliction in his family, but has met with great favours from God and man. I think Mr. Lister's case hard, and am concerned for him: I wish him well settled in the country; and I believe he wishes it himself.

My family are well, through the goodness of God. We join in love to you and to Mrs. Doddridge. I shall be very glad to hear well of her, and be mightily rejoiced when I know she is returned in good, strong, comfortable, *governing* case to my dear friend her husband.

You may be sure I most heartily wish you many useful years, for the sake of our common interest, and so I sincerely do for your own and your family's sake, being, dear Doctor,

Your obliged and affectionate Brother,

Friend, and Servant,

J. BARKER.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Northampton, Jan. 17, 1743.

I WAS willing to write to you now, though I am a letter in Miss Rappit's debt, because I know you are something solicitous about the present state of my health; and I am as desirous as you can imagine to remove every solicitude far from you, that you may recover as soon as possible, and return to us with all the advantage you can, for repaying so long an absence. Yet perhaps I may say I am just at present* the better for your being at a distance; for the fear of alarming you and bringing you home too soon (though it be seventeen weeks to-day since we set out together) engages me to guard against the first symptoms of any threatening disorder. In this view, finding I had renewed my cold on Thursday night and perceiving my lungs much inflamed on Saturday morning, I submitted to be let blood, or rather myself contrived it, and to be in bed most of yesterday, which had so much success that when I arose in the evening I was in a manner well. I slept last night as comfortably as I ever did in my life, and my cold is so well to-day that, whereas I could scarcely speak five words together eight and forty hours ago, I have been able, without any difficulty, to read the Wife of Bath's Tale to Nancy this afternoon, and to take my share in the laugh it raised.

My fair auditor was particularly edified with those lines,

“ There swims no goose so grey, but soon or *late*
She finds some honest gander for her mate.”

But of that by the way. In short, well as I am, I keep my chamber, because it is cold ; and I am so comfortably nursed, thanks to good Mrs. Wright; and so kindly visited, and so agreeably provided for, that I fear I shall be tempted to do it a day longer, though I verily think I might without danger read lectures all day to-morrow, and preach at night, for I am quite well and easy and in good heart and spirits ; but I thought it best to give you this faithful narrative lest you, my dear, knowing the many artful methods you took to make me believe you were much better than you really were, should suspect me of the like ; “ but,” as my excellent *Bath Wife*, begging your pardon for the ambiguity of the expression, testifies,

“ Never was it given yet to mortal man
To *feign so nicely* as we women can :”

some copies read it, *to lie so boldly*, but that is an unmannerly, and I therefore hope a false reading. Good Dr. Freeman, though but poorly himself, has not failed to attend me. He talks of coming to make you a visit at Bath, and what would you say if he should bring me along with him ? If you are a very good girl, and stay long enough, such a thing may possibly happen. Take care therefore of any unseasonable surprise, for if I come at all it will probably be on a sudden to take a short snap, and perhaps at

the return of the chariot to snatch away Miss Rappit and leave Doctor Freeman in her place; and yet peradventure not altogether and entirely so; but if he will, after a few weeks, bring you back with him, what can be said against it? However, all these councils time must ripen; nor shall we do any thing without your consent and approbation. I wonder how you could suspect I was ill, when I wrote that merry letter ten days ago; surely I was then in very good spirits, and so I am now, and therefore you may still laugh at it if you can.

But I will not enlarge any farther than to give my compliments to all my Bath friends, and particularly to Miss Rappit, only wishing she had given us a more particular account of the state of her health. To hear still better of yours will be one of the greatest pleasures which your letters, as well as I love them, can give to,

My Dearest, your very obedient humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

We, whose names are underwritten, do hereby certify to all whom it may concern, that Philip Doddridge, of the Parish of St. Sepulchre, in the Town and County of Northampton, Doctor in Divinity, hath, during the course of his late cold, behaved himself in a very orderly and governable manner: and we farther certify that the said P. Doddridge is at this present writing, so far as we can judge, in good health, and that we believe the contents of the above written

account to be true in all articles in which geese and ganders and the gifts of nature to women are not concerned: in testimony of which, we have respectively set our hands this 17th day of January, 1743,

“ANN MOORE.”

“TABI. WRIGHT.”

FROM COLONEL GARDINER.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

Ghent, Jan. 24, 1743.

YOUR friendly letter of the fourth instant, has occasioned me no small uneasiness. The very thought of your having been in so much danger has frightened me more than the French army is likely to do: but I believe my fears are groundless, for we are all immortal till our work is done; and I hope the Almighty has a great deal for you to do, and that for many years. I long much to see your vindication of the doctrine of the operation of the blessed Spirit of God. Oh, how much are they to be pitied who call it in question; since it is too plain a demonstration that they know nothing of religion.

The letter I received from Mary Wills has affected me very much, and I never take it up but floods of tears blind my eyes. Oh, what am I, poor worthless dog, that the greatest favourites of heaven should offer up their fervent prayers for blessings on one who deserves not so much as the crumbs that fall from the children's table? But tears fill my eyes and I must give over. Pray remember me kindly to my

good friend, whom you may assure, that her letter has afforded me more real satisfaction than any thing I can expect from the government.

If it shall please God to give me a call to England, I shall soon make you a visit, for there is no man in the world I so much long to see. May the Almighty preserve your valuable life, bless your labours, and preserve your family.

My dearest Friend,

I am yours, more than words can express,

JAMES GARDINER.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Jan. 26, 1743.

RESOLVED I will but little write,
I take but half a sheet to-night,
Which is two quarters more than you
Would me by this night's post allow,
Though I'm but one, and you are *two* ;
Yet I'd excuse it, could you tell
In your next letter that you're well :
You may conclude that I am so
When this day's busy train you know.
At Little Creaton I have been,
And happy cousin Perkins seen ;
Married, two months ago at least,
To his first mistress, and the best
Which he in twenty might have found ;
He seems in all his wishes crown'd.

She's modest, courteous, young, and fair,
And not above domestic care,
Though worth three hundred pounds a year.

But you're long since prepared to say,
"Since you escaped your nurses, pray
How have you fared this blust'ring day?"
Exceeding well—for I took care
To wrap myself in skin of bear,
While each hand, warm in furry glove,
Glow'd with the token of your love.
Thus at a distance you inspire
My blood with warmth, my muse with fire ;
And yet the flame so gently burns,
I sigh and write, and nod by turns,
And if thus jingling on I keep
May chance to chime you both to sleep ;
I therefore join with Mrs. Wright
To wish myself and you good night.

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Jan. 27, 1743.

MY DEAR FRIEND, WHOM I LOVE IN THE TRUTH,
I HOPE you have received, as Mr. Jennings promised
me, a letter from his hand to declare how well Mr.
Bradbury is satisfied, by a visit from him and Dr.
Guyse ; so I suppose that storm is quite blown over :
I hear Mr. Bradbury is in a dangerous illness.

I never suspected your diligence with regard to
your pupils, and therefore your letter need not have

left room for that apology. I pray God may bless the young Scotch lord under your care; and let Mary Spencer and Mrs. Scawen, and Colonel Gardiner have my best salutations conveyed from you.

I rejoice in Mr. Jennings's judicious abridgment of Dr. C. Mather's life; and I say just as you do,—in comparison of such a man, I am hardly worthy to be called a servant of Christ.

I am sorry for the loss of any of your pupils by death; but it is pleasant to read, and to hear, of the success which you have in your various labours—may God continue his spirit much with you.

I am glad to find that you think my remarks tolerably just, on the necessity of a little sinking of your style*. May God make abundantly useful what you further write in that work.

I have no more to add but to pray for the presence of God with you in every one of your labours.

I am, Sir,

Yours in all bonds of Christianity and love,

I. WATTS.

P. S. Salutations from hence attend you and Mrs. Doddridge. Two or three weeks ago I wrote a little preface to the largest and best attestation to the work of God in New England, under the hands of one hundred and eleven Pastors of churches.

* It is to be regretted that Dr. Doddridge was too much inclined to follow this advice; and with the view of rendering himself perfectly understood by even the most illiterate, adopted, on popular occasions, a more diffuse mode of writing than was in accordance with his natural habit, or his taste.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Northampton, Jan. 31, 1743.

It is to me exceedingly plain that we are both sick of the same distemper; too great a solicitude for each other's health, and too great a desire of each other's company; and if Dr. Oliver cannot prescribe some remedy for the mind, I fear his other prescriptions will not work a perfect cure. It is twenty weeks this day since we set out from Northampton, and by what I can learn from Miss Rappit's last letter, the Doctor's scheme is to keep you at least ten weeks longer. This, my dear, is what I shall not oppose if it be judged really necessary for the recovery of your health, and if you can make yourself easy. If you cannot, I expect very little benefit were you to stay the year round. Consult the matter seriously before you answer this, and let me have your final resolve, that proper measures may be taken. As for me, I am as if I had made a truce with my heart for five months, and it were now, of course, to take arms; and it seems to plead with some unusual tenderness the promise I had made it of having you again this week, though it were long since repealed. On the whole, it is a matter of duty and conscience to me to leave you fully at your liberty in this point, and to advise you to consult your health, and to assure you that foolishly fond as I am, for that is indeed the case, I had rather receive you well at the end of April, than ill at the end of February. I hope we shall at least spend one month together, before I set out on my

vacation journey. In the mean time I refer the matter to Providence as quietly as I can.

My Second Letter to the author of "Christianity not founded on Argument" reached me on Saturday last, and will, I hope, be with you soon. You will with it present my humble services to those to whom I sent my last, and particularly to your Doctors of physic and divinity. I want to know how I may direct to Mr. Bruce, at London. I preached twice yesterday, having no more than four chaplains at home. I find myself, through the Divine goodness, pure well this evening, and have nothing to complain of but being so sleepy I can hardly tell what I write: I will, therefore, draw to a close, yet I must first tell you, I have had a great deal of my dear children's company this evening, very much to my satisfaction. They all send their duty, and are half wild with the earnestness of their desire to see their good mamma. I have been feeding them all, and calling them my chickens, upon which Mercy smartly observed, it was time to go to roost, which they have accordingly done, and I am going too, as soon as I have inserted my compliments and thanks to my good correspondent Miss Rappit, and subscribed myself,

My Dearest,

Yours, with a thousand endearments,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. Good Mrs. Scawen sent me a charming letter the other day, full of love to us both, and particular salutations to you. I have finished my "View of

the Principles of Christianity, in short and easy Verse, for the Use of little Children ;” for which, I hope, both hers and yours may be something the better. I am not ashamed of these little services, for I had rather feed the lambs of Christ than rule a kingdom.

I received by Wednesday’s post a very obliging letter from Mr. Lyttelton, to whom I sent my late pamphlet. He tells me he never yet read the author on whom I animadvert, but heard from Dr. Ayscough that he had wit and malignity enough to deserve my notice ; and that he is glad such an antidote is prepared against the poison. Those are his words. He adds : “ There is nothing I am more pleased with in your performance, though it is all very good, than that gentleness and candour, so becoming a Christian and a divine, with which you treat your adversary in confuting his doctrines. Such a treatise is, I am persuaded, much more likely to make him ashamed of himself, and to gain every reader to your side of the question, than the sharpest invectives that could have been used ; and I heartily wish that all who defend the same good cause would, in this respect, follow your example.”

He adds his earnest desire of seeing all I write in the progress of this controversy, and concludes with very obliging professions of sincere esteem and regard.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Northampton, Feb. 7, 1743.

I WROTE you yesterday such a strange confused letter, that am really ashamed to think of it, but the post was just calling, and I had hardly time for a moment's recollection. I have gone through a great deal of business to-day, with great alacrity ; so good is God to me, and so thoroughly has he renewed my strength and spirits. I am sensible, my dearest, I am much obliged to you and Miss Rappit for your affectionate prayers, and I doubt not but I am much the better for them. I am exceeding happy, for God is with me, and continues to fill my heart with his presence and love. I am anxious for nothing, conscious of being in his hand, and assured of his paternal care. Next to what immediately relates to the service or enjoyment of his blessed self, that which I am most desirous of, is to see you, and to hear from dear Colonel Gardiner, who, I think it not at all improbable, may spend many years abroad, and perhaps return no more : but he is safe and blessed, and we shall assuredly meet again. As for you, my love, I am chiefly concerned lest I should see you too soon. Every body here condemns you to a longer stay, and I sign the sentence, and submit myself to the Divine will. Stay as long as is convenient, though it should be months more, and be easy and cheerful. You have great reason to be so ; and the hope of your recovery gives me such delight that I am, in that

respect, much happier than your company could make me, since my return from the London and western journey; nor shall I expect you till about Lady Day, by which time I suppose the Bath coach may go to Oxford, where I may, if God permit, have the pleasure of meeting you. Poor Mrs. Scawen is in the deepest distress: she has just received a letter from Mr. Scawen to inform her that he has taken a house at Tournay, and furnished it: he orders her and the children to come over to Flanders as soon as possible; as I suppose to spend ten or twelve years there in the heart of popery. She needs and desires our prayers perhaps as much as any one person I could name. The dear children send their duty, and a multitude of friends their service. I must conclude, for it is high time to go to bed.

I am, most tenderly and faithfully, yours,

P. D.

Tuesday morn. Feb. 8.

Let dear Miss Rappit accept a postscript of thanks instead of a letter. I expect none on Wednesday; and will, if God permit, answer her last great and valuable favour by the next post. I did not think I had been such a hero as I find myself to be, thus to rejoice in receiving no letter from my dear mistress, and to contrive to keep her at Bath one month after another. Methinks it is something like the spirit of martyrdom. Pray take a trip to Bristol. To-morrow I and my bear's skin shall set out for Maidwell, if all

happen right. A bear's skin is a rough garment; something like that of Elijah's, only made of wool instead of camel's hair, and in the form not of a Jewish mantle but of an English great coat, with two capes and a hood, which, in the coldest weather, put over another great coat keeps one as warm as if one were in bed. I am not the only prophet so clothed. I do not like this thin paper. Poor Mrs. Langham is most dangerously ill.

One of the methodists has written against my First Letter to the author of "Christianity not founded on Argument:" it does not, however, much affect me, as I have the pleasure to hear that my Lord Chancellor spoke very honourably of it; and I fancy that he is as good a judge of an argument as Mr. Seagrove!

My Second Letter is, indeed, exceedingly well received in town. Mr. Jackson tells me that he "never saw Mr. Baker* so much transported with any thing of the kind:" perhaps I told you this before, but I confess it is a great pleasure to me, for though I have a testimony in my own conscience, that I wrote not for human applause, yet I think that what is approved is most likely to do good.

* That worthy man, and truly eminent naturalist, Henry Baker, Esq. F. R. S. &c.

FROM THE REV. W. WARBURTON, D. D.

DEAR SIR,

Feb. 9, 1743.

I SHOULD not have been thus long in making my best acknowledgments for your last kind letter, had not my absence from home, and a late unhappy domestic affair, prevented me, and engrossed all my thoughts. The misfortunes of an excellent sister and her children, by her husband's ill success in trade, yet attended to with the utmost honesty and sobriety; so that, to his own ruin, he has been a considerable benefactor to the public while in trade, and his creditors at last no losers, but himself undone. I do not know whether this be an alleviation or aggravation of the misfortune, but I can tell you, with the utmost truth, that I share with this distressed sister and her children (who all live with me) the small revenue it has pleased God to bless me with, with much greater satisfaction than others spend theirs on their pleasures. I do not know how it is, but though I am far from a hero, yet I find Brutus expresses my exact sentiments when he says to Cicero, *Aliter alii cum suis vivunt. Nihil ego possum in Sororis meæ Liberis facere, quo possit expleri voluntas mea aut officium.* But you will reprove me, I know, for this false modesty, in apologizing for this comparison, and say, where is the wonder that a man who pretends to be a Christian should not come behind a Pagan, how great soever in the performance of moral duties! However this be, I can assure you, my only

concern on this occasion was for an incomparable mother, whom I feared the misfortune of a favourite daughter would have too much affected. But, I thank God, religion, that religion which you make such amiable drawings of in all your writings, was more than a support to her. But I ask pardon for talking so long of myself. This is a subject, too, I hate to think of, and never talk of, yet I could not forbear mentioning to a man I so much esteem, and whose heart I know to be so right.

It was with great concern I found good Mrs. Doddridge so ill at Bath. I know the grief this must have occasioned you : but I know your sufficiency. I trust in God she has by this time received the expected benefit from the waters. It was by accident, a little before I left Mr. Allen's, I saw her name in Leake's book (for then I had not received your last). I visited her twice. The first time she was going out to drink the waters, the second time a visiting; so I had not the pleasure of being long with her. You may be assured I would not hinder her the first time, and I made a conscience of it, not to do it the second; for it was a new acquaintance she was going to make; a matter, perhaps, as useful for her amusement while she staid at Bath, as the other for her health. Thus you see, my good friend, we have all something to make us think less complaisantly of the world. Religion will do great things. It will always make the bitter waters of Marah wholesome and palatable. But we must not think it will usually turn water into

wine because it did so once. Nor is it fit that it should ; unless this were our place of rest, where we were to expect the Bridegroom. I do the best I can to make life passable, and should, I think, do the same if I were a mere Pagan ! To be always lamenting its miseries, or always seeking after its pleasures takes us off equally from the work of our salvation : and though I be extremely cautious what sect I follow in religion, yet any in philosophy will serve my turn, and honest Sancho Panca's as well as any ; who, on his return from an important commission, when asked by his master whether they should mark the day with a *black* or a *white* stone, replied, " faith, sir, if you will be ruled by me, with neither, but with good *brown ochre*." What this philosopher thought of his commission, I think of human life in general, *good brown ochre* is the complexion of it.

I got home a little before Christmas, after a charming philosophical retirement, in a palace, with Mr. Pope and Mr. Allen, for two or three months. The gentleman I mention last is, I verily believe, the greatest private character that ever appeared in any age of the world. You see his munificence to the Bath Hospital ; this is but a small part of his charities, and charity but a small part of his virtues. I have studied his character even maliciously, to find where his weakness lies ; but have studied in vain. When I know it, the world shall know it too, for the consolation of the envious ; especially as I suspect it will prove to be only a partiality he has entertained for me. In a word, I firmly believe him to have been

sent by Providence into the world, to teach men what blessings they might expect from Heaven would they study to deserve them.

I received your agreeable present of your pupil's Sermons, with your Life of him, which my nephew has read with great pleasure, and you have both our most hearty thanks for it*. He is now of Jesus College, in Cambridge:—this, you know, is necessary for us; but I take what care I can myself of his education. He is very promising, and I hope will prove a comfort to an excellent, though unfortunate mother.

I hope the MS. poem you mention in your last will be more in the Christian spirit than Dr. Young's "Night Complaint," a dismal rhapsody, and the more dismal for being full of poetical images, all frightful, without design or method; so that I have thought, as Mr. Pope's motto to his Essay on Man was, *Know yourself*, so the motto to this should be, *Go hang yourself*; for what has any man to do else under that perturbation of mind the author seems to be in? Yet one does not know what to think of him. He appears rather to be under a poetical than a religious dilemma, by the straining and heaving of his thoughts; which are so strangely affected that one would fancy he thought *album Græcum* better than an ordinary *****.

To be serious, is this the way to recommend religion!

* "Some Account of the Life and Character of the Rev. Thomas Steffe; prefixed to a Volume of Sermons published after his Decease." This gentleman was the son of the Rev. John Steffe, Rector of Wrentham, in the county of Suffolk. He was one of the most distinguished of Dr. Doddridge's pupils, but died in early life.

to drive men into it by frightening them out of their senses? What a much better way have you shown to recommend it in your excellent Answer to "Christianity not founded on Argument." Dr. Taylor has just now shown me the first part, which he highly esteems; we wait impatiently for the second.

I am much pleased to hear of your new edition of the "Family Expositor;" which, by the way, puts me in mind of a letter I have just received from Mr. Yonge, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in which are these words: *I some time ago subscribed for Dr. Doddridge's "Family Expositor," but what I paid I forget. I think it was nine shillings to you at Newark. By some mistake I have had two sets sent to me, and can dispose of one of them, if I knew what money I was to take, and how to remit it to the author, together with what else I am indebted to him.* To all this I could say nothing, for it was all gone out of my memory; only I desired him, at all adventures, to dispose of the supernumerary set, and take what security an academic could give, better than his honour, for the payment of the price, when it was known. Will you forgive my concluding without overlooking this sad scribble, which I should be even afraid to do had I time; but now I have not a moment for any thing more than to conclude, with my best respects to good Mrs. Doddridge.

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and faithful Friend and Brother,

W. WARBURTON.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Northampton, Feb. 14, 1743.

NOTWITHSTANDING all I have said in my last letters, this foolish fond heart of mine leaps at the thoughts of your setting out from Bath on Monday morning, and being here on Tuesday, March 1st. To use an eastern phrase, you will be welcome to me as an angel of God. And yet I do beseech and entreat you not to come, even if you have packed up your things and sent your clothes to Oxford. Every body laments the thought of your coming away thus imperfectly recovered, at the crisis of time when the waters are thought most effectual; and, as you may easily suppose, they lament it most who are, next to myself, most desirous of seeing you. Oh, my dearest, what is money to your health, or what the immediate gratification of my fond impatience of seeing you, when set in competition with your comfort and usefulness. For your good I could bear a whole year of absence, and now I only beg for a few days to be added: stay till Monday, March 14th. If it be really thought that any circumstance in your case will make your stay improper, I acquiesce; but otherwise I cannot but think that you owe it to the satisfaction of your friends, to the credit of your own prudence, and of my generosity, shall I say?—no, of my justice and common sense on such an occasion; for both must be grossly violated to make any difficulty of supplying you with whatever is in my power.

On the whole, I pray God to direct you, and so I leave the matter to his providence, for what more I should say or do in it I know not, unless I take the advice of good Mrs. Brown, who you know is an elder's wife, and who told me last night that I ought to lay my *absolute commands* upon you to stay! Had not this come from a woman, I should scarcely have dared to repeat it; as it is, I presume not to act upon it.

If after all this you judge it expedient to set out next Monday morning, which if your rooms be let, perhaps you may; then I desire you would stay in London till Monday the 28th, and see Mr. Jackson, Mr. Neal, Mrs. Collier, Mrs. Roffey, Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Jenner, Mr. Godwin, Mrs. Hawtyn, and whom else you can, especially Mr. Barker, which do whenever you pass through London; but if you stay longer, lest I should seem too tyrannical a husband, I hereby permit you to ease the fulness of your heart in writing sixteen or twenty lines, to set out from Bath the next post but one after this comes to your hands. I wish it may bring me any news so good as that which I send you, when I tell you that I had last night a letter from dear Colonel Gardiner, that Christian hero and tender friend. He speaks of you and your case in the most affectionate manner, and presents you with his best services. The Colonel is pure well, and seems in good spirits; God is with him. I am going on with my third Letter as I can, but I think not so briskly as with the two former, which I wrote with uncommon ardour and alacrity, though

with a candour which perhaps may displease some. I am at this present writing, as perhaps you may already have discovered, very sleepy, yet I dream of Miss Rappit; and thank her for her last kind letter. I shall be very solicitous about you during the journey, in consequence of the stormy winds, which often happen about this time, and which, while I write, fill my ears with howling. I beg that you would favour me with the tender affection, which you not only merit, but command, from,

My Dearest, your most faithful and obliged,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. The dear children are all well, and so fond of me that I fancy they are contriving to pay me all the love and caresses before hand which I could expect in a month after your return.

FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Feb. 18, 1743.

I HAD, a while ago, a very obliging letter from you, and a very respectful one from that *good man* who thinks much better of me than I deserve. I set the opinion and complaisance I meet with from you, and Mr. Jackson, and the little *et cæteras* of such friends, against the ill nature and ingratitude I meet with from others, and so the account balances very well,

or, perhaps, comes out in my favour: so great and visible, in reality, is the equity and wisdom of Providence in its conduct towards mankind in general, as well as to good people in particular, as to their respective share of good and evil in this world. I often think people censure Providence where, if they knew all, they would applaud it; and not fancy that a blemish in its conduct which is really a beauty. And this leads me to observe, what I often think of with great delight, viz. that Providence secretly influences all events, and certainly secures its own end, without interrupting the established order of things, thus leaving every agent to proceed according to its respective nature. And I should think that man no more unreasonable who should say, he would not believe a watch went unless he saw the spring; or that a ship was steered unless he saw the man at the helm; or that a picture was drawn by such an artist unless he saw the hand at work, or the pencil that laid on the colours; than him, who should disbelieve or depreciate Providence, because it seldom interrupts the course of nature as originally settled by the Creator.

But whither am I going? I am writing an essay instead of a letter. How natural is it to discourse on a subject which has lately employed one's thoughts? The doctrine of Providence has been recently considered at Salters' Hall, and, with some other subjects, might be made more public, had I leisure, inclination, and health: but how that will be must be left to the great Disposer of all things.

I hope you are proceeding upon that favourite

subject, the "Exposition of the New Testament," which I shall be glad to read, while I have the possession of myself, and before the powers of nature too much decline. We are greatly obliged to all good men who give us more light into the Scriptures. Happy are we who can drink at those sacred fountains of truth and righteousness! It is amongst the evidences of the Divine origin of the Gospel, that good people grow more and more fond of it as they arrive nearer to heaven. May you be happy in further opening and illustrating the oracles of God; and be instrumental in instructing many for sacred service, who shall be workmen rightly dividing the word of truth, and that need not be ashamed.

I hope you enjoy much health, and that usual flow of spirits, of which you make so good a use. I have had but a bad winter in town; an ill cold seized me two months ago, and has continued with me, in some shape or other, ever since; nor is Mrs. Barker so well as usual. But I thank God I have only one Lord's day been kept out of the pulpit.

You will excuse this long letter I know; nay, I suspect, from your complaisance, even to be thanked for it. I wish it may be an amusement to you after the service of the sabbath: nothing pleases me more than to refresh a friend who is weary; and so have you often been in the service of that best Master, whose rewards are ample, sure, and near. Our brethren Wright and Bradbury are in a very dangerous declining state. May they now enjoy the consolations they have sometimes administered to others in like

circumstances ; and may we all give diligence, that we may be found of our Master in peace. Our love and good wishes attend you, Mrs. Doddridge, and all your family and friends.

I am yours, with great truth and affection,

JOHN BARKER.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY PRUDENT DEAR, Northampton, Feb. 19, 1743.

WITH sorrow in one hand, and joy in the other, I thank you for your wise and kind resolution of staying a few weeks longer from my arms, and earnestly pray that God may bless the waters much more abundantly to you in these few remaining weeks : nor shall I say one word more to urge either your continuance or return, but only desire you to let me know whether you shall want any more money, and you shall be immediately supplied, and most glad am I that I am capable of supplying so valuable a person, and yet more, that I have such a valuable wife to supply ; more, says Miss Rappit, more than most ! yes, madam, there is a merit in nonsense so produced ; and to convince you of it—it is more sensible than sense !

I am sorry to add to this cheerful beginning some articles which I know will trouble you, but I cannot forbear writing what my mind is full of. God has been pleased to remove good Mr. Smalley, of Chesterfield. He died about a fortnight ago of the iliac

passion, which seized him on a sudden, as he was blowing his nose hard. His dying agonies continued three days, and were violent beyond expression; but he bore them all with a patience which not only edified, but astonished all who were about him.

Poor Mrs. Rogers, your acquaintance and friend, had a much shorter and easier passage: she dined heartily on Thursday, and was pure well after dinner, but died of sudden sinkings before nine at night. Some think there was something apoplectic in the case. Mr. Rogers was at London. She was within a few days of her time. I cannot very easily tell you how much I have been affected with that providence, though my acquaintance with her was so slight.

Mr. Stevenson's youngest son fell down the other day, and broke his thigh. It is, I think, the sixth broken or dislocated bone which has happened among the children of that family. What a mercy is it that all our dear babes are safe and well: and charming children they are, and send you their most affectionate duty and thanks for your kind remembrances of them.

I have finished half my Third Letter, which may, perhaps, reach Bath before you leave it. It is on a very nice and difficult subject; but I hope you will both renew your prayers that I may be suitably assisted in handling it. It is the Credit of the Gospel which is concerned: my own is as nothing in comparison of that.

I had, as I think I told you in my last, a charming

letter from dear Colonel Gardiner this week. It is written with a most truly Christian spirit. Last night also brought me a long letter from Mr. Warburton in which he speaks of you with great regard; of Mr. Allen with rapture, and of Dr. Young's "Complaint" with much contempt. He seems highly delighted with my First Letter to the Author of "Christianity," &c. as he tells me Dr. Taylor is also. "My amiable Drawings of Religion," as he calls them, seem to please both; but who can draw it so amiable as it really is? My Second Letter had not yet reached them.

I had also two large packets from Scotland, the one from good Mr. Dickson, who writes like a brother to us both: surely you are much obliged to him for his prayers. He talks of being with us in April: I wish he had been with me in your absence; but I have what is better than his company, or the Colonel's, or Miss Rappit's, or yours. The other packet came from one Mr. Erskine, a gentleman who is heir apparent to a thousand a year; and after having studied to qualify himself to be a counsellor, and made a noble progress in various parts of learning with that view, has chosen, amidst unknown opposition from friends, to plead the cause of Jesus Christ; in which he will, I hope, be very successful, for he is a man of great talent, and most eminent and experienced piety. He would fain have come hither, but his parents forbade it, much to his mortification and mine.

I am extremely sorry it is still so necessary for you; my dearest, to forbear writing. I could really rejoice

in seeing your dear hand once again, if it could safely and lawfully be: but I submit. I have very little expectation from the remainder of your trial of the waters, for I really apprehend, by Miss Rappit's last account, that you lose ground rather than gain it; but I plainly saw every body would blame you, if you left Bath just at this conjuncture. I shall be glad to hear of you as often as may be, but would not have you depend on letters every post, because I have some journeys to make which will probably interfere with them: but be assured, my dearest, that wherever I go you are enough, and, indeed, too much in the thoughts and heart of

Your own, in very deed,

P. D.

P. S. Mr. More, the singing master, is here, and I hope the family will be qualified to sing *Te Deum* when you return; I think, indeed, that if any thing could give me a voice, it would be that happy occasion!

FROM THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

DEAR SIR,

Newington, Feb. 24, 1743.

THAT day on which I sent my last letter to you, I was seized with something of a paralytic disorder, which though it soon went off, has yet left various nervous disorders behind it, so that I was confined to my chamber till this day.

Your second part of the Defence of Christianity, &c. I have not yet quite finished, my head being never well. I could in a great measure allow your excuses for the haranguing method which your adversary has chosen, if your printer had but favoured us with running contents in the margin; it is a very great loss to want them.

I suppose you have written before this time to Dr. Guysc, or Mr. Neal, about giving Mr. Brabant something as your assistant.

Your Paraphrasc on the Scripture goes on I hope with success. But I have here one occasional question to ask:—the other day I was particularly vindicating and commending two things in your academy; one was the method of introducing students into the pulpit, by their repeating sermons for a few months before they begin to preach, which can only be done well in the country; and the other was your occasional remarks on the Scriptures of the Old Testament and the New, as you read them in the family to your domestic pupils; this was done by my tutor, and I have often said is practised by you, and I hope I am not mistaken: such little short hints of what doctrinal, grammatical, chronological, or controversial points depend upon any verse in the chapter, are always ready and easy to you, and of vast advantage to your pupils*.

* That Dr. Doddridge was constantly in the habit of giving the domestic exposition of Scripture alluded to, the following extract will testify: "As he knew that diligence in redeeming their time was necessary to their attention to business, and the improvement

May the presence of God be with you in all your sacred labours; and though I decrease, may you increase daily, and bring forth much fruit to the honour of God.

I am glad you hope that Mr. Sedgeley will make a minister. I am sorry that we ever take in any such students that will not be useful, either through want

of their minds, it was an established law that every student should rise at six o'clock in the summer, and seven in the winter. A *monitor* was weekly appointed to call them, and they were to appear in the public room soon after the fixed hour. Those who did not appear were subject to a pecuniary penalty, or if that did not cure their sloth, to prepare an additional academical exercise; and the monitor's neglect incurred a double fine. Their tutor set them an example of diligence, being generally present with them at these early hours. When they were thus assembled, a prayer was offered up suited to their circumstances as students, by himself when present, or by them in their turns; when they retired to their respective closets till the time of family worship. The Doctor began that service with a short prayer for the Divine presence and blessing; some of the students read a chapter of the Old Testament from Hebrew into English, which he expounded critically, and drew practical inferences from it; a psalm was then sung, and he prayed. But on Lord's day morning something entirely devotional and practical was read instead of the usual exposition. In the evening the worship was conducted in the same method, only a chapter of the New Testament was read by the students from Greek into English, which he expounded; and the senior students prayed in rotation. Those students who boarded in other houses in the town were obliged to attend his family worship, and take their turns in reading and prayer. Those who were absent from it were subject to a fine, and if it were frequent, to a public reprehension before the whole society.

By this method of conducting the religious services of his family, his pupils had, during their course, an opportunity of hearing him expound most of the Old Testament, and all of the New Testament, more than once, to their improvement as students and Christians."—*Rev. Job Orton's Life of Dr. Doddridge.* See page 87, 88.

of parts, or memory, or application, or seriousness. May the grace of God encourage and bless all our thoughts and labours on this subject.

I am your affectionate Brother and humble Servant,

I. WATTS.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Northampton, March 8, 1743.

IF your last charming letter did not hurt yourself I am glad you sent it, for it came most seasonably, and produced a very agreeable effect. You knew, my dearest, it would arrive on Lord's day night: it was our sacrament day; and, indeed, it was a most comfortable one to me; my joy at that ordinance was so great that I could not well contain it; I had much ado to forbear telling all about me, as well as I could, for it would have been but in a very imperfect manner, what a Divine flame I felt in my soul, which, indeed, put me greatly in mind of Mr. How's "full stream of rays." Were it possible to carry such impressions through life, it would give the soul a kind of independence far too high for a mortal existence. It was, indeed, in the most literal and proper sense, a "joy unspeakable, and full of glory!" I doubt not, my dearest earthly friend, that it was, in a considerable measure, in answer to your prayers. I had promised myself that we should then have been together, but God was pleased to give me so much, that

he left no room to complain of what he withheld. You may be assured, however, that I could not fail of remembering you in such a circumstance.

The bell rings for prayer, so I must conclude abruptly. I am pleased to think what a meeting good Mrs. How has had with that glorious Spirit above, whose memory is so precious to us both*. Oh, what are dukes or princes when compared with such persons! May not you and I, my dearest, hope for such a meeting too? how much beyond that which the fondness of our hearts leads us to expect at Northampton!

I am, my Dearest, your own

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

DEAR SIR,

March 9, 1743.

I HAD yours recommending Mr. Marshall, and, in consequence of it, moved yesterday for 14*l.* a year for him from Christmas last, and obtained it. Your character, his merit, and my interest carried the point at once. I hope Mr. Marshall will revive vital religion at Cambridge, and be a credit to our interest in the University: and I hope the congregation will

* "Mrs. How, widow to the great and pious Mr. How, died here last week; a good woman, and full of years, being near ninety: and last night died the poor Duke of Hamilton."—*From a Letter of Mrs. Doddridge's, dated Bath, March 2, 1743.*

retrieve their honour. I have written a letter to them by this post, and touched these things as prudently and tenderly as I could. I have a particular pleasure at all times in obliging you, and serving any of your pupils; but do not be surprised if Mr. Marshall should, in some little time, become uneasy at Cambridge.

I am delighted to hear of your health and good spirits, the pleasure with which you proceed in your works, and your success. Your Second Letter in answer to Christianity not founded on Argument pleased me much. The author is Mr. Dodwell*, a drunken Templer, son of the Nonjuror, no Christian for many years, so much as by profession, or in appearance; and I am afraid has as few cares about natural religion as revealed; for which reason, and for that only,

* It may not be uninteresting to remark, that Mr. Dodwell's father was defeated in a controversy with the celebrated Richard Baxter. Mr. Dodwell, sen. who was, indeed, "a learned, but injudicious and paradoxical writer," had, in that instance, endeavoured to show that salvation was endangered by a separation from the episcopal church. On another occasion, he published a book entitled "*An Epistolary Discourse, proving from the Scriptures, and the First Fathers, that the Soul is a Principle naturally Mortal, but Immortalized actually by the Pleasure of God to Punishment or Reward; but in Unison with the Divine Baptismal Spirit: where is proved that none have the Power of giving this Divine immortalizing Spirit since the Apostles but only the Bishops.*" The author's extravagance is here sufficiently evident; but it should be remarked that his learning, in the more mechanical sense of the word, was profound; and that he was highly esteemed by Bishop Jeremy Taylor, and many other persons of rank and influence, for his extensive knowledge of books, and great piety. He was, indeed, in one sense, a martyr to his sincerity; for, having been elected, in 1688, Camden Professor of History in the University of Oxford, he gave it up again, because "he

I could have wished you had known the character of your adversary before you had written the latter part of your letter. But though he does not care what becomes of natural religion, many others do who treat Revelation very ill, and I hope they will see the mischievous tendency of some reasoning of which they seem to be very fond.

I hear of your dear spouse from Bath, where I have a servant seeking for health. She grows better, I hope, though not so much better as one would wish. I shall be glad if the spring season sets her up; and I pray God to give her better health, and to grant you both a continued and increasing happiness. The state of things with us here is much the same as it was. The disposition to charity continues amongst

entertained those high notions of kingly power which would not allow him to take the oaths of allegiance, established at the Revolution."

The contrarieties in the character of the father may, perhaps, be allowed to plead an apology for those of the son, who "distinguished himself by the active part he took for the encouragement of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce;" and of whom, although it is said that "he was a polite humane man," yet, it is added, that "he was not distinguished by his father's openness and ingenuousness of character."

The writer last quoted goes on to say that, "being sceptical in his principles, he enlisted in the number of writers against Revelation; but he attacked it in the disguise of a friend, under cover of a great zeal for the honour and interests of religion, and of a profusion of serious and devout professions. Such conduct every candid mind must condemn, as unworthy of a fair and honest enemy. He published, without his name, a treatise entitled 'Christianity not founded on Argument,' which soon called forth able replies; of which the principal were from the pens of Dr. Doddridge, Dr. Benson, Dr. Randolfe, and Dr. John Leland."

us protestant dissenters, but I cannot say much as to our faith. Some charge our fathers with having put believing in the place of doing, I wish we may not put giving in the place of believing. Want of evidence, and well discerning faculties, is the common want of infidels every where, which is really as provoking, as it is trifling.

My best wishes attend you, and my hearty thanks for your services in the church, and your love to me. We all join in affectionate wishes, and sincere respects.

Yours,

J. BARKER.

FROM MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Bath, March 12, 1743.

THERE is hardly any such thing as bearing your unparalleled generosity; and it is the daily joy and pleasure of my life to recollect how greatly I am obliged to you, and above all, to the Fountain of all my mercies, for giving me such a friend. I rejoice in the Divine goodness to you, and to me in you, that whilst you are so constantly blessing and refreshing others, He is pleased to return it so abundantly into your own bosom, by favouring you with such bright and extraordinary manifestations of His presence and grace. Much do I long to be with you, especially in such happy seasons as these; in the humble hope to catch a little of that sacred flame. It was no small

disappointment to us to be deprived of the great pleasure we had promised ourselves in joining with you in that delightful ordinance, and enjoying your valuable labours; and, indeed, my sabbath was, I believe, in some measure the less comfortable to me in consequence; for, after all, instruments as well as ordinances are from above, and God is pleased to bless your labours in a singular manner to my edification and comfort.

Whether good Mrs. Chandler likes us or not. I cannot say, but she is so obliging as to favour us as often as she can with her agreeable company: she spent three hours with us on Lord's day night, in which she entertained us with reading a poem she is writing, on the "Being and Attributes of God." She is one amongst many others who greatly wish to see "good Dr. Doddridge" at Bath, and then she would put this performance into his hands; which, under his valuable correction, is, I think, capable of being made a very good poem. She is likewise employed in turning the Book of Proverbs into verse, for the benefit of young persons; this work might also receive great advantage by your retouch. She is certainly a most benevolent and excellent woman, and one to whom those words of Solomon may justly be applied: "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her lips is the law of kindness."

Did not Swift, my dearest, think you, prophesy of us when he said, "it is seldom allowed to those persons who love one another best to be much together;" and, this is, as he observes, to convince us of the imper-

fection of human happiness. Indeed, I must freely own, this state of separation renders mine very imperfect, notwithstanding all the advantages I might otherwise boast of, as to society and friendship. We are certainly acquainted here with some of the most worthy church people I think, I ever met with; persons of true politeness, good sense, great candour, and real piety; but I must enlarge no farther on this subject, as I suppose my dear will expect I should say something with respect to the state of my health. I bless God I can enter upon this subject so cheerfully; nor can I forget to number the ease and pleasure with which I am now able to write, amongst the many mercies which demand my thankfulness and praise; indeed, I begin to be quite of the opinion of the rest of my friends, that there is some peculiar virtues in the waters in this month, beyond any other, as I have never yet found so much benefit from them.

Good Miss Rappit thinks it is full time for me to conclude, and, in obedience to her, I shall do so, with wishing my dearest a good night, and assuring him that

I am, with all possible esteem and affection,
most entirely his,

M. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST, Northampton, March 12 and 13, 1743.

I SHOULD have begun my letter an hour sooner had I not been hindered by poor Mrs. Food, who has just left me. Yet I cannot repent that hinderance, because I humbly hope it has given me some opportunity of doing good. She came to me in the utmost distress, but opened the treasure of an excellent heart, almost broken, and yet full of grace. God enabled me to address such consolations to her as seemed quite to take off her burthen; and after a great deal of conversation and prayer, in which you, my dearest, were not forgotten, we parted very pleasantly: and I verily think that if it be possible to know by what one feels in a duty, that it is accepted of God, I know it on this occasion; for though I was in a very dull frame before, I now find myself quite enlivened, as if some fragrant and reviving perfume had been poured out on my head, and cheered the whole frame of animal nature. God will, I hope, hear my prayers for her; and for you both, and return you in his own good time, which I desire not to hasten; nor do I know indeed when it is likely to be; neither should I mention it, were it not for one particular reason, which is my fear, lest it should happen either while I am abroad or just before I am to go out. I am to be at Oundle at a meeting of ministers in Easter week, and I am to be at Welford quickly after; and the last Lord's day in April I am to preach

for Mr. Drake. Yet it is possible that on such an occasion we might join the two days of absence in such a manner, that the day of the charity sermon should also be the Welford sacrament, which I suppose will be the last I shall administer there, for Mr. King, who suits them exceedingly well, proposes being ordained in a little time. But I forget that I have a Latin letter to write to Count Zinzendorf, who has been with the Moravian Society in Yorkshire, and leaves England on Tuesday next; so that if I do not seize the opportunity of this post, I cannot write to him at all, and I am a most affectionate letter in his debt. I must therefore conclude with my cordial services to all my good friends at Bath; and wishing you a great deal of success and pleasure in your remaining weeks or months, be they ever so many, and at length your happy return to the arms of,

My Dearest, your very affectionate but not impatient,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. I am, God willing, to go to Buckingham tomorrow, but shall not meet Mr. Clark there, for he has a terrible fit of the gout: perhaps matters may be contrived so that Mr. Merivale may escort you, at least part of the way back. But if you stay till the Oxford stage begins to run, I will, if God permit, meet you there in a chariot.

I am soon to drink tea at Harborough with Mr. Taylor and his new wife, who was Miss Sharp, sister-in-law to poor Kitty, and they say a most agreeable woman.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Northampton, March 19, 1743.

It was a great disappointment to me that I could not see you at Buckingham, where you would have had an opportunity of hearing as judicious, and as beautiful a discourse from Mr. Ward, of Whitney, as I have heard a great while. I hope you are by this time pretty well recovered, and that you have been able to review the manuscript. I doubt not but you have found a great many mistakes in the transcript from my short-hand, for I have had no opportunity of looking it over: and I wish you may not have discovered many others much more material. I shall also be very glad of your sentiments upon the "Verses for Children." I am just going to write a letter to Lady Frances Gardiner, concerning some Precautions to be taken in the Education of little Children, which properly fall under the notice of a pious mother, and which, though in themselves very important, might yet seem too minute for a pulpit. This Letter, and the "Verses to Little Children," if you approve them, will be published together, and in such a form, that they may be bound up with my "Sermons on Education," a third edition of which is now going to the press, as is also a third edition of my "Sermons to Young People." The two former editions of both are so thoroughly sold, that Mrs. Fenner tells me there is not a copy of either to be found in London from which the third edition can be printed.

I have had very comfortable advices from Bath

with regard to my wife; and, I believe, I may now venture to say that, God willing, her return is fixed for the middle of April. I bless God I continue pure well. A very agreeable neighbour is lately come hither, Dr. Stonehouse, from Coventry, brother to Sir John Stonchouse: he is a very accomplished man; and, being possessed of a plentiful fortune, and also liking the situation of the place, has determined to fix here, and wait an opportunity of doing something as a physician when either of those already settled in the town may drop, for till then he has but very little expectation.

I should be glad if you would please to let me know whether you have lately met with any new books which are worth reading, and which you would recommend to our Society. I have been so engaged with writing, and particularly with a vast number of letters, that I have had little time to read, and what time I have had, has been chiefly taken up in Tully and Marcus Antoninus, and in some pieces of practical divinity. I am also writing a sort of a Commentary on the 2nd of Corinthians, as I have already dispatched that upon the former epistle and Romans, which will be a kind of promptuary essay from which to draw that part of my "Family Expositor;" in the mean time they serve as academical lectures, which I read to my pupils once a week: a specimen, if I mistake not, you, Sir, have on the 7th of the Romans. I cannot forbear mentioning one circumstance which is something peculiar: I mean that the soldier who was executed for murder in this town last week, died

more like a Christian than any man I ever knew in such unhappy circumstances; and there is another soldier to be executed on the same sad occasion next Friday, who likewise discovers a temper which I cannot but hope is truly penitent. I have been able to do but very little towards contributing to that good work, though I have sometimes visited them in their confinement; but I apprehend it is, under God, chiefly owing to the pious care, and charitable labours of my pupils, Mr. Olding and Mr. West, by whom, I hope, if God spares their lives, eminent service will accrue to the church of Christ. One of them is the gentleman chosen to succeed Mr. Cole at Gloucester; and, which is something peculiar, that Church, after much deliberation, and many weeks proof of him, unanimously invited him to the pastoral office; which invitation he has accepted, though he still continues with me. The other is a youth of this town, whom I accidentally set my eyes upon, and discerning, as I thought, the traces of good sense, seriousness, and sweetness of temper in his countenance, I encouraged his education for the ministry, supporting him for a while at school at my own expense, and have since, procured for him Mr. Coward's exhibition. But I need not tell you, dear Sir, the pleasure with which I see him rising to so fair a prospect of public service.

I suppose you hear that Count Zinzendorf has been in England, and is returned to Germany. Colonel Gardiner has marched for Aix-la-Chapelle. He was unaccountably, and I must needs say, I think very injuriously forgotten in the late preferments; but my

Lord Stair is so much his friend, that he has every thing to expect which it lies in his power to accomplish. I hear frequently from him, and he writes upon all occasions with such a noble indifference to every thing in the world, and with a heart so full of love to God, submission to his will, and zeal for his glory, that I number his letters among the most edifying things I ever read. And now, dear Sir, you see what a long letter I have made when I apprehended I had nothing to say, but what a line or two might have comprehended. Excuse my tediousness, and ascribe it to the pleasure I find in any thing that looks like conversing with you, and to the grateful and tender affection with which I am,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM W. OLIVER, ESQ. M.D.*

REV. SIR,

Bath, March 20, 1743.

AFTER so long a stay as Mrs. Doddridge has made here, it is very reasonable for you to expect from me an account of her being restored to such a state of health as may make amends for so long an absence. She is indeed much better; but I am sorry to observe that she is so only while she drinks the waters, and

* Dr. Oliver was the author of a valuable Treatise on the Use of the Warm Bath.

that when she omits them for a few days she is sensible of the want of them. She has hitherto been struggling with a season of the year which is unfriendly to weak habits of body ; but I hope the spring will be more favourable to her, and render her strong enough to leave off her crutches, and to be able to walk without them, which at present she is not. I am very sorry to deprive you so long of so agreeable a friend ; but you must consider it as one of the hard laws of necessity, which can be conquered by nothing but submission.

I return you my hearty thanks for your two Letters to the author of the pamphlet entitled “ Religion not founded on Argument.” It was very surprising to see our methodists swallow that treatise so greedily as they did, as the only *orthodox* book which had appeared for a long while. They imagined the author to be a most powerful champion for the Spirit, in despite of the Letter, and as such received him as their most worthy patron. But they now seem to be convinced that he only carried their notions to the highest pitch of extravagance, in order to make them the more ridiculous, and by the help of their enthusiasms to demolish all religion. He has, indeed, compiled all the extravagant ideas which different sects have carried to an extremity, and which in their turns have not wanted the sanction of grave authorities. Out of these patches he has composed a most ridiculous piece, which he designed as the severest satire upon all religion ; and, by writing a wrong name under his picture, hoped the unknowing would

be led into a mistake. You, Sir, however, have plucked off the mask, and laid open the fallacy. You have pointed out the union between religion and reason, as God had put them together, and baffled the attempts of him who had wickedly designed to put them asunder. You have resettled religion on that firm and natural basis which that gentleman had endeavoured to sap and undermine; and for this service, the lovers of truth will think themselves greatly obliged to you; while you have the particular thanks of, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

W. OLIVER.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Northampton, March 22, 1743.

You may easily believe your last came seasonably, when I tell you in what circumstances it found me. I had just been visiting a poor man, and, as I verily hope and believe, a true penitent, under sentence of death. He told me his story with many affecting circumstances; the sum of which was, that the counsel who pleaded for him never came to see him, nor heard the matter from his own mouth; so that, he holding his tongue because he thought it was not his place to speak, and even when he came to receive sentence, being afraid to interrupt the judge, his true plea, which was very considerable, was never heard;

and the whole court, after a trial of nearly five hours, remained ignorant of many important facts which might have been told in five minutes, and proved in ten; and all this in consequence of the negligence, or perfidiousness of the counsel on both sides. So that it really looked like a confederacy to screen the most guilty, because they were officers, who are all escaped, and to give up the common soldiers, without so much as knowing their story, to satisfy the public with the death of some. Yet I cannot but hope that God has made this fatal accident the means of reclaiming and saving two great sinners who were in the highway to destruction.

When I came home we went into the parlour to repetition. Mr. Rusdale, a young gentleman who came since you left Northampton, was at prayers, and seemingly perfectly well, when he dropped down suddenly, and fell upon me as I was kneeling in my usual place next the pulpit. He seemed in an apoplectic fit, and discovered scarcely any sign of life; but, through the Divine goodness, he soon recovered, and is now perfectly well. When I had repeated, which I did very faintly, being so seized with this accident that I could scarcely stand, I went to peruse my letters, and there learnt by one, that poor Mr. Lister continues under great discouragements, and that all applications for his service have hitherto been unsuccessful. By another, that the people at Rochford are so thoroughly dissatisfied with Mr. Wilson that they rather choose to have the doors shut up than to be supplied by such a preacher; in consequence of which he intends imme-

diately to *conform*, as Mr. John Steffe does also ; so that two of our fund pupils are going into the church. A third letter came from good Mr. Merivale to inform me that he likes Tavistock exceedingly, and is very well approved by the people ; but that having been most rigorously examined by Mr. Enty, whose influence there is great (and this gentleman is the high-priest of Exeter), though he declared expressly against Arianism, and gave such an account of himself as one would have thought should have been very satisfactory, he was dismissed by that gentleman in such a manner as makes it difficult for him to think of a settlement in those parts without sacrificing either peace or truth. Your sagacity, my dearest, will easily show you that these things must grieve me, both on account of my friends and myself. But it was a great consolation to me to hear that you are better, and are likely to return so soon. Yet think not of being here till the week after Easter ; and send me early notice when the Oxford coach comes out, and where it sets up, that if you come by it, I may meet you there.

I am perfectly well, and going out to Harpole to preach, on which account, as I am in a hurry with my lectures, I must not turn my paper to fill the top too, but hasten to subscribe myself,

My dearest Love,

Yours, with unutterable tenderness,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. Mr. Clark's illness will prevent my Third Letter from being published before your return. I find the two former are now read at Cambridge, and very well received there.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Northampton, March 27, 1743.

I AM sorry with all my heart to hear that you, of whose steadiness I have long entertained a much better opinion than of my own, should be transformed into a weatherglass! and I am particularly sorry it should be so now, considering what terrible weather it is, for, indeed, I think I never knew it worse; so extremely cold that I have been scarcely able to bear writing, even with a fire by me; and this most unluckily when there is scarcely a good coal in the house, or any thing combustible but dust and rubbish. The wind is also exceedingly high and piercing, and it has snowed or rained two or three days together. I question not but all this has been deeply felt at Bath, and I expect your next letter will be in a very low strain. I have, in the Easter week, a preaching progress before me, and must go through hard trials indeed, if the weather be extreme; yet the Master I serve can protect me, and I humbly hope that he will.

I bless God I am pretty well got over my anxiety about your longer stay, but I am solicitous for poor Miss Rappit. I really fear it is injurious to her to

continue at Bath, and should the consequences of it shock her health, it would be a particular distress to me. I had much rather, though with a greater expense, send you for a month or two in autumn, with some other person, than see that generous and tender friend hurt by a longer continuance, if you have reason to believe the place disagrees with her. I hope God will direct, but I am far from being alone in these apprehensions. Pray for me, my dearest, that I may have more constant communications of the Divine presence in proportion to the degree in which I need them, and as my anxieties by your continued absence increase. If it be necessary to send you any other friend from hence to supply Miss Rappit's place, I will cheerfully do it. If you are likely to stay six weeks or two months longer, I cannot but think some such precaution necessary. I heartily pray that God may direct; and desire to be very thankful for what of his blessing has attended the means which have been used. I would patiently await the farther accomplishment of his goodness, and would gladly sacrifice my own immediate gratification and personal interest, if that could be separate, to your health and satisfaction; yet I would be a faithful and grateful friend as well as a kind husband, and I am well assured that your tender solicitude on Miss Rappit's account is not less than mine.

My spirits have been exceedingly touched with the case of the poor man who was executed here yesterday, and who died quite like a Christian. I verily believe God made his condemnation the means of his

salvation, and Mr. Olding, Mr. West, and myself the instruments of his conversion, though their part in it was much greater than my own.

Poor Mrs. Webb's case affects me exceedingly. She languishes like a withering flower; but I hope that God is working on her heart by this affliction.

And now, my dearest, I leave you with my love and blessing. Polly mends: they are delightful children. God is in all things good to us. I am perfectly well amidst labours and sorrows; but my comforts overbalance all. God blesses his Gospel, and will bless it more and more.

Your most affectionate

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Stoke Newington, March 31, 1743.

IN answer to your very kind and long letter, which gave me great pleasure, I am forced to write but a few lines, because my disorder of the want of sleep continues with me, and still confines me to my chamber, and keeps me under great weakness.

I am glad that you took pleasure in my inquiry about your Family Expositions of Scripture; and I am sure your answer to it has given me very great satisfaction, and will also to our friends of Mr. Coward's trust, as soon as I have health enough to wait on them, and show them your letter: and I earnestly

pray God to attend those occasional assistances, which you afford your pupils to understand Scripture, with abundant success.

Alas ! Sir, though I should take much pleasure in one half hour's conversation with you on the subjects we should delight to talk of, yet my health is so low that I can by no means desire it, not being capable of receiving the advantages of it, by reason of much weakness.

I thank you also heartily, dear Sir, for your version of the 149th Psalm, and your remarks upon it. I have nothing to say against your conjecture of David's singing it with his captains, when he went to the Philistine war, &c. The verse which you have composed seems to be of that kind which I call trisyllable feet, and is always in a gallop ; some of the additions to my Divine Songs for Children are in this verse ; and I think it is best measured by such trisyllable feet, wherein the ear will always preside, and now and then the loss of a syllable will not be missed : but it wants some labour to make such lines perfectly smooth and yet to keep them in their due dignity, both of sense and words, when formed for solemn occasions.

I am sorry Mrs. Doddridge still lingers under such weakness : I pray God may restore her, not only for her ease and your comfort, but for your better filling up of all your stations with their proper learned and pious duties : God be with you in them all, dear man, and lengthen out your life to many years, to serve the interest of the blessed Gospel of Christ, after I shall be in the grave.

My nephew, Brackstone, who has been these two months in Hampshire for his health, returned yesterday to his house, and I shall want to know whether he has sent to you, and whether you have received a dozen of the Harmony of Religions, which I ordered before he went; and I suppose the account of the rewards due to the catechumens will be shortly sent to Mr. Parker as expected. Again, farewell, dear Sir, and grace be with you. Amen.

I am your humble Servant and affectionate Brother,

I. WATTS.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D.D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Northampton, April 5, 1743.

I WAS so happy as to receive both your letters last Lord's day, and I heartily thank you for them. Your remarks on my "Verses for Children" please me exceedingly, and are of that importance that I could have wished there had been more of them. I have corrected the verses, and made supplements to them according to your advice; and I inclose an account of the alterations*.

* I have introduced the First Lesson with the following lines:

Now for a while aside I'll lay
My childish trifles and my play,
And call my thoughts, which rove abroad,
To view myself, and view my God!
I'll look within, that I may see
What now I am, what I should be.

I shall send the remainder of my Third Letter to the press as soon as I can: it happened a little unluckily that it was so long before I could have it returned, otherwise it might easily have been published before Easter: but I suppose that those who have read the two former Letters will probably read this Third, though not only Mr. Benson's, but Mr. Mole's answer should come out before it. I am very glad it is agreeable to you, and will send it you as soon as it is printed. I propose to add a table of contents to them, which may help to give a clearer

In the Sixth Lesson, instead of the two lines,

I'll bear the appointments of his will

With humble resignation still,

I have added these four;

If to afflict me be his will,

I'll bear it with submission still:

A tender Father sure he proves,

And but corrects because he loves;

which seem to be expressed in easier and more intelligible language. I was certainly to blame in neglecting to say any thing of the Miracles of Christ. I have now added the eight following lines, which I have introduced after the eighteenth line of the Twelfth Lesson:

To prove the Heavenly truths he taught

Unnumber'd miracles were wrought:

The blind beheld him; and the ear

In deafness seal'd his voice could hear:

Sickness obey'd his healing hand,

And demons fled at his command;

The lame, for joy, around him leap;

The dead awaken from their sleep.

It is almost impossible to express in poetical language such a system of religion in all its parts; nor could I tell how to mend the first lines in the Fourteenth Lesson better than thus: instead of

Faith and repentance they must have

Whom Christ will condescend to save,

view of the state of the argument, and its connexion. I was sorry I could not persuade Mr. Godwin to print running contents in the margin, for I really think they greatly assist the understanding, especially where it is necessary to write in what Dr. Watts calls one continued harangue, or, as I should rather express it, without distinguishing subordinate thoughts by numbers, as particulars under those generals that are marked out. I am fully convinced every well written piece is easily capable of being thus analyzed; and have been told that the French Academy with their harangues, as they may justly be called, insist upon receiving such a skeleton of the thoughts, in their

I have now made it, though I can hardly tell whether it be any better,

They must repent, and must believe,
Who Christ's salvation would receive.

In the Eighteenth Lesson, to avoid the repetition in the two first lines, as they before stood, I have substituted these:

The memory of Christ's death is sweet
When saints around his table meet.

And as I did not know whether mutual love might be so well understood, and as you had made a little mark over against it, I have, instead of

And thus their mutual love they show,
written,

And love to every Christian show,

which seems more expressive of that diffusive charity of which the Lord's supper is a seal. The others are chiefly verbal alterations, which I have every where made according to your directions, so that there is not one hint that has not been useful to me. I am daily doing something at the piece which I call "The Rise and Progress of Religion," and I hope I shall have finished it by Midsummer. I have received a most affecting account of the conversion of Mr. Godwin's eldest son, once my pupil; and who was one of the most abandoned young sinners I ever knew.

proper ranks. I have just now before me an author who was represented to me as a kind of second to Dodwell, for that I understand is the name of the man I have opposed, as I think I told you in my last. This author calls himself the Gentleman of Brazen-nose College, and calls his book "The Knowledge of Divine Things from Revelation, not from Reason or Nature." I am well persuaded his design is really and honestly to serve the cause of Christianity, but I think he has taken the most unhappy method imaginable for that purpose; for he maintains that it is absolutely impossible to attain any knowledge of Divine things by reason, and consequently that there is no Religion of Nature, or Law of Reason, and that all the true religion that ever has been in the world has been the effect of Revelation; and that every gleam of truth to be found among the wisest of the Heathens (whom he extols and decries in a very inconsistent manner) is to be traced up to instruction originally received from the patriarchs, Jews, or Christians*.

* It will be remembered that the opinions here so decidedly, and so justly condemned by Dr. Doddridge, are precisely those which the self-styled *evangelical* party of the present day delight to enforce.

These people, with the view of exalting the doctrine of a preternatural call, or direct conversion, hold the visible creation, and the intellectual faculties of man in slight estimation; and strangely seem to forget that by so doing they are, as far as they can prevail, subverting the all-wise ordinations of the Most High, who instituted Revelation for the purpose of confirming and perfecting those sublime convictions of the soul arising from natural impressions.

Of the reality and vast importance of Natural Religion much might be said, but nothing more conclusive than that St. Paul has referred to it as affording a law by which the Gentile world shall be finally judged.

The principles on which he goes are very much the same with those of Brown in his "Procedure of the Understanding, and Divine Analogy," but his manner of writing is greatly inferior; and, upon the whole, very little calculated either to entertain or instruct. This seems to me to be intended for the first of two or three volumes, the substance of which, if I conjecture aright, might have been easily reduced to a twelve-penny pamphlet; and even in that form would hardly have deserved reading. Yet there are interspersed, here and there, a few passages of which a wise man may make some use. Those are chiefly such as he has taken from his commonplace-book; for I hardly know a page of his own capable of giving any instruction. You will judge of the rest by this one passage, on which, while I dictated, I happened to open, that "there is no Scripture which so much as intimates that God intended his works as a means of leading men to the knowledge of himself"!

If you have not seen Mr. Blair's poem on the Grave, I will venture to recommend it to you. Its chief fault is, that most of the thoughts are too trite: some of the descriptions are great; and written much in the spirit of Shakespeare; you will, however, find many lines which contain very little poetry, and have a familiarity of expression which I cannot approve. It passed through my hands in manuscript, and received considerable alterations; yet, after all, I wish I had presumed to give it more, though, perhaps, it was altered in at least fifty places, which would have been judged either dead or low.

I was extremely sorry to hear that the old soldier

who came to you should have made so ungrateful and wicked a use of my kindness to him, and which plainly shows him to have neither sense nor honesty. I did indeed know that he had served under Major Lisle in the Irish wars, and had then been a brave soldier. I also saw marks of terrible violence upon his body, which he told me he received because he would not turn Turk; and I confess there appears to me something so extremely noble in a willingness to submit to torture rather than to renounce religion that I should be ready to bestow some uncommon relief on a Turk, or a Jew, who had suffered such things from Christians; but when to all this is added the thought of enduring such dreadful things out of a regard to Christ, I can hardly forbear honouring such persons, even where I see, as I sometimes do, that this has proceeded from very partial and defective views of religion (which it must do, if it be consistent with a wicked life, as I fear it often is,) yet there appears something so pitiable in the case that I am hardly master of my own compassions to such: and when to this was added the circumstance of his having been one of King William's soldiers, I was the more ready to help him; and, as I heard he was a Lutheran, recommended him to Mr. Sphanheimburg, to desire he might be more fully instructed by him in the principles of Christianity, of which I found him very ignorant; hoping I might thereby be a means of leading him to the true knowledge of that Saviour for whose name, if his story, which seems natural, were true, he had suffered such violent extremities;

and as he was going to his son's, in Flanders, I gave him a line to Colonel Gardiner, hoping it might be of service to him. Perhaps this was carrying the matter rather too far; but I testified no more of him than I know, and am conscious of a very good intention in the whole. I am glad, however, that you, Sir, acted as you did in the affair; and hope that you will never imagine that I should send any body to borrow money of you, or to ask any peculiar favour without a very particular recommendation. I apprehended that when I spoke of his being received at your hospitable door, I sufficiently intimated what kind of relief I intended.

I take Mr. Densham to be a very considerable man: he is to be the London tutor when Mr. Eames goes off, and is really a man very well furnished for his work, excepting that, perhaps, he is a little too systematical: as your letter intimates, his memory is wonderful.

I must conclude with telling you that, if God permit, I think of setting out for Bath the week after next, in order to fetch home my wife. I beg your prayers for our prosperous journey; and am, with my most cordial service to your good lady, and the whole family,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most faithful and affectionate humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Bear Inn, Bath, April 13, 1743.

HAPPY and long expected day! only, if at all, second to December 22nd, 1730. I am, through the Divine goodness, just arrived here, and that in perfect safety, health, and comfort; or, rather, in high joy and delight. You may perhaps guess, that before I leave this city I should be glad to see you, and a certain lady with you, whose name, if I remember aright, begins with an R. I have sent Mr. Wilkinson to find you out; not that I desire your company here immediately, but that I may learn from him where, on the whole, you think it most proper we should dine, sup, and lodge before I leave the inn, that I may give proper orders, and make suitable provision. If you think to sup with your spiritual and temporal Doctors, this house would be most convenient; or if you have any friend to whom you would make the compliment, and choose to lodge and breakfast there before you set out to-morrow, or, at least, before I set out, I shall be very well pleased, for you are lady of the ascendant! and shall dispose of me, and all that little which I can call mine, as you think fit; only I think it would tend to my more comfortable journey that somewhere or another we should lodge together. Your speedy directions by the good bearer, whom for your sake I brought with me rather than a servant, will much oblige,

My dearest Love, your very impatient

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. JOHN NORMAN.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Portsmouth, April, 14, 1743.

I DELAYED my answer to your last obliging and affectionate letter, being desirous of thanking you for that favour and for your very acceptable present, which I since received from Mrs. Fenner, at the same time, as I now heartily do. It was with high delight that I read your excellent Sermon preached at Kettering; and as the subject is so important, and the manner of considering it so solemn, that it must greatly impress every serious mind, I wish it in the hands of all ministers, and especially of such as are in the prime of life. If the noble sentiments it contains were allowed their due weight, and the judicious advice therein given approved as it deserves, and the motives which are there urged with such an engaging and commanding force, set home upon the conscience, suitable resolutions would be formed, and carried into execution with that diligence and zeal which would support the dignity of the ministerial character, and be of the greatest advantage to the people; whose cause, as you justly observe, you plead in the whole of your discourse. As to my own part, I am sure I have reason to lament my deficiencies; and the more so as my age and infirmities render me unfit for many of those services which heretofore I might have set about with vigour: but I hope that God will pardon past neglects, and accept of what I am capable of doing for his glory, and for the good of souls.

And now, worthy and dear Sir, let me thank you

for your strenuous defence of that religion, the spirit of which you are so industriously spreading. The pamphlet you have so well answered seems to be drawn up with much art; and, as the poison with which it abounds is conveyed under such a disguise, I fear it will do mischief; but your Letters are sufficient to prevent its bad effects, and will, I am persuaded, be an effectual preservative, if read without prejudice, and considered with impartiality. *The Oxford Young Gentleman's Reply* has some good things in it; but, without a compliment, it is, in my opinion, far from coming up to what you have said upon the argument. *Seagrave's* performance is a mixture which I cannot much like; and there is one thing in it not easily to be forgiven; I mean his mentioning you as representing the agency of the Spirit as *only* necessary to confirm faith, and quicken obedience; whereas, in the passage he cites, *only* is not to be found; and as he could not help seeing this, I fear he is guilty of a much greater fault than a slip of the pen, and had I any acquaintance with the gentleman I would tell him so, and persuade him to take more care; though, perhaps, it would be to little purpose, as he has thought fit to say, that, in his opinion, "*no man was ever yet argued into honesty.*"

You gave me, Sir, a great pleasure in hinting your inclination to make us another visit; but how much greater would the satisfaction be if I should live to see such a day. Believe me I should think myself highly favoured in having a person for whom I have so sincere and just an esteem under my roof;

and you may be assured of a most cordial welcome at Portsmouth, where many remember you with great honour.

I am glad to hear, dear Sir, that so many of your Sermons on Regeneration have been sold of late, as it will make way for the new edition so long expected.

I bless God I have been able to undertake my stated work for some time; but my cough returned last week with great violence; yet, I hope, as the weather is warmer, it will not be of long continuance. I shall be very glad to hear that you and all your family enjoy a confirmed state of health. My daughter joins in humble service with,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your very affectionate though unworthy Brother,

and faithful Friend,

JOHN NORMAN.

FROM CHARLES ERSKINE, ESQ.

REV. SIR,

April 28, 1743.

I HAVE, with a great deal of pleasure, seen some of your Sermons and other writings, and also some of your letters to my niece, Lady Frances Gardiner; and finding that she is in the way of corresponding with you, and that it will come safe to your hand under her cover, and from a desire to be acquainted, or to have

a sort of acquaintance with you by writing, I have taken the freedom to give you this trouble, and to let you know thereby, that the blessed work of awakening sinners and chasing them to a Redeemer, as it began some time ago to be more than ordinarily observable, so it is still increasing and spreading in various corners of this land, as I am glad to hear it is also doing in England and America, notwithstanding the restless endeavours of many of various denominations, both there and here, to discredit the blessed work, as if it were not of God, but of the devil; to which no other answer need be given than that which our Saviour himself gave (Matthew xii. 25) to the Jews, who opposed him and his work as of the devil, viz. that Satan knew that a kingdom divided against itself could not stand; and therefore was not such a fool as to forward, but on the contrary would, to the utmost of his power, oppose any such work; and in place of awakening, he would, on the contrary, do all in his power to lull the world asleep: however, as we have heard, so, blessed be the Lord, we have now in part seen it, that the Lord can soon, by a day of his power, going along with means and ordinances, make a willing people, and make dead and dry bones to live; of which we have had many obvious instances, when we had reason to fear, on various accounts, that the Lord was going to give us wholly up, which is as a bow in the clouds in this dark and gloomy day. O, that the work may go on and prosper from the rising to the setting sun; and that these sparkling beams of the Sun of Righteousness may daily increase, till they be intro-

ductory to the fulfilment of the glorious promises relative to the latter days, and the bringing in of the Jews, and the fulness of the Gentile nations to the glorious Redeemer !

Now, remembering, reverend Sir, to whom I am writing, I have reason, I own, to make an apology for my insisting so long on a subject more fit for your pen ; and must take the freedom to suggest, that I think it is a pity an exhortation should not at this critical time be given to the poor Jews, entreating them, without any bias or party prejudice, to look into what both they and we own to be the word of God, and to consider, as reasonable creatures, what is thereby intimated to them about the glorious Messiah, his origin, and the time, manner, end, and consequences of his coming both to Jews and Gentiles ; viz. that though they should for some time be blinded by prejudice, and on account of the hard treatment they had met with, first from the Gentile Heathen, and since from the Gentile Christian world, at least they who call themselves Christians, though they be really antichristian, and under cover of the name, are real enemies to, and persecutors of Christians, as well as of them, the Jews, so that, in that respect, we have been brethren sufferers with them, yet they should at last come to have their eyes opened, and to look unto him whom they pierced and mourn ; which will, as prophesied and promised, undoubtedly come to pass a little sooner or later, and introduce the glorious time when, in the blessed Shilo, Messiah, and Christ of God, all the nations of the earth shall

be blessed, and his name be exalted from the rising to the setting sun; and particularly by the Jews, whose nation, we have good reason to think, shall again be gathered together, and made observable monuments of free grace, and observably instrumental for a display of the Divine glory and faithfulness; all which, when laid before them, reverend Sir, in a proper light, by such a pen as yours, may, I hope, through the blessing of God, be made a means of awakening them, or many of them, and bringing them to think of these things in a manner that they have never yet done; which I hope we all long and pray earnestly for; and that not only for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, towards which their conversion will be observably instrumental, but also in gratitude to them, whose patriarchs and pious forefathers prayed for their young sister, who had then no breasts, and who is, therefore, now under a double obligation to wish and pray that the natural branch may again be grafted into the true vine, that both may join heart and hand for the preservation and yet further advancement of their Redeemer's kingdom through the distant and dark corners of the world.

I beg pardon, reverend Sir, for insisting so long to you on this matter; but the subject has for some time dwelt strongly upon my mind, and I could not help having an earnest desire that something to the above purpose should be put hand to; and it was a great pleasure to me when one so fitted for the work cast up to me: and I must earnestly entreat you will think seriously of it, and put hand to it in any form you may think most proper, and either reason with them

in an introductory and prefatory way, or by way of a postscript to the various prophecies and promises in the Old Testament relative to the Messiah, and the plain and literal fulfilment of them, as held out in the New Testament; of which I do not remember seeing a more exact and full account than what Beveridge, Bishop of St. Asaph, has, towards the end of the second article of the book called his *Private Thoughts upon Religion*.

I have, I own, very great reason to beg pardon for the freedom I have taken in troubling you with so long a letter; but, considering the importance of the subject, and the valuable consequences that may, and I hope will attend the abovementioned work, if undertaken by a hand so fit for it, I hope you will excuse me; I shall add no more but that I am,

Reverend Sir,

Your most sincere Wellwisher

and most humble Servant,

CHARLES ERSKINE.

SECTION II.

Additional Thoughts on the Mode of Ordination practised by Dissenters; some Remarks on the Domestic Character of certain Letters; and a Continuation of the previous Correspondence.

A CLAUSE in a letter from Dr. Doddridge to Dr. Clarke, dated March 19th, 1743, tends so strongly to corroborate the sentiments expressed in the fourth section of the first volume, that I feel desirous of recalling the reader's attention to the important question there discussed.

In the passage alluded to, the Doctor states, that a gentleman, then his pupil, was chosen by a dissenting church at Gloucester to succeed their late pastor, Mr. Cole. That this proceeding, although most unusual, was not in itself irregular, or disapproved of by his tutor, may be gathered from the conclusion of the sentence, "and which is something peculiar, that church, after much deliberation, and many weeks' proof of him, unanimously invited him to the pastoral office, which invitation he has accepted, though he still continues with me." That this gentleman had nearly completed his academical course, and that he was fully competent to discharge the momentous duties before him, may be safely assumed; the leading point is, that he accepted the sacerdotal office previous to ordination.

On this fact I submit, as in the former instance was inferred, that the ceremony of ordination, however becoming, and constantly used, is not essential to the

pastoral authority according to the principles of non-conformity.

I would not here be supposed to argue that the dignity of the ministerial character was at *that period*, from this circumstance impaired; so far from it, the act of a theological student in devoting several years to the acquisition of professional knowledge, under a watchful moral scrutiny, and the solemn sanction bestowed by the deliberate choice of a competent church society, constitute in themselves a more effectual consecration to the sacred office than any summary ceremony can alone bestow. The form called ordination by the dissenters is also calculated to add to the respectability of their pastors; and were a form of ordination, in the more strict sense of the term, introduced as an indispensable admission to the pulpit, the present ceremony might be judiciously retained as an installation, and, as at present, repeated on the removal of a minister from one charge to another*.

The whole matter, as formerly conducted, was a usage so well regulated by feelings of mutual caution and propriety, that its possible abuse was as little thought of as practised. About this period, however, the wild tide of enthusiasm which broke in, under the reign of methodism, in a great measure, washed up the landmarks of sober discretion, which had rendered the old practice satisfactory.

* I am aware that some gentlemen, who love the *letter* of the law, will observe that "the rite of ordination is not repeated;" to such I answer, that the opening of a chapel with a new minister is the same thing, with another name.

These good people, the methodists, who fancied themselves "the salt of the earth," and the especial champions of episcopacy, followed the example of the Church, in expecting the acknowledgment of a *call* from those who wished to become spiritual teachers. But while they retained the mystical part of the affair, the proofs of human learning, which the Church also demands, being a little inconvenient, were readily overlooked, and thus arose a swarm of "local preachers."

Such spiritual recruits, in the first instance, were but the satellites of Wesley, who might be said to have held them like chaff in the palm of his hand; and if, when the wind of trial blew upon them, a few grains of wheat appeared, to have carefully planted them, while he left the husks to scatter at random.

Of these disbanded preachers many edged their way into empty pulpits among the nonconformists, and when once seated found little difficulty in *arranging their own* ordinations.

From that time to the present day, the phalanx of dissenting ministers has presented a heterogeneous aspect. They have never been without men of solid learning and sterling piety; but it must be admitted that situations of much importance have been occasionally held by persons whose moral worth and religious zeal have not had a due influence for want of more artificial advantages.

With regard to lay preachers it may be remarked, that although they are still retained by the Wesleyan Society, yet, from the judicious regulations enforced, it can only be benefited by their presence, as no local

influence can force them beyond their due subordinate station ; and yet, if here and there a man of superior talent should appear, the Conference can easily raise him to the situation of a regular preacher. On the other hand, with respect to the dissenters, the case is very different ; each of their Church Societies exercises an irresponsible jurisdiction in the choice of a minister ; it, therefore, naturally ensues that the success of a candidate may sometimes depend on local prejudice and private influence, rather than on the eligibility of the party proposed.

It is to this isolated condition of Church Societies that the weakness which has too generally marked the Dissenters, as a public body, may be mainly attributed ; a feature which, while it has been a theme of exultation to the enemies of religious freedom, has not been altogether overlooked by dissenting pastors, who have frequently formed associations among themselves for the better support of their common interest.

Such unions are not without their advantages ; but to give a body so respectable in point of numbers, property, and intelligence as the Dissenters their becoming weight, the different congregations of each denomination should form themselves into *Lay Associations*, for their mutual support on all occasions in which the common principles they espouse might stand affected.

Combinations so instituted would have it in their power to guard against the mistakes of incompetent Church Societies, and the *intrigues* of private individuals, by appointing Committees authorized to recommend ministerial candidates in cases of vacancy ; all

such candidates having been *previously* ordained by a determined number of noneonformist Pastors, after a *public* examination, affording proofs that the young men in question, in addition to a due knowledge of theology, had received the advantages of a sound classical education, with a competent introduction to the liberal sciences.

It is almost unnecessary to remark that the proceedings of such committees should be regularly published; and it is equally evident that while their existence would not impugn the free agency of the churches represented, their services would eminently raise the character of the Dissenters as a general body, and thus prove beneficial to the community at large.

Another topic on which I feel desirous to remark, is the domestic portion of the letters hitherto contained in the present volume. Of these, although the number is considerable, yet it may be proper to observe that they form but a small part of those in existence of relative dates; and of those published, it may be said, that some, which on a cursory reading may appear altogether of a private nature, will yet, from their connexion, be found to explain shades of feeling highly interesting to those who delight in the study of human character.

The emotions of anxious tenderness and ardent esteem, which pervade almost every sentence written by the Doctor to Mrs. Doddridge, are perfectly in unison with the cordial glow of manly affection which so deeply imbued the opening scenes of his life. They afford, indeed, a delightful proof, that in a well regu-

lated mind those sympathies of the heart, which ascetic zealots have represented as almost incompatible with wisdom, and which too often melt away before the coarse realities of life, as the tints of the morning fade in the searching beams of day; that these budding flowers of paradise, instead of being chilled by the influence of religion, are cherished by its holy warmth, until they grow with our hopes, and strengthen with our years.

Among the effeminate refinements of ultra delicacy no cant is more absurd than that which affects to consider the conjugal affections as a subject of too sacred a nature for detailed remark, or only becoming the pages of fictitious narrative; as if the most amiable attendant in the train of Virtue should alone be veiled, and the brow of Honour wear the symbol of abasement. From a passage in a letter from Mr. Bruce, and in other instances, the reader may have observed that Dr. Doddridge disregarded these frigid frowns of equivocal Prudery, which can at best but remind us of Swift's definition of a *nice* man! and yet it must be understood, that while the Doctor was ever ready to yield the chastening charms of female society their proper influence, he was far from abrogating the just prerogative of masculine sway; an amusing instance of which occurred in a mixed company, when the superior authority of the "lords of the creation" was duly vindicated, as the following anecdote will avouch: "Dr. Doddridge and a Lady of his acquaintance were once disputing before a large company concerning the authority of the Husband over the Wife, when the Doctor overcame in the

argument, and the Lady, unable to restrain herself on being vanquished in so tender a point, arose from her chair, and going up to the Doctor, half in jest and half in earnest, gave him a stroke with her fan; the Doctor, on receiving this rough treatment, looked a little grave, and after a silence of a few minutes, spoke the following lines, to the visible confusion of his blushing antagonist :

“ Fidelio once most unhappily said,
 However such nonsense came into his head,
 That the Sex he had loved and studied so long
 Had their fancies and passions a little too strong !
 Sabrina grew warm at a charge so unjust,
 To plead for the Fair she was ever the first,
 And their Wisdom at once in her anger appears,
 When to answer his Reasons she boxes his ears.”

TO THE REV. MR. WITTON*.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Northampton, June 8, 1743.

I AM much concerned at the anxiety and disturbance which Mr. Wesley's coming into your neighbourhood has occasioned. You are pleased to ask my advice, and, therefore, I give it you as well as I can in this hasty moment, though I am sensible your own superior wisdom and experience render it unnecessary. I think the gentlest methods will be the most effectual: opposition will but give strength to the faction if it be attended with violence and heat. Should Mr. Wesley come hither, as perhaps he may, and excite such a

* This gentleman was the son-in-law of the truly excellent Mr. Philip Henry.

flame among the weaker part of my hearers, I would appoint some stated season of meeting once a week, with a few steady and experienced brethren of the church, that an hour or two might be spent in prayer and consultation, as new incidents might arise within the sphere of our personal observation. I would endeavour, by Divine assistance, to renew my zeal in preaching the great truths of the Gospel, and in visiting and exhorting my hearers. I would, with great meekness and compassion, and yet with great solemnity, admonish the persons attacked by the contagion, and lay open before them, with all the mildness and strength I could, the absurd nature, and mischievous tendency of the views they had rashly entertained; and I would, as God enabled me, pray earnestly for them; and should, I hope, consider such a disagreeable scene as calling me to a more accurate survey of my heart, my life, and my ministry; to a renewed surrender of myself to my great Master, and a more solicitous care to maintain communion with him in every duty, and to do every thing in his name, with renewed and earnest prayers for guidance and success.

With regard to any particular opponent, so long as he seemed to mean well, I would think and speak of him as an erring brother, with due respect and tenderness, yet gently blaming what was apparently disorderly. But if I should discover any thing that looked like the wolf's skin under that of the sheep, I would keep my eye upon him, till I could take a safe and a sure hold; and then I would spare no pains to uncase the enemy of the flock, and, with the assistance of my fellow shepherds, to hunt him down with a loud cry;

an action which, in that case, would no doubt be highly acceptable to Christ, and useful to the church, and, therefore, well worthy of that upright, humble, and benevolent person whom I am now addressing. If nothing of this kind appeared, and I saw sinners reclaimed, though not just in the way I could most have wished, I would endeavour to rejoice that Christ was preached. If dangerous errors were intermingled with the Gospel in their congregation (which I would sometimes attend, or get some prudent friend to do so), I would endeavour to establish the contrary truths, but would decline controversy as much as I could with a safe conscience. And if on the whole a few were drawn off from my ministry, I should hope that on my prosecuting my work with continued vigour and fidelity, that God, in whose hand are all hearts, would either bring them back in time, or raise up others to fill their places.

This, dear Sir, so far as I can at present judge, is the method I should incline to take, and I believe it is what you are taking yourself. I hope I shall be quickened to pray that it may succeed; and to hear that the cloud is blown over will give me great pleasure. Your good son goes on very well; yet were he rather more active it were still better. My wife, who is through Divine mercy finely recovered, joins in the most cordial services to yourself, good Mrs. Witton, and the family, with,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother and humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. I beg that you would please to give my services to my brethren in your neighbourhood ; particularly Mr. Edge, with whom I heartily condole on the death of the amiable child you mention. I know how to pity him. May God abundantly sanctify the stroke.

Please also to make my services acceptable to Mr. Kendal's family. May my pupil Mr. Henry Kendal be an instrument of great good in the world, and be honoured as the means of supporting, propagating, and adorning the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, so much neglected by some, and so sadly misrepresented by others.

FROM THE REV. DAVID JENNINGS, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

June 27, 1743.

It is impossible for me not to interest myself deeply in your troubles ; and I hardly know any thing that would give me more pleasure, than to be the means of your relief. But as to the particular case in which you do me the honour to ask my advice, since I know not in what manner the young gentleman has professed his notions, I am much at a loss what advice to offer. If any person should impertinently set himself to vend and propagate erroneous notions to the disturbance of the peace of the church he relates to, I should think that church would be very justifiable in dismissing such a troublesome member ; I will not say for being a coxcomb, but for walking contrary to

the Gospel rule, which makes it the duty of the members of Christian churches to follow after the things that make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another ; and which also directs Christian churches to mark those who cause divisions and offences, and to avoid them. But supposing the young gentleman has had a proper and necessary call to profess his notions, and that he does it with becoming modesty and humility, still I must think that a Church has as much right to follow its own light as any particular Member has to follow his ; and I can be no more for imposing a Member upon a Church with which it cannot be easy, than I can be for imposing an article of faith upon any man which he cannot believe. I conceive, with Dr. Stebbing, that a person may be a heretic to one Church and not to another, and to both and yet not to God ! I am persuaded the principles of true independency, which are surely the true principles of Christian liberty, will be the wisest and safest to act upon in this affair, if healing counsels will not prevent its coming before the Church : yet, however the Church may proceed, it will act only for itself ; it can establish no test for any other ; if some flame should arise it must be confined within its own walls, and a little yielding and prudence will probably soon quench it. I do not know that the minister's concurrence is necessary, any further than merely as chairman to deliver the opinion or sentence of the majority of the Church.

I know not what more particular advice to give ; and if I did I must confess I doubt of my own courage

to offer it. Your late letter to Mr. Mason has made me, perhaps, over cautious; but give me leave to say, dear Sir, was it prudent, was it kind, to expose your friends by name, to be baited by the methodists, as their opposers? If you really desired the advice of any of these your friends about prefacing the book, how much better would it have been to have written to themselves than to Mr. Mason! Indeed, Sir, you very much wrong our friendship while you harbour the least suspicion of our inclination to discard a friend that we dearly love, for not breaking off all correspondence with Mr. Whitfield. But would it be *right before God* for Coward's trustees not to be solicitous to have their pupils trained up in the words and ways of truth and soberness? and would it be right and friendly to stand by unconcerned and see our friend and tutor's credit, and consequently his usefulness, so greatly impaired, and not offer the best advice we can to remedy an evil that gives us so deep a concern. I doubt not but integrity and uprightness will preserve you; and I pray God, that prudence may guide you.

As to the gentlemen of the new scheme, I know the party too well to believe you have lost any interest by opposing their plan, which you would have had without embracing it. If you really have lost any interest of late, it must be owing to another cause. I believe I should have guessed, if you had not told me, what sort of people those are who are for raising a flame in your church, from the disturbances which the same sort of people have of late given to

some churches in London. Does this look like the wisdom that cometh down from the Father of Light, who is not the author of confusion, (ἀκαταστασίας) but of peace, as in all the churches of the saints? I wish your own experience may not in time convince you that the advice which has been hinted to you by some of your heartiest friends was not altogether impertinent; and amongst those I trust you will always find cause to number,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother and humble Servant,

D. JENNINGS.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Stratford upon Avon,
 MY VERY GOOD DEAR, July 12, 1743, Tuesday morning.

As I know your tenderness will be solicitous about me, I think it my duty to let you know that, through the care of Divine Providence, I am very well, notwithstanding the perils of Friday, and the labours of the Sabbath. My great desire to preserve the plan of my journey unbroken carried me out of Daventry under a cloud, about five in the afternoon. I was soon driven to a very mean and inconvenient shelter, from which, between six and seven, I was tempted out again, when, much to my grief, the rain increased, so that before I had rode three miles, I was wet to the skin, almost from my shoulders to my toes, as the Hottentot beaux are anointed with bear's grease.

At length I came to a wretched inn, at Southam, where all the best rooms, sorry as they were, were taken up, and I was obliged to submit to a flock bed, very ill made, which my landlady, nevertheless, strenuously maintained to be a very good one. After a large glass of brandy, I had my bed warmed, and immediately went into it, while poor Mr. Ashworth* bestowed much labour in making them dry my waistcoat, boots, coats, &c. all which might have been wrung, and would have afforded a plentiful stream. I supped like the King, in bed, on poached eggs, and afterwards got a large draught of sack whey; and so the whole matter, through the goodness of God, passed off, and I took not the least cold, but was well enough on Lord's day to go through my whole work with ease and pleasure.

The roads are not only very slippery, but in some places deep, and we had thirty-five gates between this and the last market town, most of them very heavy, and made fast with latches; nevertheless, I bless God, my journey was safe, and I hope will continue so. I have received a kind letter from Mr. Humphreys of Upton, desiring a visit and sermon there; but I see not how I can comply with the request.

I had on Saturday the pleasure of seeing Shakespeare's tomb and epitaph, as also the monument of a celebrated person who died at sixty, and a maid, if her tombstone fibs not. She came from *Nonsuch*, in Surrey, and is buried at the feet of the Lady Carew,

* Then the Doctor's pupil, and afterwards well known and highly respected as Dr. Ashworth, the theological tutor of the Academy at Daventry.

whose waiting woman she was, and who, that she might continue a maid no longer, is said to have jumped out of a window three stories high! Near her is buried "a goddess," who died in her lover's arms just before their marriage was to have been consummated, whose tombstone is covered with blasphemy. She lies near the "Devil's John-a-Combe," of whom you have often heard me speak, and whose grave I had also the pleasure of seeing*.

In this church I also saw a charnel house, in which there might, I suppose, be the bones of more than a thousand human bodies. There I received, from the old woman who showed me all these things, a curious and edifying lecture on the distinction of the male and female, as "marked out in the forehead of every skull!" I also met with a charming lady in the chancel with whom I could have been very glad of

* The story alluded to is told by Rowe, in his Sketch of the Life of Shakespeare.

After acquainting us that our great national poet, having acquired a competent fortune, spent the close of his life, as the wise and the good must ever wish, in retirement, and in the bosom of his friends, he mentions, that among the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, "he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman, noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury. It happened that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakespeare, in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he chanced to outlive him; and that, since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakespeare gave him these lines:

"Ten in the hundred lies here engraved;
 'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved!
 If any man ask, 'Who lies in this tomb?'
 'Oh! oh!' quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.'"

further conversation. She was, indeed, a woman of surprising sense, and I left her with more regret than I could have imagined so short an interview would have produced. But it is more than time I should conclude, which I am the more willing to do as I have so good an opportunity of making you the true compliment of telling you that how much soever I was charmed with this unknown fair, I am—I had almost said infinitely more, but, modestly speaking, a thousand times more

Your passionate Admirer and faithful humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

It begins to clear up, so I have not time to fill the remainder of my paper. Remember me kindly to the dear children. Mr. Hewson's friends expect and long to see him here. I really think Providence has pointed out a very agreeable settlement for him, though it be only the ruins of an interest, demolished by some of our modern Apollyons.

FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Million Bank, July, 1743.

THE report which you heard of my honoured father's death was too well founded, if it is becoming the filial gratitude I owe his memory to seem to repine at my own loss, in an event which I am satisfied is greatly to his advantage; especially when it is considered that his nobler powers were so much obscured,

even in the sight of his friends, as they have been for some time past by the bodily decays he laboured under. But notwithstanding all the admirable reliefs which Reason and Faith afford under the uneasiness which nature feels on the loss of so near and so desirable a relative, and the many circumstances of weakness which may seem to make dissolution less formidable, yet the parting season will be gloomy, the breathless corpse of a once dear and valuable friend will affect us; and the carrying out of our house, and leaving behind us in the solitary tomb, all that was visible of so venerable a father, strikes a damp on the spirits which is not easily overcome.

I bless God, that in all sensible intervals, during his last illness, my father enjoyed an uncommon serenity of mind, and behaved and died in a manner becoming a Minister and a Christian. Mr. Jennings is to preach his funeral sermon to-morrow. I would request your prayers that we may none of us be wanting in a due improvement either of his good instructions or example.

I shall send a mourning ring for you to Mr. Fenner, of which I beg your acceptance, in memory of the deceased; and as a token of the respect with which I am,

Dear Sir, your most humble Servant,

NATHANIEL NEAL.

P. S. I heard my uncle Lardner mention his having sent you a complete edition of his works.

FROM THE REV. R. BLAIR, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Cranshaws, July 28, 1743. "

I WRITE this from Cranshaws, situated in the midst of hills and heaths, where I have been for some time, for the benefit of drinking goats' whey, a medicine very strongly recommended to me by my physician for cooling and sweetening my blood.

I should be much pleased to see the Friendly Instructor, as also your Account, in verse, of the Principles of Religion for the Benefit of Little Children, though there are none of the branches of my own little family so far grown as to be able for such exercises. It is little more than five years since I changed my condition, by marrying the worthy daughter of a gentleman, a kinsman of my own, and for many years the ornament of the University of Edinburgh; and God has been pleased to bless me with four sons, all of them very pleasant and hopeful children. I return you thanks in their name for the hearty and affectionate concern you have expressed in their behalf, and may the same blessings you ask for them, and whatever else your heavenly Father knows to be convenient for you, be abundantly poured down upon you and yours. There is bread enough in our Father's house, and to spare. I am pleased to hear that your work on the Rise and Progress of Religion is in such forwardness for the press; I hope it shall be for the good of many souls. I am much refreshed with the accounts you give of the state of religion in that part of the country where

you reside, and the hopes you conceive of its revival in other places where it once flourished : I wish, from the bottom of my heart, I could keep pace with you, in saying the same things. The people of Scotland dare not say that they are strangers to plain and serious preaching; and yet, alas! our leanness! our leanness! A blind zeal about the minutiae of religion seems, with many, to have swallowed up every other concern. I have been long persuaded that if the work of religion is to be carried on amongst a people, it must be by the means of plain, serious, and affectionate preaching: let the wise men, and disputers of this world laugh at it as they may, yet sure I am, it is by this kind of "*foolishness*" that a wise God is pleased to save those who believe. Dry philosophical discourses, let their composition be ever so skilful, I am afraid will do but little good. Methinks they are like the sun in winter; they shine, indeed, but then at the same time they are altogether unproductive.

I wish you would give me your opinion of Mr. Whitfield, a man who has made abundance of noise in the world. I never in my life knew any person so much idolized by some, and railed at by others. I rejoice much to hear of the continuance of your health; I pray that God may long preserve a life of such extensive usefulness; and may the young men under your care more than answer the good hopes you have conceived of them. I am,

Dear Sir, your affectionate Brother

and obliged humble Servant,

ROBERT BLAIR.

FROM THE REV. DAVID LONGUEVILLE*.

Amsterdam,
Aug. 15, 1743.

VERY REV. AND WORTHY SIR,

YOUR former letters have yielded me no small pleasure, both from their generous friendly temper, and a sweet vein of mild Christianity which abound through them all; but this which I have now before me comes in more seasonably than any of the former.

In my last my heart breathed out its complaints as into the bosom of a father, a faithful friend and counsellor: the very doing of this was an unburdening of my soul, and I fancied myself eased and quieted thereby, which seemed to forbode something from your hand of comfort and direction; so that the pleasure, which your last letter gives me, was fully anticipated, and my warm imagination had almost prophesied. God is, indeed, kind to me in raising up a distant unknown person to be of great benefit to me, in various cases of deepest distress; and all I can say in return is, that my heart is truly thankful to Him, and grateful to you. My sorrows are at present a little hushed, but I am afraid this calm is only to prepare me for a greater storm;—I often find a return of the same pains, and, indeed, cannot say I am, in a whole week, one hour free; but I am doing my best (and may our good God help me to do better) in setting my house in order; though, alas! every former cordial seems to have lost its power, and the terrors of death to have entered my heart; to the present silencing of almost every Divine consolation. This

* Then pastor of the English Protestant Church at Amsterdam.

bears hard upon me; sometimes God smiles upon my soul, but, as the clouds return after the rain, my glory soon departs. The buffetings of Satan, the terrors of seemingly approaching death, the hidings of God's fatherly countenance, render my present case an uneasy one, and deserving the sympathy of good men, and their assisting hand when they get near to God, which is the reason of my mentioning these things to you. I have, since my last, had trial upon trial; my spouse having been delivered of a daughter, has twice since been brought to the gates of death, which you know goes very near a tender heart. I thought I could have resigned my all, at his fatherly call, to God! but I find myself much mistaken; for, as yet, I have not been able to resign either mother or child;—for this God may most righteously chastise me. But, O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath!

Another great and uncommon trial which I have since met with, was an attempt made by a young gentleman of my charge upon my life, by a dagger, in the time of public worship; from whose bad intentions, God, who restrains the wrath of the wicked, in his great mercy, set me free. I have it in my power to get full satisfaction from the civil magistrate; and though most of my acquaintance here were of opinion that I should complain, yet I have not, and will not, because the laws are prodigiously severe upon such an offender, and would infallibly ruin the young man, for whom, and a worthy relation of his, I have a great regard; and I have been willing, though the injury intended me, and the affront are great, to make no complaint to justice, that I may be

able, by God's strength, to give a public example of a forgiving and Christlike temper. . . . But the Consistory are proceeding, with the greatest circumspection, and with the gentleness of Christ, to bring the unhappy lad to censure, which hitherto he despises. . . .

I have communicated your services and good wishes to my colleague, and to the gentlemen of the Consistory, by which they think themselves highly honoured ; and with great cheerfulness, as continuing very sensible of their obligations to you, desire me to recommend them and the interests of our society to your prayers and good wishes, with their sincerest thanks for what you have so kindly done in our behalf. My intention is to send for a number of your Sermons on Regeneration, of the cheap edition, and there shall be but few families of my charge who shall not be possessed of them ; and as for those who cannot pay for them, I can very well afford to give them such a valuable present. I have often thought that I had a great deal to do, and much upon my hands since I came here, but your application and diligence for the benefit of mankind make me ashamed. I own I long for your third volume, and am sorry any thing should interpose between this and the public's good ; but those two other undertakings which you mention are noble themes for such a pen ; in all which labours, I pray the Divine Spirit may breathe upon your soul. . . . There is one great duty much, yea almost universally neglected here, viz. family prayer. I wish some *such* useful pen would undertake a short plain treatise upon that subject. The welfare and happiness of your young family is an addition to mine ; and I pray God that they

may grow in wisdom and stature, and in favour both with God and man. The Poem of Mr. Blair I have not seen; and I hear Mr. Thompson has published a poem called "The Castle of Indolence," of which, together with my Lord Harvey's book, I beg your opinion. I beg pardon for detaining you so long from more momentous affairs, in all which I pray God may be with your body and spirit, and succeed all your labours, for your comfort and encouragement here, and your greater reward hereafter; with these wishes I conclude myself,

Very Reverend and Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Brother

and most obliged humble Servant,

DAVID LONGUEVILLE.

FROM THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Stoke Newington, Sept. 20, 1743.

I HAVE run over your Principles of the Christian Religion in Verse. I find but very few words to alter, and am so much pleased with them that I am very glad they will be shortly printed, and, perhaps may do more good than ever my little Songs did. I pray God to give you all success herein; but I cannot but think they should be introduced with a preface.

I am sorry that since your departure I have had many questions asked me about your preaching or praying at the Tabernacle, and of sinking the character of a Minister, and especially of a Tutor, among

the dissenters so low thereby. I find many of your friends entertain this idea; but I can give no answer, as not knowing how much you have been engaged there. I pray God to guard us from every temptation.

I find since the Errors of the Moravians are reprinted here in England, that their doctrines are worse than I imagined, though I had before read Count Zinzendorf's Sermons.

Since you were pleased to read me some chapters of the Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul, I am the more zealous for its speedy conclusion and publication, and beg you would not suffer any other matters to divert your attention, since I question whether you can do any thing more necessary.

My health is just the same as when you saw me. I wait hourly on the will of God.

Farewell dear Sir. Grace be with you always. Amen.

Yours affectionately,

I. WATTS.

FROM THE BISHOP OF OXFORD*.

SIR,

Cuddesden, Sept. 29, 1743.

I RETURN you many thanks for your favourable opinion both of my Sermon and its author, though expressed in a manner which you would have forborne if you

* Among the many eminent men who, by their learning and Christian zeal, have reflected honour on the Established Church, Archbishop Secker has been surpassed by few. But while the members of the Hierarchy feel a becoming pride in the possession of

had known me better; for plain men should be treated in a plain way. Let us all endeavour to do what good we can, and give those who seem to endeavour it faithfully, the comfort of knowing that we think they do; but never let us tempt one another to forget that we are unprofitable servants.

I am in no danger of transgressing this rule, when I say, that I have read your works with great satisfaction, and, I hope, some benefit; and both rejoice

such a man, they should remember that they owe him to the Non-conformists, among whom he was born, and to whose Academies he was indebted for those substantial theological acquirements which shed a splendour on his episcopal elevation, and that enlightened candour which gave a grace to his Christian profession.

It appears that his father resided on a paternal estate at Sibthorp, in Nottinghamshire, where the present subject of our attention was born, in 1693. After the usual school education, his father placed him at a nonconformist Academy at Atterscliff, near Sheffield, and afterwards removed him to the celebrated establishment of the same kind, conducted by Mr. Jones, at Tewkesbury. It is stated that the result of this plan was [^] that at the age of nineteen, besides a good progress in classical literature, he had acquired a knowledge of Hebrew and its dialects; of Logic, and the several branches of the Mathematics; and had gone through a course of Jewish antiquities, *preparatory* to the study of the Bible. He was at that time destined for the Ministry among the Dissenters, and during some subsequent years he assiduously read such works in doctrinal and historical Theology as might qualify him for that office."

These views were, however, dissipated by the uneasiness he felt at the spirit of disunion on the subject of creeds which then began to manifest itself among the dissenters. Accordingly we find that at the age of twenty-three he turned his thoughts to physic; and after attending medical lectures in London for two years, he went for further improvement to Paris, and there devoted his attention to every branch of the healing art. "During all this time he kept up a correspondence with his fellow student at Tewkesbury, Mr. Butler, afterwards Bishop of Durham. This eminent person had now taken orders, and was

and wonder that in the midst of your other occupations you continue able, as I pray God you long may, to oblige your fellow Christians so often and so highly from the press. Indeed it must and ought to be owned, in general, that the dissenters have done excellently of late years in the service of Christianity; and I hope our common warfare will make us chiefly attentive to our common interest, and unite us in a closer alliance. I believe, on the best inquiry I can

become preacher to the Rolls; one of his intimate friends was Mr. Edward Talbot, son of Bishop Talbot; to him Butler mentioned Secker in such a manner that a promise was obtained, that in case Secker chose to take orders in the Church of England, he would engage his father, the Bishop, to provide for him."

The biographer goes on to observe that "a prospect was opened for a comfortable settlement for life without the struggles and anxieties attendant upon the pursuit of medical success. It is needless to seek further for the motives which induced him to embrace the offer."

In accordance with these advantageous views, he became a nominal student at Oxford, having already received the degree of M. D. from the University of Leyden. In 1722 he was ordained, and appointed his domestic chaplain, by Bishop Talbot, who then filled the See of Durham, and soon afterwards presented to the valuable Rectory of Houghton-le-Spring, in Durham. He was next nominated one of the King's chaplains, and became Rector of St. James in 1733, "when he went to Oxford to take the degree of Doctor of Laws, and there preached an Act sermon on the Advantages and Duties of Academical Education, which was regarded a masterpiece of sound reasoning and good composition. It was printed at the desire of the Heads of Houses, and passed through several editions." He was consecrated Bishop of Bristol in 1733, translated to Oxford in 1737, and made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1758.

He published some excellent Sermons, and "gave considerable assistance to Dr. Church in his writings against Middleton and Bolingbroke, and to Archdeacon Sharp, in his controversy with the followers of Hutcheson."

His death occurred in 1768, in the 75th year of his age.

make, that what I have said in favour of our charity schools is true; and you do very well to propagate a sense of religion amongst your own people by the same method. I have read Dr. Watts's Essay on the subject, which fell into my hands but yesterday, with much pleasure, and a little surprise to see in how many points we have coincided: an evidence, I presume, that we are both in the right.

I congratulate you heartily on the prospect you have of success in your Hospital; and as I am very sensible of what peculiar advantage it would be to have one at Oxford, so I have not only taken all opportunities of expressing and inculcating my opinion, but should long before now have made some trial as to what could be done in the matter, if hopes had not been given me, that Dr. Radcliffe's trustees, when his library is finished, may employ some part of the residue of his money in this excellent work. You were much to blame in not letting me see you at Gloucester; and the Bishop, when he knows it, will be as sorry as I am, that you passed by us in the manner you did*. The time of my being in town and that of your coming thither I am afraid are different; but if any occasion should bring you near me, either there or here, I beg you will not think you need any introducer, for I am, with great esteem and regard, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

THO. OXFORD.

* The see of Gloucester was then held by Secker's brother-in-law, Dr. Benson.

FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Million Bank, Oct. 11, 1743.

It was with the utmost concern that I received the information of Mr. Whitfield's having preached last week in your pulpit, and that I attended the meeting of the trustees* this day, when that matter was canvassed, and that I now find myself obliged to apprise you of the very great uneasiness which your conduct herein has occasioned them.

The many characters you sustain with so much honour, and in which I reverence you so highly, make me ashamed; and the character I sustain, of your friend, makes it extremely irksome for me to express any sentiments as mine, which may seem to arraign your conduct; but when I reflect in how disadvantageous a light your regard to the methodists has for some considerable time placed you in the opinion of many whom, I have reason to believe, you esteem amongst your most judicious and hearty friends, and what an advantage it has given against you to your secret and avowed enemies, of either of which facts I believe you are not in any just degree sensible, I could run any hazard of your censure rather than that you should remain unapprized of these facts.

You cannot be ignorant how obnoxious the imprudencies committed, or alleged to be committed, by some of the methodists have rendered them to great numbers of people; and though, indeed, supposing they have

* Of Mr. Coward's benefaction.

a spirit of religion amongst them to be found no where else, so that a man would, for his own sake, and at any temporal hazard; take his lot amongst them; yet, if besides their reputation for a forward and indiscreet zeal, and an unsettled injudicious way of thinking and behaving, they have nothing to distinguish them from other serious and devout Christians, surely every man would choose to have as little concern with them as possible. But in the case of such a public character, and so extensive a province for the service of religion as yours, it seems to me a point well worth considering, whether, supposing even the ill opinion the world entertains of them to be groundless, it is a right thing to risk such a prospect as Providence has opened before you, of eminent and distinguished usefulness, for the sake of any good you are likely to do amongst these people.

For my own part, I have had the misfortune of observing, and I must not conceal it from you, that wherever I have heard it mentioned that Dr. Doddridge countenanced the methodists, and it has been the subject of conversation much oftener than I could have wished, I have heard it constantly spoken of by his friends with concern, as threatening a great diminution of his usefulness, and by his adversaries with a sneer of triumph.

The trustees are particularly in pain for it, with regard to your Academy; as they know it is an objection made to it by some persons in all appearance seriously, and by others craftily; and yet they are almost afraid of giving their thoughts even in the

most private manner concerning it, lest it should be made an occasion of drawing them into a public opposition to the methodists, as they are likely to be in some measure by your letter to Mr. Mason (excusing your prefixing a recommendation of a book of theirs without the advice of the trustees), which letter they have desired me to inform you has given them great offence.

What weight these considerations will or ought to have with you I cannot determine; as I have thrown them together in a good deal of haste, I am afraid lest I should have said any thing in such a manner as may justly give you offence: this, however, I am sure of, that you will not read any such line with more pain than that in which I wrote it. If I have used any assuming language, my heart did not dictate it; if I have betrayed any earnestness or warmth unbecoming the deference due to your superior judgment, impute it to the passionate regard I bear to so great and so valuable a character: if, on the other hand, I have said any thing worthy your consideration, I am persuaded it will have its weight, notwithstanding any disadvantage from the mode of saying it, and the person who says it, especially when I assure you that that alone which you may find in it becoming the sincerity and affection of a friend, and the respect and veneration due to a man of eminent learning and piety, has the approbation of,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and faithful humble Servant,

NATHANIEL NEAL.

FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Oct. 15, 1743.

THE candid reception you gave my last of the 11th instant, I impute principally to your own condescending and friendly disposition, and next to the credit you gave to that simplicity of intention with which it was written, and whercin alone I can in any way be sure that it was not defective.

I am not insensible, Sir, that the respect many of your people bore to Mr. Whitfield, and your own acquaintance with him, must have made it a matter of difficulty for you entirely to have avoided showing him some polite regards on his coming to Northampton : and I greatly rejoice in being furnished with so particular an account of the circumstances attending his visit, that may enable me to say, you were so far at that time from seeking his preaching in your pulpit, that you took several steps, and indeed all that you thought you could prudently venture on, and such as might, if they had succeeded, have been sufficient to have prevented it ; which I doubt not will, and I am sure ought, to have some weight with those who censure this step on the ground of imprudence. I could only wish that I were able to make these circumstances known as far as that censure is likely to extend.

I should be very sorry, Sir, if you had any just reason to apprehend, that what has been written to you on this subject by any of your friends was intended to have any weight on the footing of autho-

rity. They ought to be ashamed of wishing for any greater influence over you than what their arguments, backed by the affection which all who deserve the name of your friends so justly entertain, will give them. And it is in that confidence that you will not think me so vain or so weak as to wish any greater for myself, that I venture to write another word to you on this subject.

And there is one thing which your letter gives me an occasion to suggest for your present consideration, with regard to your apprehensions of the growth of infidelity, which I am abundantly satisfied are too well founded; and that is, whether the enthusiasm and extravagancies of *weak* Christians have not furnished out some of the most specious pleas, as well as splendid triumphs of infidelity? The pamphlet of "Christianity not founded on Argument" alone sufficiently convinces me that they have; inasmuch as that pamphlet was calculated to serve the interests both of enthusiasm and deism; actually made both enthusiasts and deists, and raised a doubt, not yet, as I apprehend, fully cleared, whether the world was obliged to the one or other of these parties for that *excellent* performance.

If enthusiasts, therefore, by their principles, are laying a foundation of Deism, however they may abhor it in their intentions, it surely behoves us to see to it, that we give them no assistance in that work; and the rather, as deists are watching for every possible advantage of this kind. A remarkable instance of which was accidentally mentioned to me very

lately. In a late conversation in a mixed company of deists, the countenance which a *certain* eminent divine had given to some reputed enthusiasts was mentioned by one of the deists in support of this position,—that the most learned and considerable among Christian divines, who were really honest men, were enthusiasts. You may certainly depend on the truth of this relation.

There are, in my opinion, some innocent, nay laudable designs, which the providence of God permits to be so weakly conducted, that a Christian, however he may approve the main design, cannot, consistently with the wisdom of the serpent, so expressly recommended by our blessed Saviour to his disciples, afford any assistance: for it is not the proposing a good end, nor the rightness of intention in those who are pursuing it, that will alone justify me in concurring with, or countenancing, them in it, if the methods they take are *improper*, liable to offend some of the best friends of virtue, or give an advantage to the enemies of religion. These considerations must be weighed in the balance against expected advantages; and even if some of their methods are right, yet if they are so blended with wrong ones, that the world would not distinguish between approving some, and approving all, Prudence may justly say, I ought not to intermeddle. This surely would be a right way of reasoning in matters of a temporal nature; and I am not aware that God has given us any other maxims to go by in matters of higher importance. In all cases we can only see to it that our own conduct be right,

leaving events to God ; and if some men, aiming well, take not the right methods of promoting religion, if it be His cause, he will raise up such, in his own time, that shall ; and we are bound to wait with submission till His time comes.

Whatever might be the case in the country, we in this city should be swallowed up in a sea of deism, if the enthusiastic notions of a particular set of men should prevail ; and I meet with many persons, among those who reason upon these points, who, when they see the lengths that other people have gone in it, who set out on the same principles with themselves, begin to question whether their own serious impressions are any thing more than delusions on their imagination, and a taint of enthusiasm. And nothing seems to me a more powerful preservative to some weaker Christians, than the seeing here and there a regular prudent Christian, steady to his principles, amidst prevailing extravagancies of enthusiasm and the wiles of infidelity.

Nothing would make me forgive myself this daring presumption of venturing to expose my own sentiments on such a difficult subject to so able a casuist as I esteem you to be, but the belief, that if in any thing I am right, God can occasionally make the meanest Christian of use to the strongest ; and that wherein I may be wrong, I am sure of the gentlest correction, and most likely to meet with a return of juster sentiments. I can truly say this, that wherein I ever differ from you, I think myself to have much greater reason to suspect my own notions, than to

despise yours. My paper compels me to conclude without any other addition than that I am, with the sincerest friendship and esteem,

Reverend and dear Sir,
Your very faithful humble Servant,

NATHANIEL NEAL.

FROM THE REV. FRANCIS AYSCOUGH, D. D.

REV. SIR,

October 20, 1743.

I CAME to town last Monday, and received yours of the 8th. Your Sermon for the Hospital has not yet reached my hands, nor that which you say you design for the Princess; as soon as ever I receive it, you may depend on my presenting it to her Royal Highness. I have likewise her permission to present to the children the books you intend for their instruction in the principles of the Christian religion. I thank God they have all of them extraordinary good capacities; and I most earnestly pray God that they may have that sense of religion, without which the best parts and the greatest abilities are but the means of misery and mischief. Your endeavours for their instruction are kindly accepted, and will I hope be rewarded where, I dare say, you only expect a recompense.

I recommend myself to your prayers, and most heartily thank you for your labours in the Christian cause; and am, with great truth and sincerity,

Your affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

F. AYSCOUGH.

FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Nov. 4, 1743.

I HAD the favour and pleasure of yours of the 1st of this month, for which I return you my hearty thanks. I am sure you need make no apology for not writing to me, for as I do not deserve it, so in the multiplicity of your affairs I do not expect it. I would, if it were in my power, abate your fatigue, and lessen your cares, but never increase your hurry, or add weight to the burden already too heavy for your shoulders.

Your Hospital Sermon came to me, with your letter, yesterday. You have done justice to the cause; and I hope it will be read by all the County, and have a much more extensive effect than upon a congregation of protestant dissenters alone, or the whole body either, who are yet by no means backward in any case of real charity, as our rich and potent brethren of the Establishment well know.

I am glad to hear your Hymns will be admitted into the royal house. May they do as much good there as in cottages: every attempt towards the religious education of children is a public service, and humanity and the love of our country obliges us all to acknowledge the benefit.

I am much pleased that Bishop Secker is so much concerned for the interest of religion; and not a little, that he thinks the dissenters, bad as the times are, have done any service against infidelity.

The thanks he gives you in particular you well deserve, and it increases my pleasure to see your reputation increase. I hope the Bishop knows how you are now employed; he will, I dare say, read the performance in hand with great satisfaction: serious minds feel the benefit of serious things, let them come from what quarter they may; and as I hear that good man has a real sense of the excellency and importance of Christianity, I do not wonder he is in love with those who believe, defend, and adorn it. It is an honour to our interest that you stand so well with the sober and moderate clergy; and I cannot but wish you may secure and cherish their esteem; and for this reason I was troubled to hear of the late intercourse that happened between you and Mr. Whitfield, the consequence of which, with respect to the Church, it is easy to foresee. I will also take this occasion, with great freedom, to tell you my opinion of that people who are called methodists. I have carefully inquired after them, was willing to think well of them, loath to censure them, or hear others do so, and I still think there are pious people deluded by them; but after a candid attention to them, their proceedings appear not to me to be wise and good. Their devotion is unseasonable, irregular, and injudicious. Their sermons are low and loose, and not at all like what they seem to assume. Their spirit appears to me turbulent, unruly, and censorious. They practise upon weak people, and poor people. They call them to pray and sing when they should

be in their business or their beds; they disturb the peace and order of families, and give great uneasiness in them. What they pretend to above their neighbours appears to me mere enthusiasm. Their people are rather slothful, or mopish, or dejected, or pragmatical, than sober, discreet, judicious, exemplary, regular Christians; and I have no expectation but that methodism, like any other enthusiasm, will promote infidelity, and turn out to the hurt and damage of religion, and the souls of men. And though I judge not their hearts, views, and motives, but admit those are secret things which belong to God, yet I thought it needful very lately to warn my hearers of these people's errors, and advise them to avoid them.

I heartily sympathise with you in the cares and troubles you express in the latter part of your letter: the death of some pious useful young ministers is a dark and an afflictive providence; and the deviation of others is grievous and perplexing: but let not your heart be troubled. The cause in which we are engaged is a glorious one: if we labour to promote it with sincerity and diligence we are accepted of God. The record we have within, and on high, should keep our hearts from the wounds of sorrow. The pains you take for planting and watering the church are not in vain. You do a great deal of good, though not all you wish. It is not in our power to secure events, or command success. All the interest I have on earth I join with you and other good men in promoting our common Christianity, and all I have in

heaven,—O that it were more! Is it any? Lord, increase our faith!—I would employ for the service of souls and the support of those who strive and labour to save them.

I rejoice in your own and Mrs. Doddridge's health. I wish you a growing reputation, continued usefulness, and lasting comfort. Mrs. Barker joins with me in all proper affectionate respects, and I am,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and Brother,

J. BARKER.

FROM LORD KILKERRAN*.

REV. SIR,

Edinburgh, Nov. 10, 1743.

As the education of my children in a right way is what I have much at heart, and that as I foresee many dangers attending the usual method of sending young

* “ My Lord Kilkerran (by birth only Sir James Fergusson) is a gentleman of good estate, who by his own activity and merit got into Parliament, and then was named one of the lords of the Session, which is the supreme court here, and whose judges have the highest character and power in the nation. On the bench his character is good for his knowledge of the laws; and his integrity and address equal to any of his brethren; he is in no way fanatical, nor more superstitious than any politician of this world should be. His lady is a daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.”

The above passage is extracted from a letter addressed to Dr. Doddridge by his friend Advocate Dickson, dated Edinburgh, Nov. 12, 1743.

gentlemen to the Universities, I have been long of opinion, that the better way is to have them taught in an Academy, where they are under the immediate inspection of virtuous people, who will be no less watchful over their morals than over their literature. But as there is a difference even among these, my difficulty has for some time been where to fix ; but I no sooner thought of you, than without one moment's hesitation I determined to put my eldest son under your care. The boy is going seventeen since July last, and after being taught Latin and Greek at a public school, with the assistance of a tutor, has been one year at the University of Edinburgh, and two years with Mr. M'Laurin, professor of mathematics, whose name will not be unknown to you. What his proficiency has been in the languages I shall not anticipate your judgment ; and as they are of great use, especially the Latin, for the study of the Roman law, to which I intend he shall apply himself, I hope it will not be out of your way to improve him in the knowledge of that language. The Greek I know you are more fond of in England than we are here, and for gentlemen educated for the Church it is absolutely necessary ; but otherwise I consider it only as a part of the belles lettres, and as such should be glad if he made some proficiency in it. Had it not been for the resolution I have taken of intrusting him with you, he had gone this winter to the moral philosophy class, which I consider as a valuable part of instruction, and which I am fully

persuaded he will find with you. I must add, as to the boy himself, that he has always lived under the eye of a virtuous mother, and is addicted to no vice; and if I am not partial, as we are apt to be to our own, he has genius; inattention is a fault incident to most young people, which he may be more readily cured of when among strangers than when at home: when I have said so much, I would not be understood as prescribing rules to you, as to the method you are to take with him, or the particular studies you are to employ him in, when he comes; for though I have thought it not amiss to let you know what he has been doing, yet I leave it entirely to yourself how to employ him when, after a little experience, you shall have discovered what proficiency he has made. There is one thing I desire to be advised in by you, whether I should send a servant along with him, or if he may not be provided in any little service he may want, without putting me to that expense? I grudge nothing that is proper, nor would I choose to do any thing that is unnecessary; my own objection to it is, that as I hope for a great improvement in his language, which in this country is wretchedly bad, I am afraid a Scotch servant might do him harm that way, and a discreet boy of your choice may do better, if a servant be necessary.

I expect you will have a letter from my friend Colonel Gardiner to introduce me to you, without which this letter from one entirely a stranger must

look a little odd ; but I am hopeful that in a little time we shall be better acquainted. I am, with great esteem,

Rev. Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

J. FERGUSSON.

FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Million Bank, Dec. 10th, 1743.

I AM sorry you appear so apprehensive in your last letter lest I should interpret what you said in your first too unfavourably of the methodists and Mr. Whitfield, as it confirms me in my fears of your attachment to them ; but whatever my wishes were in that respect, you may be assured I could never venture to represent you as indifferent to them, when I read your commendation of his sermon for its excellence and oratory, and remember the low incoherent stuff I used to hear him utter at Kennington Common.

Whilst I continued oppressed and hurt with these reflections, your excellent sermon for the County Hospital came in to my relief. The piety, the justness of the sentiments and arguments, the manly, graceful diction, and the benevolent spirit that runs through the whole of it, both amazed and charmed me. It must have extorted from any heart less ac-

quainted with your disposition for public usefulness than I am, a devout ejaculation, that God would never permit such talents to come under a wrong direction, or suffer the disadvantages they must necessarily submit to, if engaged amongst men of weak heads and narrow, gloomy sentiments, who may and ought to be pitied and prayed for, and better informed, as opportunity allows, but whom no rules of piety or prudence will oblige us to make our friends and confidants.

There are letters shown about town from several ministers in the west, which make heavy complaints of the disorders occasioned by Whitfield and Wesley in those parts. One of them, speaking of Mr. Whitfield, calls him "*honest, crazy, confident Whitfield.*" These letters likewise mention that some ministers there, who were your pupils, have given them countenance; and you can hardly conceive the disrespect this has occasioned several ministers and other persons in town to speak of you with. Whether you are aware of this I know not; and I am sure, if I did not esteem it a mark of sincere friendship, I would not give you the uneasiness of hearing it.

I thank you not only for your sermon, but your verses for children, which you have been so kind as to send me. Dr. Watts has been brought very low with a cholicky disorder which seized him last week; but I hear he is now something better again. Mrs. Neal, who has lain in of another girl since my last letter, is again finely recovered, for which I desire

to be thankful. She joins the tender of her humble service with mine to yourself and lady.

I remain, Reverend Sir,

Your very faithful and affectionate humble Servant,

NATH. NEAL.

TO NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

December 12, 1743.

I AM truly sorry that the manner in which I spoke of Mr. Whitfield in my last should give you uneasiness. I hope I did not assert his sermon to have been free from its defects; but I must be extremely prejudiced indeed, if it were such "wild incoherent stuff" as you heard on Kennington Common. Nor does it seem at all difficult to account for this; for that preached here, which, I believe, was one of his more elaborate and perhaps favourite discourses, might deserve to be spoken of in a different manner. What I then said, proceeded from a principle which I am sure you will not despise: I mean a certain frankness of heart, which would not allow me to seem to think more meanly of a man to whom I had once professed some friendship than I really did. I must, indeed, look upon it as an unhappy circumstance that he came to Northampton just when he did, as I perceive, that in concurrence with other circumstances, it has filled town and country with astonishment and indignation. Nor did I, indeed, imagine

my character to have been of such great importance in the world, as that this little incident should have been taken so much notice of. I believe the true reason is, that for no other fault than my not being able to go so far as some of my brethren into the new ways of thinking and speaking, I have long had a multitude of enemies, who have been watching for some occasion against me ; and I thank God that they have hitherto, with all that malignity of heart which some of them have expressed, been able to find no greater !

As for you, dear Sir, I must always number you among my most affectionate and faithful friends ; and though the human heart is not so formed that it is agreeable to hear ourselves spoken of with disrespect, yet I am well assured that the writing the information you gave me was among the instances of your greatest kindness. You know, Sir, that a fear to offend God, by doing as most *self*-prudent people do, has generally been esteemed a weakness ; and my conscience testifies that those actions of mine which have been most reproached, have proceeded from that principle. It is impossible to represent to you the reason, at least the excuse, I have had, and which I have esteemed a reason, unless I could give you an account of the several circumstances in which I have successively been placed for these few past years. If I could, I believe you would be less inclined to blame me than you are ; though I am sensible your censures are very moderate, when compared with those of many others.

I had, indeed, great expectations from the Metho-

dists and Moravians. I am grieved from my very heart, that so many things have occurred among them which have been quite unjustifiable: and I assure you faithfully, they are such as would have occasioned me to have dropped that intimacy of correspondence which I once had with them. And I suppose they have also produced the same sentiments in the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, to my certain knowledge, received Count Zinzendorf with open arms, and wrote of his being chosen the Moravian bishop, as what was done "*plaudente toto cœlesti choro.*" I shall always be ready to weigh whatever can be said against Mr. Whitfield, as well as against any of the rest: and though I must have actual demonstration before I can admit him to be a dishonest man, and though I shall never be able to think all he has written, and all I have heard from him nonsense, yet I am not so zealously attached to him as to be disposed to celebrate him as one of the greatest men of the age, or to think that he is the pillar that bears up the whole interest of religion among us. And if this moderation of sentiment towards him will not appease my angry brethren, as I am sensible it will not abate the enmity which some have, for many years, entertained towards me, I must acquiesce, and be patient till the day of the Lord, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest; in which, I do from my heart believe, that with respect to the part I have acted in this affair I shall not be ashamed.

I had before heard from some of my worthy friends in the west of the offence which had been taken at two

of my pupils there, for the respect they showed to Mr. Whitfield ; and yet they are both persons of eminent piety. He whose name is chiefly in question, I mean Mr. Darracott, is one of the most devout and extraordinary men I ever sent out, and a person who has, within these few years, been highly useful to numbers of his hearers. Some of these, who were once the most abandoned characters in the place, are now become serious and useful Christians ; and he himself has honoured his profession, when to all around him he seemed on the borders of eternity, by a behaviour which, in such awful circumstances, the best of men might wish to be their own. Mr. Fawcett labours likewise at Taunton ; and his zeal, so far as I can judge, is inspired both with love and prudence. Yet I hear these men are reproached because they have treated Mr. Whitfield respectfully ; and that one of them, after having had a correspondence with him for many years, admitted him into his pulpit. I own I am very thoughtful where these things will end : in the mean time I am as silent as I can be ! I commit the matter to God in prayer, and earnestly beg his direction, that he would lead me in a plain path. Sometimes I think the storm will soon blow over, and that things will return again to their natural course. I am sure I see no danger that any of my pupils will prove methodists : I wish many of them may not run into the contrary extreme.

It is really, Sir, with some confusion that I read you encomium upon my Sermon. I am sensible it is some consolation to me, amidst the uneasiness which

as you conclude other things must give me. I hope our design will go on, though it has not at present the success I could have wished. The dissenters do their part, but I am sorry to say the neighbouring clergy are exceedingly deficient in theirs.

My wife, who is entirely with you, Sir, in her opinion on another affair, sends you her most humble service. We join our congratulations to you and your lady in the agreeable addition made to your family; and are thankful for the mercies which have attended that circumstance. I am extremely sorry to hear that Dr. Watts has been so ill, and heartily pray that God may still prolong his life. But I am running beyond all due bounds, and will, therefore, conclude with the assurance of my being,

Dear Sir,

Your faithful and affectionate Friend,

P. DODDRIDGE*.

* The Christian simplicity, and gentle firmness with which Dr. Doddridge defends himself from the reproaches with which his moderate conduct towards the methodists had been assailed, cannot but delight the reader.

The deep but smothered feelings of disgust and suspicion with which the leading nonconformists in London contemplated the brethren of the *new light* is in itself a curious fact. The wrath manifested towards Dr. Doddridge was, however, a little unreasonable; for Whitfield's visit at Northampton was rather to his old friend and brother churchman, the ingenious author of the "Meditations," as the following passage from a letter of the Rev. James Hervey will evince.

"I have seen lately that most excellent minister of the ever blessed Jesus Mr. Whitfield. I dined, supped, and spent the evening with him at Northampton, in company with Dr. Doddridge and two pious,

FROM THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

Newington, Dec. 14, 1743.

YOUR letter, so full of sincere affection, and the warmest expressions of love, was received this morning. I thank God I am so far recovered from that severe and dangerous illness, which seized me a fortnight ago, that I can sit in my chamber and dictate

ingenious clergymen of the church of England, both of them known to the learned world by their valuable writings. And, surely, I never spent a more delightful evening, or saw one that seemed to make nearer approaches to the felicity of heaven. A gentleman of great worth and rank in the town invited us to his house, and gave us an elegant treat; but, how mean was his provision, how coarse his delicacies, compared with the fruit of my friend's lips! they dropped as the honeycomb, and were a well of life. Surely people do not know that amiable and exemplary man, or else, I cannot but think, instead of depreciating, they would applaud and love him. For my part, I never beheld so fair a copy of our Lord, such a living image of the Saviour, such exalted delight in God, such enlarged benevolence to man, such a steady faith in the Divine promises, and such a fervent zeal for the Divine glory; and all this without the least moroseness of humour, or extravagances of behaviour, sweetened with the most engaging cheerfulness of temper, and regulated with all the sobriety of reason, and wisdom of Scripture; insomuch, that I cannot forbear applying the wise man's encomium of an illustrious woman to this eminent minister of the everlasting Gospel: 'Many sons have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.'—*Letter DCCCXXXII.*

Notwithstanding the opinions of Mr. Hervey, Whitfield was not only an enthusiast, and had carried his peculiar views to an extravagant extreme, but was himself fully conscious of the fact, and had the noble candour to avow it, as will appear from the following extract, taken from one of his letters, dated June 24, 1748.

"Yesterday I made an end of revising all my journals. Alas!

this letter. I rejoice in every thing you say to me in yours, and can wish nothing more than what you express. If God raise me up to any usefulness, I am cheerfully ready; if not, I cheerfully resign every thing that is mortal at his order.

I thank you that your heart is so much set upon the book I recommended you to undertake: I long for it, as I hope it will be a means of great useful-

alas! in how many things have I judged and acted wrong! I have been too rash and hasty in giving characters both of places and persons. Being fond of Scripture language, I have often used a style too apostolical; and, at the same time, I have been too bitter in my zeal. Wildfire has been mixed with it; and I find that I frequently wrote and spoke in my own spirit, when I thought I was writing and speaking by the assistance of the Spirit of God. I have likewise too much made inward impression my rule of acting; and too soon, and too explicitly published what had been better kept in longer, or told after my death. By these things I have hurt the blessed cause I would defend, and also stirred up much needless opposition. This has humbled me much, and made me think of a saying of Mr. Henry's, 'Joseph had more honesty than policy, or he never would have told his dreams.' At the same time, I cannot but praise God, who filled me with so much of his holy fire, and carried me, a poor weak youth, through such a torrent both of popularity and contempt, and set so many seals to my unworthy ministrations. I bless Him for ripening my judgment a little more, for giving me to see, and to confess; and, I hope, in some degree, to correct and amend some of my mistakes."—See *Memoirs of the Life of the Rev. George Whitfield, M. A. by the Rev. John Gillies, D. D.* p. 172.

It is impossible to read this interesting passage without respecting the manly feeling by which it was dictated; but it must be acknowledged, that from these eccentricities arose that odium which, for some years, attached itself to the very name of methodist, and that many weak and unqualified persons were thereby excited to assume the pastoral office, to the degradation of the ministerial character among the dissenters, and the direct injury of practical religion.

ness, and shall be glad to see the first appearances of it; and hope that by that time I shall be able to read a little more.

Grace, and peace, and all the blessings of time and of eternity be with you, good Mrs. Doddridge, and all your house. I am,

Dear Sir,

•Your affectionate Brother and Fellow Servant,

I. WATTS.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Northampton, Dec. 15, 1743.

I HAVE been exceeding sorry that I could not before get an opportunity of sending you the little parcel you now receive; and I now beg that you would please to accept my Hospital Sermon and the verses which were written at your desire, and are certainly much the better for your animadversions. Dr. Watts altered a few words to make them plainer, but I think it has sunk the thought. I find Mrs. Fenner has printed off two thousand five hundred. May God make them useful. My own children are nearly perfect in most of them, and seem to learn them with an ease which encourages me to hope that they may in some measure answer the intention.

I wish I could tell you better news of our Hospital. We have taken a house for it. Our subscription amounts to more than 600*l.*, but I fear the distant

parts of the county will do nothing considerable. We shall hardly open till Lady Day*.

I am in daily expectation of a pupil from Scotland, who is likely to add to the reputation of my Academy. He is the son and heir of the Lord Kilkerran, one of the lords of the session, and who has entertained such kind sentiments of me that he has determined to place the young gentleman under my care, though the advantages of their universities must, in many respects, be much greater.

I am hard at work on my book of the Rise and Progress of Religion, which Dr. Watts is impatient to see, and I am eager to finish, lest he should slip away to heaven before it is done. It indeed appears a piece of such importance that I transcribe it into long hand myself, which at first I did not at all intend

* The exertions of Dr. Doddridge on this important occasion will appear in several succeeding letters, where it will be seen that he was the happy means of exciting the attention of persons of rank and influence, particularly the Bishops of Oxford and Worcester, to similar works of mercy.

The following anecdote, connected with this subject, which I owe to the Doctor's last surviving pupil, the venerable Rev. Thomas Taylor, cannot but gratify the reader.

When the affair of the Hospital was in motion, a public dinner, under the patronage of the Earl of Halifax, took place for the purpose of drawing together the friends of the institution. The festivities of the evening had continued for some time with the utmost urbanity, when a party present ventured to propose an unbecoming toast; it was drank by some persons, who afterwards regretted it, when Dr. Doddridge, who was present, immediately arose, and placing a guinea in the hands of the waiter to defray his share in the extra charges of the evening, directly left the table. The circumstance caught the eye of Lord Halifax, who marked his sense of the incident, by observing, "There goes a Gentleman and a Christian."

to do. I have written out more than a fourth part, and it presses me the harder, as my secretary has had a pain in his breast, which has prevented his writing for me these two months.

Many services always await you from hence, especially our own to yourself, lady, and family. I beg, Sir, your prayers may be continued for me. Things wear a comfortable prospect here, and the cloud, of which I was apprehensive when I saw you, has quite blown off. The two persons who now stand proposed to our communion will make up the number of those admitted this year to thirty, and I hope that all belong to the church of the first-born.

I am reading, with great pleasure, Mr. Chandler's Vindication of Joseph. What a poor performance is White's Comparison of the Lives of Dissenters and Churchmen! and how rash Tenent's Account of the Moravians! though to be sure many of their notions are wild, and their expressions highly improper.

But it is more than time to conclude, with my best wishes for your comfort and abundant usefulness, and repeated assurances of my being, with the highest esteem,

Dear and Reverend Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. E. PEMBERTON.

REV. SIR,

New York, Dec. 16, 1743.

It was with great pleasure I received your kind and obliging letter, and earnestly desire that the Moravians may ever show themselves worthy of that charitable opinion you entertain of them: with us they are evidently endeavouring to draw off the affections of the people from the soundest and most zealous ministers in these parts. Had they fallen under any persecution in this government, I should, to the utmost of my power, have opposed it; for every thing of this sort I am fully convinced is contrary to the natural liberties of mankind, and diametrically opposite to the genius of the Gospel. The imprisonment you mention in your letter, was in the government of Connecticut, a colony bordering upon New York, and was of the most favourable kind: two of their preachers being only confined in the officer's house, till inquiry was made into their circumstances; and upon giving security for their good behaviour, they were, in a day or two, dismissed. This short confinement they underwent, I doubt not, was unjust; and it is melancholy for me to be obliged to say, that the government of Connecticut is daily going much greater lengths than these,—in persecuting not the Moravians—but the most zealous ministers in their communion, for preaching without the bounds of their respective parishes. By a late law they have enacted, that every minister who does not

belong to their government who shall presume to preach in any of their towns, without the consent or the minister of the parish, and a vote of the major part of the society, shall be transported from constable to constable, to the place whence he came; and if any minister that belongs to their government transgress in the same manner, he forfeits all his salary. This is certainly going on with a high hand, and I am greatly afraid will lay a foundation for the loss of their civil privileges, which are by far the most valuable of any of the American plantations.

It is melancholy to hear of the extensive progress of Deism in the European world; but at the same time it is matter of rejoicing to all who wish well to the kingdom of Christ, that God is raising up from time to time some noble champions who successfully plead the cause of truth, and with convincing evidence maintain the divine authority of the Gospel against the impetuous attacks of its adversaries. Among the number of these faithful advocates for religion, Dr. Doddridge will always be mentioned with distinguished honour.

I have frequently read your Sermons upon the Evidences of the Gospel with the greatest pleasure, in which the substance of many volumes are comprised, cast into a clear method, and admirably adapted to the common capacities of mankind. Your answers to *Christianity not founded*, &c. will, I doubt not, be sufficient to overthrow the scheme of that unhappy writer, and prevent every considerate

reader from being deceived by the plausible appearance he makes. I have waited almost with impatience for the third volume of your Family Expositor, and earnestly pray that the same Divine hand which has been so evidently with you in what you have hitherto published, may still afford assistance, till you have completed that, and all your other designs for the advancement of the kingdom of the dear Redeemer.

I am, with the greatest respect,

Your affectionate Brother

and very humble Servant,

E. PEMBERTON.

FROM W. OLIVER, M.D.

REV. SIR,

Bath, Jan. 15, 1744.

As Father Peter's roast beef contained in it the quintessence of every thing that was good, so a more serious author says that ingratitude is the epitome of all the vices. How unhappy then must I be, who so much desire to stand fair in my worthy friend Dr. Doddridge's opinion, and at the same time have given him so much reason to think evil of me. Indeed, Sir, I have received many favours at your hands, which would long ago have been acknowledged with thankfulness, had my actions corresponded with the sentiments of my heart. But as I know you to be happy in a great share of the Christian virtues, I cannot doubt but forgiveness is one in the catalogue.

Your answer to the artful author of the pamphlet, *Christianity not founded on Argument*, gave me great pleasure. You effectually pluck that snake out of the grass, under which he endeavoured to conceal himself; you dispel the mists and fogs with which he hoped to obscure the truth; and you plainly prove that the religion of Jesus is founded on the immutable basis of the eternal difference between *right* and *wrong*,—confirmed and propagated by the most solid arguments, and therefore highly worthy to be embraced by all reasonable creatures.

Horace's observation, "*difficile est propriè communia dicere*," makes your Sermon on the erection of your County Hospital the more valuable. Public charities have long been so trite a subject in the pulpit, that we scarcely expect any thing new from the ablest preacher. But you, Sir, have treated it in so masterly a manner, that the reader will find his passions awakened into tenderness and compassion towards the sick and the distressed, which had slept benumbed under the warmest influences of preceding discourses on that really affecting topic.

You write as if you felt, while others seem to desire that their brethren should feel what they themselves are insensible of. They write from the *head*, but you from the *heart**.

* In reference to this subject Dr. Kippis, in his biographical work, observes, "I have a full recollection of the zeal and activity with which Dr. Doddridge entered into the scheme of erecting an infirmary for Northamptonshire. The success of the design was much owing to his exertions."

Surely your application, industry, and facility are very surprising! How conscious are you of the true value of that inestimable jewel—time! How carefully must you employ every moment to be able to be so extensively useful! I do not believe any thing could interrupt your impetuous course, except it pleased God to afflict your health, which I heartily wish, for the sake of the world, may not be the case; believe me to be, Sir, with great regard,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

W. OLIVER.

FROM THE REV. RICHARD NEWTON, D.D.*

DEAR SIR,

Hertford College, Jan. 20, 1744.

I HAVE perused your two sermons with much pleasure, and hope they have had, and will have the good effect intended by their pious and learned

* This learned divine and truly excellent man was a native of Northamptonshire. He was educated at Westminster and Christchurch, Oxford. In 1710, having been inducted Principal of Hart Hall, he took the degree of D.D. His first preferment in the church was to the Rectory of Subury, Northamptonshire; through the friendly interest of the Duke of Newcastle, he afterwards succeeded to the Canonry of Christchurch. "In 1740 he obtained a charter to erect Hart Hall into a college, and to separate it from the superintendence of Exeter College, to which it belonged. This he effected at a great expense, and was himself the first Principal." To this new college he nobly contributed endowments to the amount of a thousand pounds, being his profits as Editor of Theophrastus. He was the author of a work against Pluralities and Non-residents, and also of an Essay on University Education.

Dr. Newton died April 22, 1753.

author. I should readily comply with the request of the committee to preach at the opening of your Infirmary, if the multiplicity of business I have at present upon me would permit. But whoever may do it should make use of the motives to the charity which you have mentioned in your sermon at the first opening of the scheme; and I think he will not be able to press them in a more affecting manner.

Bishop Burnet, in the History of his own Times, speaking of Nairn, says, "That he considered the pastoral function as a dedication of the whole man to God, and his service;" and whoever reads your discourse on the Evil and Danger of neglecting the Souls of Men, will, I think, be convinced, that you are of the same opinion.

I have made some few alterations in the statutes communicated to you by Mr. Thorold; and intend in about a twelvemonth to publish them, with reasons for particulars annexed, and with a resolution to consider any advice that may be given me. And, in the mean time, I should be glad to see what hath been your plan of education since the year 1729.

Mr. Hunt gives his service to you, and is glad to have his *Dissertation* approved by so good a judge. He is, at present, engaged by Dr. Mead in finishing a work which was left imperfect by *Pocock's* son. It is a Latin translation from the Arabic of *Abdollariph's* Natural History of Egypt. As soon as he has done this, he will go on to print his *Dissertations on the Proverbs*; one of which he has herewith sent you, as it agrees with what you have said of Proverbs xxvi. 7,

in your Notes to your Sermon on the Northampton Infirmary, which he likes very much. I shall be glad to see you either in Oxford or at Laundon Grange, whenever it suits your convenience. And am, with great esteem,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

RICHARD NEWTON.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D.D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Northampton, Jan. 23, 1744.

THE care of attending the affairs of our hospital, which to this day press hard upon me (as Dr. Stonehouse will hardly do any thing without me), visiting the sick, who at present are numerous, and the illness of my secretary, which obliges me to write most of my very many letters with mine own hand, added to my usual business, and to the labour of dispatching as fast as I can, which is very slowly, my manuscript on the Rise and Progress of Religion, have concurred to occasion a delay of my answer to your last very obliging letter; and they now oblige me to write in a shorter and hastier manner than I could wish, for I have four other letters to dispatch in little more than an hour. But you, dear Sir, will have the candour to make all due allowances, and I hope the sincerity of my veneration and affection needs not the con-

firmation of repeated assurances, nor could be brought into suspicion by a yet longer silence.

We join in congratulating you on the enlargement of the curtains of your tent, and heartily wish you may all enjoy much of the Divine blessing in that commodious habitation into which a series of such remarkable providences hath introduced you.

I am very glad, Sir, that you liked my Hospital Sermon and its dedication. I have hardly ever published any thing which has been at the same time so much commended and neglected; and were not Lord Halifax and Mr. Jekyll so hearty in the cause I should still expect that the design of the hospital would drop. But it will I hope be opened by the Easter week, and will I doubt not stand, though I fear it will hardly flourish, unless God put more generosity into men's hearts. The clergy are strangely backward on the occasion, and I fear my sermon has rather alienated than conciliated their regard; for with some men even charity grows odious when recommended by a dissenter. I wish Mr. Bradbury did not show too much of a like spirit, in the zeal and fury with which he opposes the Moravians and Methodists, and all who will not go his lengths in running them down. There was indeed something in both which gave me great hope, but I am not conscious to myself that I have ever supported either in their errors and irregularities; yet he has on that ground threatened to prevent any farther exhibition from the congregational fund to my pupils or assistant, but if he has attempted it this year he

has not been able to effect it. I thank you, Sir, for the apology which you were pleased to make for me upon that head, and for all the other valuable tokens and fruits of your friendship. I could most gladly have accepted your kind invitation to St. Albans at Christmas if other engagements would have permitted ; but as I could not enjoy your company then, I should be exceedingly rejoiced if you would favour us with a sermon as well as a visit on Thursday the 9th of February at our meeting of ministers here, when I shall endeavour to settle matters with my brethren in such a manner that there may be no more room for such objections as justly lay against our last proceedings at Newport.

I have very little time now to mention books, and indeed not much to read them. Dr. Newton on University Education is a most admirable piece of good writing, and Dr. Waterland's Sermons far exceed my expectation. I recommend Mr. Belsham's *Mors Triumphans* to Master Clark as coming as near to Horace's manner as any modern performance since Mr. Addison's Odes, in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*.

God has deeply afflicted me with the death or hopcless illness of four dear and excellent pupils within five months. Mr. Joseph Marshall was the only one who had finished his course. Two got their deaths in the last vacation, the other brought a constitution greatly shattered by a fever last year, and is sinking in a consumption amidst all the anxious and tender cares that can be taken to prevent it. You will easily believe that these things must wound me

in a very tender part; but I would submit to infinite wisdom. I had a great deal more to write, but my time is elapsed; our best services, therefore, to your good lady and the dear children. I must only add that Mr. Nettleton has assured me that he paid old Mr. Reason what was due to Mr. Downes on my account; which perfectly agrees with what I remember of my plate and his goods being sold to deliver him from prison, into which I knew he was thrown, and to which he could never have been liable on my account, as I never chose him for my guardian. I conclude Mr. Wood has not been properly informed of this; I therefore beg that you would please to acquaint him with it. I am,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. JOHN LELAND, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Dublin, February 4, 1744.

I OUGHT to beg your pardon for not having answered your most obliging letter before now, which was very acceptable to me, as was the present that accompanied it. You may remember I told you in my last that I was desired by a friend to draw up some remarks on "*Christianity not founded on argument.*" That gentleman is a worthy clergyman in London who has done me several acts of kindness, and I undertook it at

first for his own private perusal. I intended those remarks to be very short, but they enlarged under my hands, and I drew them up before I read your answer or any of the answers that had been published. I sent over the first part of my remarks in a letter to London about the latter end of April last, intending soon to send the remainder in another letter ; but my indisposition grew so heavy upon me, that I was not able to correct and transcribe it so as to send it over till about the end of July last. By that time I had read Mr. Benson's answer, which he sent me, and also yours, which appeared to me very good and sufficient. And therefore, when I sent over the second part of my remarks to my friend, as I was obliged by promise to do, I let him know that though I sent them to him as I had drawn them up, in obedience to his commands, yet I judged them perfectly needless after what had been already so worthily done.* I

* The great importance attached by divines of all parties to Dr. Doddridge's defence of Revelation, as a *rational* system, against the insinuations contained in the pamphlet entitled "Christianity *not* founded on Argument," evinces the solid sense which marked the theology of the old school.

To view religion as a matter of sentiment and feeling, excited and supported by supernatural influence, was, indeed, as those judicious and devout men at once perceived, to lay the axe at the very roots of practical piety: to make the man of God, a dreamer of dreams! unstable as the promptings of his fancy, and useless as the visions of his sleep. When, therefore, they perceived the mental intoxication which followed in the train of Whitfield, making ignorance a prophet, and dressing up the bigoted conceits of gloomy misanthropy in the awful upbraidings of an offended Deity, they shrunk back with instinctive propriety, and looked forward into the vista of futurity with the anxiety of fearful presentiment.

And were they deceived? Was the tempest of words which shook

found soon after, by a letter, that he, and some persons to whom he showed my remarks, were of opinion they ought to be published. I resisted it for some

the foundation of the moral world to leave no vestige behind it? If it scattered the scathed branches that disfigured the grove, would it not also uproot the fruit tree in the pride of its bloom! If notorious profligates sometimes reformed, might not the well meaning, but speculative, overlook the fair proportions of Rational Faith when thus disguised in the trappings of Folly, and silently, but fatally crowd around the standard of infidelity.

This result, to a considerable extent, was undoubtedly the case; and had not national events arrested public attention, and, as is usual on such occasions, inclined men to cling to ancient establishments, for the sake of the general order they inspire, thus giving religion a political direction, a form in which it is sanctioned by fashion, the effects would have been still more pernicious. The Scottish rebellions, the American war, and the French revolution were, in this view, powerful agents in repressing that growth of scepticism which would otherwise have arisen from the prevalence of a class depending on inward impressions, direct *calls*, and an exclusive creed, with which a blind acquiescence is a necessary proof of faith.

If the author of "*Christianity not founded on Argument*" had unwillingly the negative merit of presenting a fair picture of Whitfield's system, the joint party of episcopalians and nonconformists, self-styled evangelical, have the *honour* of its perpetuation.

The most erroneous religious schemes have frequently for a while been supported by men of sincere piety; and in the instance alluded to, such individuals are doubtless misled by a specious show of reformation. The lower classes have, under this puritanical system, externally more decency, while the advantages of religious instruction appear to be better understood by persons of middling station.

It is the inefficient nature of that instruction, however, which renders it abortive, and too evidently shows that the heats of imaginary sanctity, and a studied solemnity of carriage are poor equivalents for the benign influence of a rational faith, founded on the convictions of the *understanding*, and directing its energies for the general benefit of man, as the most acceptable service of his Creator.

These observations may be thought severe, but they are justified by the importance of the subject. Our Churches and Meeting Houses are increasing in number and overflowing with attendants, but are

time, but upon repeated importunities gave my consent. Now I find that it is published, I have written to Mr. Hett to desire him to take an oppor-

not our prisons also crowded with criminals? Our tradesmen are too *saintly* to find enjoyment in popular amusements, but are they grown more conscientious in their dealings? They have time and money for all *spiritual* objects, but is the *due* comfort of the poor considered? Is private intemperance, or the dastardly crimes of oppression, and seduction less frequent than they were in any period of our modern history? Alas! the diurnal press is "trumpet tongued" in its reply: "but ignorance is bliss," and the *religious world* has now its own paper, which reveals no more than is convenient.

That Dr. Doddridge foresaw the lasting importance of his arguments on the subject in question, may be gathered from the following passage quoted from his letter to Mr. Wilbaum.

"As the author (i. e. of "Christianity not," &c.) pretended to cry up the immediate testimony of the Spirit, and to assert its absolute necessity, in order to the belief of the Gospel, he endeavoured to undermine all the rational evidences by which it could be supported, and advanced several very shrewd insinuations against their truth, in what I thought a most pernicious point of view; I, therefore, answered it in three letters, quickly succeeding each other, the first of which was dated November 5, 1742, the second December 1, of the same year, and the third March 5, 1743. In these I handled some topics, which seemed of great importance, more particularly than I had seen them elsewhere examined. In the First was laid down the degree of rational evidence for the Divine authority of Christianity to which an illiterate well disposed person may attain. In the Second, the reasonableness of annexing a condemnatory sentence on unbelievers as a part of the Christian revelation; and in the Third, something on the doctrine of Divine influences. I have sometimes thought that what is of general concern in these letters, detached from what is peculiar to the author opposed, and published with my three Sermons in proof of Christianity, and the Essay on the Inspiration of the New Testament, added to the Third Volume of the Family Expositor might be of considerable service, and would give a very compendious, and, I hope, satisfactory view of these kindred subjects; of the vast importance of which none can doubt, and which never needed to be more clearly stated, and strongly enforced than now." Dated December 20, 1749.

tunity of sending a copy to you, which I desire you to accept as a token of my unfeigned regard. The sermons you sent me I have read over with great pleasure, though I had seen some of them before. May the Lord bless you in your assiduous labours for the good of his church. I am, with a most sincere esteem,

Your affectionate Brother and humble Servant,

JOHN LELAND.

FROM THE REV. MR. WHATLEY*.

REV. SIR,

London, Feb. 28, 1744.

YOUR obliging return to my well meant freedom deserved an earlier acknowledgment. But such high matters have lately engrossed all our attention, in town, as may sufficiently excuse us in overlooking affairs of smaller consequence. Though there does not yet appear a reasonable end put to our apprehensions, yet I think it is paying too great homage to their occasion to neglect for its sake performing what a principle of civility so justly requires, as my returning my hearty thanks for the kind reception you gave my letter.

I must own myself to be one who wishes well to

* This gentleman was a Prebend of York and Rector of Tofts in Lincolnshire. He was a man of learning and well known among the literati of his day. It will be observed by the answer that the fictitious signature he employed of *John Brown* did not for a moment deceive Dr. Doddridge.

human nature; who is extremely affected at the prevailing ignorance, vice, and folly in the world, and especially in such a country as ours, full of the means of light and knowledge; and that I have a laudable ambition, as far as in me lies, to obviate evils to a considerate mind so truly calamitous.

If there be any glory in human nature, it is our being made religious creatures, or rather, creatures capable of religion; and if any disgrace can attend it, it is the neglect of cultivating a quality that does it such infinite honour. By religion I mean the knowing and obeying the laws of our great Creator, ripening ourselves for that blessed immortality that lies before us, by a careful attention to the *conditions* on which an all-wise Being has thought fit to offer it. Religion is with me a *natural* as well as a *moral* accomplishment. By which you may perceive that it is no part of *my* religion to “go to *church* or to *meeting*; or to think the *dictates* of the *heart*, in paying its homage to the Deity, are the more or less acceptable if offered in a robe of *this* colour or of *that*, in a fixed form, or *without* one.” (Vide Grotius on Matt. xi. 30. for *my* creed, and I believe *your own* in many particulars.)

Cum multis aliis quæ nunc præscribere longum.

After this, can you think me a *clergyman*? Or, do you not think there was a small deviation in point of charity to suppose “a concern for the welfare of mankind,” and, as most highly conducing to it, that the *rising generation* might have a sense of

good things implanted in them, and the being gratified with any thing, from whatever quarter it might come, that conduced to that good purpose, earried in it something *more* than a man's being a mere *layman*? But this was only, it seems, your *first* thought; and how is the matter mended in your *second*? Why my "*words are reverend if my person is not;*" but *those* no otherwise, I conceive, termed so explicitly, but under a latent supposition of the writer's real *reverence* in person.—Is this orthodox?

Your little book of hymns, in general, Sir, appeared to me excellently adapted to excite and preserve religious sentiments in the reader, and I found myself, though *reverend*, affected with many passages as I read it over; but the impropriety of some expressions, which *confine* it to those you seem to have had principally in view in composing it, struck me as strongly as its native beauties. The word catechism, if you please, I truly acknowledge to carry a *reverend* sound, and great may be its use. I will, by your leave, go farther. I think that of our church excites a feeling of *reverence* as one reads it over. It is, or at least the greatest part of it, truly *primitive*, and a much better use might be made of it than is. As for any *good* catechism among the dissenters, I know of none. Dr. Watts has a deserved reputation on many accounts, but till he comes off a little better with your brother Taylor, I think it must suffer diminution. He is too systematical, full of wrong association, and incurable. His catechisms are strongly impregnated with *his* divinity, not, most certainly, that of the

Bible. But, however, I am for making use of the *materials* I can lay my hand on, though not so perfect as I could wish; and therefore I have made much use of Dr. Watts's *Songs for Children*, wherever I had any influence, and to great and visible profit. The minds of children are certainly more suited for verse than prose. *Your* little book is suited for quite a different set of beings from his, and I wonder you did not perceive it. If you had seen it my exceptions would never have been made. Your hymns are calculated for creatures capable of *reflection* and almost for no other. *I wish I could see it as it first came out of your hands.* If you allow it not fit for *little* children, (as certainly it is not) what was *altered* from your first composition on that account, presumptively, ought to be *restored*. I beg leave to tell you once more, your work is fit for those only who are capable of *reflecting*; and whatever will adorn or perfect it in that light ought to be admitted into it, with as little *human* divinity as possible. I am so charmed with it, for the *purpose* I take delight in, that I would have it free from *every* *imperfection*; but that is impossible. As I have often read it over, I have as often thought I discerned where you were *hampered*, and where the way was *clear* before you.

Your "Pardon and peace and grace are given" is admirable. It ought to be the creed of every *Christian*, and no more! But pray, Sir, how did Adam bring sin (p. 12) *on all his race*? According to Dr. *Watts's* opinion, I know *how*;—but according to your *own*? But I tread on tender ground; only

please to take notice that your friend *Mr. Brown* is a steadfast believer of a revelation, both Mosaic and Christian ; but where he finds any thing *left open*, he does not presume to *fill it up*, as the vain, foolish, forward minds of men, in all ages and in all countries, have impiously presumed to do ! (See Grot. as above once more). The sagacity of the present age perceives this, and men are casting off all belief of revelation apace for the sake of it ! I am for preserving the trunk by cutting off the rotten branches ; but not by *disputing* only, but by confining myself and others to what is incontrovertibly plain, and going no further ;—not presumptuously *filling up* God Almighty's blanks in his *frame* of human nature, or the accounts he is pleased to give us of ourselves, and that from a casual expression dropped here and there in the sacred writings.

Sir, I have been insensibly led, I know not how, to let all this fall from my pen, when I took it up only to acknowledge the great civility of your *answer* to my *freedom*, and to comply with your seeming insinuation of a desire to hear from me a second time. But if your book pleased me one way, the frankness of your letter edified me as much the other. But to return to the book, if after so great a fatigue in reading thus far, you have spirits and leisure left to return with me.

I would have your hymns perfectly *catholic*, and without exception to the weakest mind where possible. There are, notwithstanding the open heartedness in matters of religious party of the present age,

still some remaining *Shibboleths* that a truly catholic spirit should drop for the sake of the more general use that would arise from his doing so.

In one word, in your *review* of the book, let it not be seen, from the composition, of what sect or party of Christians you are, but that it is a pure Christian work. Your name will do honour to your work, and then your work will do honour to it, without diminution.

I should be glad to see it as it came *first* out of your hands, if you have an opportunity to convey it to town; and I send the inclosed franks for that purpose that I may have it the sooner. The address I have given to them will find,

Reverend Sir,

Your most affectionate brother Christian
and most obedient Servant,

John Brown.

TO THE REV. MR. WHATLEY*.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Northampton, March 3, 1744.

I AM much obliged to you for the favour of so long a letter, and for the frankness with which it is written. The multiplicity of my affairs will not permit me to send you one of equal length; but I find myself

* It is amusing to find Dr. Doddridge in this letter vindicating doctrines recognised by the episcopal church, against the objections of a subscribing clergyman, who was yet a man of sterling honour and integrity.

disposed, by the spirit which runs through it, to answer you with the like openness, which is, indeed, my natural temper, and which I practise myself because I love it in others.

The general tenour of your letter increases the esteem I had conceived for you, though I perceive that as to some particulars of opinion, we differ more than you seem to imagine; particularly about Mr. Taylor's book on Original Sin, which I have read attentively, and, after all, think it a vain attempt to prove that to be impossible, which, in fact, evidently is: and by this hint you will probably guess at my judgment in some other matters which you, Sir, seem to think nonsense, an incumbrance to Christianity, &c. Not that a diversity of opinion in these things would, if I knew you personally, create an alienation of affection. Every benevolent and useful man in society I love and honour as such, whether he be, or be not, a Christian. Every one that, with you, Sir, admits the truth of the Mosaic and Christian Revelation, and loving and serving the great Author of our being, looks for salvation, pardon, and peace, through Jesus Christ, practically submitting to the laws he has established, I embrace as a brother, whatever party or denomination he may belong to, and however we may differ in our judgment concerning the *phrases* used in any catechism or creed that can come into question between us. And though out of reverence to my Master, I dare not compliment any fellow-creature so far as to contradict even the *least* apprehended truth, because he does not see the evidence of it, nor sup-

press any one I think important, because he disbelieves it; yet, on the other hand, I shall always study to put the fairest and kindest construction on any *human phrases* which he judges proper to use, and shall be ready to decline such as give him offence, unless I have reason to believe that some inconvenience greater than that offence to him would attend my waving the use of them in any particular instance; and of that instance I would judge as in the sight of God, and mindful of the account I am to give him, for what I have adventured to teach as a Christian minister.

Here, Sir, is my whole heart: teach me wherein I have erred; and, be you a clergyman or a layman, I shall thankfully receive instruction. I must have expressed myself very ill in my last, to lead you to think I inferred your being a minister, from your having a benevolent and pious concern for the instruction of the rising generation. I know many Christians in private life, whose example may, in this respect, teach (may I not say shame?) most of *us*; but, I inferred it from your manner of expressing that concern, which I did think to be *clerical*; and the strain of your last confirms my suspicion: and were it not for your hand, I should think *Brown* only a fictitious name, and that I knew you personally, and had received many favours from you several years ago. But there may be so great a resemblance in style and sentiments as to occasion this suspicion without just grounds; and I rather wish it may not be true, because then I am richer by one valuable friend than if Mr. *Brown* be the reverend gentleman

who has sometimes written a very different signature. But, however this may be, I shall be heartily glad of your correspondence and friendship, if, on knowing me better, you judge me worthy of it; and the rather as I find that conversing freely with worthy persons, whose sentiments differ something from our own, dilates the heart, and insensibly forms a man for that catholicism which would make this earth much more like heaven if it generally prevailed.

I agree very well with Grotius on Matthew xi. 30, which I have just been consulting; yet I believe the equilibrium of our passions is broken in consequence of the *fall*, if you will pardon that expression; and that Adam *brought sin on all his race*; as, in consequence of it, they were not only constituted sinners, or treated as God would never have treated the children of a family into which sin had never entered, but have also that tincture of irregular inclination, which though it does not make any one actual transgression *necessary*, which I think no sin can be, yet does in fact lead every *adult* descendant of Adam into such actual sin as subjects him to the Divine displeasure, and will, I verily believe, have that effect on all who shall yet be born. And as I will not call the denial of this universally *a presumptuous taking away of the book of God*, so I hope you will not call the assertion of it *a presumptuous filling up of his blanks*; nor can I think such an expression as that in question, Rom. v. *casually dropped* from the pen of the apostle, but rather that the remark was so from

yours. I am with you, dear Sir, for cutting off *rotten* branches, but I would be cautious of lopping the trunk, so as to leave no branches at all, or even to cut off any one that is sound and vitally fed by the root.

And thus I am come to the end of my sheet, without saying a word of that little performance of my own which you have honoured with so particular a notice. To dispatch it briefly, I know not when another edition will be required : I have not the MS. by me ; if Mrs. Fenner has not saved it, it is destroyed. The corrections which Dr. Watts made were not many ; and if I can recover the verses so altered, I will send them in your other frank, and with them my riper thoughts on the corrections you suggest in your last. On the whole, Sir, our apprehensions as to the sense and propriety of some particular words and phrases, will, I believe, finally differ. Unnecessary alterations, which seem to affect doctrinal points, will make a noise, which I had rather decline ; but if you, Sir, have a mind to print my verses, *altered by a clergyman*, and to give away any number, you are welcome to make what changes you please, provided you tell the world that I am not responsible for them. This plan seems quite equitable ; and if whatever remains of mine be serviceable, I shall rejoice in that, and rejoice equally if the alterations you think proper to make, render them more useful to any into whose hands they may come. In the mean time I shall be exceedingly glad to hear from you, or to see you, as opportunity may offer ; and cordially recommending

you, and all your pious attempts of usefulness to the Divine blessing, I subscribe myself, with sincere esteem, and grateful respect,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your affectionate Brother

and much obliged humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D.D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Harborough, April 2, 1744.

I RECEIVED your last while confined to my chamber, by an illness from which, through the Divine goodness, I soon recovered.

I am exceeding sorry to find you complaining of a failure of spirits. I hope it is chiefly to be ascribed to some more than ordinary hurry of business, and that by this time you are pretty well recovered. My friend Ford tells me, that you desire I should preach your charity sermon; and you, dear Sir, can make no request with which, if it be in my power to comply, I can ever refuse, much less shall I dispute so easy a service; but I beg I may have previous notice, as my vacation begins on the first Monday in June, when I am to take a tour, chiefly for exercise, through Norfolk and Suffolk, but which way it begins is quite a matter of indifference to me, and I am fully determined, if God permits, to spend two or three days with my dear friends at St. Albans.

I have not time to say any thing of books but that I have received some entertainment from a poem called "The Pleasures of the Imagination," written by Dr. Akenside, a young physician of twenty-two years of age; and much more of another kind from "Origen against Celsus," which I have now almost finished, and which I find pregnant with passages of high importance for the vindication of Christianity, and especially for confirming the canon of the New Testament; from which Celsus has more quotations and references to it than almost all the Christian writers more ancient than himself taken together.

As you will see the article relating to our infirmary, which was drawn up at our committee on Saturday last in the Northampton Mercury of this day, I say nothing more of it except adding my testimony that Dr. Grey's was an excellent sermon*. He is a little piqued at Mr. Warburton's remark on his Preface to Job, and is preparing a smart reply, the substance of which he communicated to me; as, indeed, he spent more time with me than with any of the clergy, though there were between twenty and thirty in town on the occasion. He is a man of good learning, much ready wit, a great master of language, and, what is much better than all, a man of great moderation and piety. I think our clergy here, too, grow more moderate, in general, than they were; and I believe that our frequent social converse at the hospital committee has tended to promote that disposition. I have received

* The Rev. Richard Grey, D. D. author of the "Memoria Technica," "A System of English Ecclesiastical Law," &c. &c.

very obliging letters from the celebrated Dr. Newton, of Hart Hall, and from Mr. Hunt, who is esteemed the greatest orientalist in Oxford, of which, if I do not much mistake, he will soon give the world some memorable proof. What surprises me is that he writes to me with all the expressions of the most cordial and affectionate respect. I pray that God may unite all good men more and more in the love of each other and of himself.

Time presses, and I must conclude with our best services to yourself, lady, and family, referring you to Mr. Ford for farther particulars as to the welfare of, dear Sir,

Your most obliged, faithful,

and affectionate humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON*.

REV. SIR,

May 10, 1744.

I WAS most extremely obliged by your very kind letter, and though I am ever glad and thankful to hear from my Christian friends, I yet consider their callings as so many interruptions from what their

* "The Right Honourable Selina Countess Dowager of Huntingdon, second daughter, and one of the coheirresses of Washington, second Earl of Ferrars, was born August 13, 1707, and married in the year 1728 to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, by whom she had issue four sons and three daughters: of these only one, the Countess of

inclinations are often most disposed to. We want not that friendship which the world has, discovering its degree by the mere outside shows of ceremony; but those hearts who *know* Him that was from the beginning, by this acquaintance can trace back the several other influences upon their minds, besides the secret ones of his to them, and will not wonder such things should help them to maintain an esteem

Moira, survived their mother, whose death occurred in 1791, at the age of eighty-four, and after a widowhood of forty-five years.

“Upon the decease of her mother the Countess of Moira received an accession to her income of fifteen hundred pounds per annum, and her son, Lord Rawden, a bequest of two thousand two hundred pounds. Lady Huntingdon also left an annuity of a hundred a year to her friend, Lady Ann Erskine, and the sum of four thousand pounds to be disposed of in charitable gifts at the direction of the Earl of Dartmouth, Sir Richard Hill, and her chaplain, Mr. Haws. The residue of her fortune was bequeathed for the support of sixty-four chapels, which she had contributed to establish throughout the kingdom.”

Few characters have been more erroneously estimated by the world than that of Lady Huntingdon. She was, in fact, neither the gloomy fanatic, the weak visionary, nor the abstracted devotee which different parties have delighted to paint her.

The circumstance of her having forbade the publication of her papers, and her retired mode of life, for even her charities were principally distributed through the medium of her chaplains, were the causes which baffled the curiosity of those who felt desirous of discovering the motives which could tempt a woman to resign the allurements of station, and to devote, in addition to what is mentioned in her will, at least, a hundred thousand pounds, given during her life, for the extension of peculiar religious opinions, without any view towards that personal distinction which has been too often a leading inducement with the founders of new sects.

In the absence of circumstantial detail, all that remains is to collect the few personal traits which are here and there accidentally mentioned, and to unite them with facts of public notoriety. Having thus combined these scattered rays, their condensed light at once

of mankind till a stronger motive supplies its place : no, my worthy friend, never be under any care about any thing relating to me ; I never can esteem you less, and only more, by the further favour the Lord Jesus Christ shall and will still more bestow upon you ; and may you abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost. If I understand upon what your satisfaction was founded in my discourse with

reveals the actual character of this remarkable woman, and we perceive her peculiarities to have arisen from the blight of domestic sorrow, acting upon a mind swayed to a great extent by the imagination, and, therefore, highly susceptible of religious impressions.

In the spring day of her life there was little to distinguish Lady Huntingdon from the many charming and intelligent young women who ever grace the courtly circle in which she moved. She was naturally gay, and the quickness of her disposition rendered her sprightly and amusing ; but it does not appear that her gaiety tended towards dissipation, or that her conversational talents amounted to wit. How far her religious education had been attended to is not indicated, but there is no reason to surmise that it was defective ; and had not her maternal and conjugal affections suffered from the shock of family bereavements, her character would probably have remained not less worthy, but far less remarkable than it is at present.

The loss of children, and the death of her lord, which occurred before the charms of existence had with her been subdued by the lapse of time, gave a blow to the elasticity of her mind from which it never recovered. When the first paroxysm of grief had subsided, her exhausted feelings naturally sought a refuge in devotion ; and it is only to be regretted that under the melancholy impressions of the period, her mind the more deeply imbibed the Calvinistic tenets.

An affecting incident shows that at this time she still retained the fond recollections of human regard in all their wonted intensity. Lady Huntingdon had a fine bust of herself placed upon the tomb of her deceased husband ; and it is but justice to observe, that the widowed bosom in which his memory was enshrined ever remained as cold to earthly passion as the insensible marble, whose gentle smile, amid the symbols of death, seemed eloquent with immortality.

Mr. Jones, I think it depended upon my open and free declaration of present salvation; to be free, and through Jesus Christ alone; and yet, for many reasons, your being as open in it, as a preacher, may not be so effectual to your universal service, I mean as by attending to smaller degrees of good in all. In my last letter to Mr. Whitfield I think I have said to this effect: "it is for *this* point we must contend, of which we are witnesses; with that tender regard

For some years the religious views of Lady Huntingdon were those of the church of England; she was pious and benevolent in an eminent degree, as her letters in this work evince, but her sentiments were unmarked by peculiarity. As might however have been expected, the spirit-stirring eloquence of Whitfield caught her attention, and she became one of his most determined proselytes; and, doubtless, felt delighted to obtain so important a witness to the reality of her *election*. Be this as it may, under his influence, although she never renounced the doctrines of episcopacy, yet she embraced sectarian views incompatible with its practice and well being; she endowed chapels, and sanctioned an independent *form* of worship.

Of the results to which her conduct, in such respects, was likely to lead, she was doubtless unconscious, and, in fact, acted from the impressions produced upon her mind by the interested parties around her. She was, indeed, so much the child of emotion that she is related to have described herself "as like a ship before the wind carried on by an impulse she could not resist or describe."

The influence of Whitfield and his friends over the mind of Lady Huntingdon was most apparent from the year 1748, when he became her chaplain. That influence was, however, so guardedly employed that the natural vigilance of her character was fully exercised in plans for the propagation of the highly Calvinistic ideas she had espoused. Her more decisive designs of this nature will not here appear in her letters, as they were not effected during the life of Dr. Doddridge, and it was not until the year 1768, that she opened her "College" near Talgarth, in South Wales, "for the education of serious and godly young men, and such as she believed had a *Divine call*." Besides this academy, the whole expense of which she defrayed,

to all degrees or steps leading to it, by which we can alone extricate ourselves from the trifling wrangles of the schools upon words; and better confound the infidel world. It is the only answer to that remark, which, though I never have heard it, is surely strong; viz. that *uncertainties* must level all religious feelings too much; and they must arise always rather upon the conclusions of men than the sapient evidence of the Divine propositions. Here then, my friend, is

she was deeply interested in the missionary schemes then in motion; and that she might the better uphold the *cause*, reduced her style of living far below what her station in society demanded; and even exhausted her income to such an extent, that she was not able to afford charitable relief in some cases of the utmost necessity, that were brought under her notice.

Her death occurred on the 17th of June, 1791, and was marked with the serenity of the Christian, and the humble confidence of a saint. As the awful moment was approaching, she said, "My work is done; and I have nothing to do but to go to my Father."

The romantic turn of her feelings was as strongly marked during her last illness as in any former period of her life. She desired that her remains might be dressed in the suit of white silk which she wore at the opening of the chapel in Goodman's Fields; and in speaking of death, said, "it was like putting off her cloak." When the blood vessel burst which was the commencement of her illness, on being asked how she did, by Lady Ann Erskine, she observed, "I am well—all is well—well for ever! I see, wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory:" and a day or so before her decease, she remarked, "The Lord has been present with my spirit this morning in a remarkable manner: what He means to convey to my mind I know not; it may be my approaching departure. My soul is filled with glory; I am in the element of heaven."

The piety of Lady Huntingdon was sincere; and it will therefore be respected by every honourable mind. The direction it took and the enthusiasm with which it was fraught are, however, to be lamented, as they ultimately destroyed her influence among persons of her own rank, and thus rendered her far less useful in society than she might otherwise have been.

what our great Lord offers us. It is for such a religion I live, and in which, with his grace, I will die. This manifestation in the soul of Britain will prove as satisfactory as light is to the eye; and whenever this light appears equally great, there will be a perfect agreement; the degrees may and will cause disputes, as about the several imperfect objects a day dawn produces; and in this state the well meaning among the Moravians seem disputing with all who see differently with them. In this case our Lord's rule seems best, which was not to destroy error with evil, but by the establishment of truth, the rather to let it fall from its own weakness: exhort all sincere souls back, and the deadly thing will not hurt them though they drink of it. I most fear their political schemes, and cannot tell how to account for many things upon any other principle than as prior to the introduction of *this*, as their phrase is, *infallible church*; and, indeed, when we go beyond the written word, which will, simply attended to, open with the light by degrees, as we receive its blessed rays. I say, when we go beyond this, where must the great confusion end? in nothing but in a mere traditionary church, made up of many pious but superstitious minds; of which I hope even Turkey is not without.

Your Sermon I read with much care, as well as attention to your request, that I would sit, with pen and paper by me, to mark all I could find amiss in it; but if it will be any satisfaction to you to know it, I assure you, with all my care, I was not able to make a single objection, nor even to fear one from any mortal for you; and I must beg you will be so

good to let me have a hundred sent, in order to give away. I hope Mr. Hervey's fears are groundless about the dedication; it is, in all respects, the very best judged one, both for your character and his, that I think could be penned; you have done right; and my grand maxim will support you: "Do that which is best, and leave the event to God!" By your confidence in me you have led me to be thus free to you. I speak from my heart; it may mean well, but do you correct its judgments when you find them wrong. I think I shall be ever glad to confess them so whenever I see them so, and, I hope, for more excellent ways, the ways of godliness and truth; and, with many wishes to Mrs. Doddridge for her safety, and prayers for you, my friend, I remain,

Most sincerely and faithfully yours,

S. HUNTINGDON.

P. S. Do not forget unworthy me in all your prayers. Lady Frances Gardiner is to be in England soon, as Mr. Whitfield writes me word.

FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

DEAR SIR,

Epsom, June 13, 1744.

WE WILL and require, by these presents, and by the power you have vested in us, and all other powers we have or may have, that you preach for us at Salters' Hall, July the 22d in the morning;—if I should add,

and no where else that day, I might as well keep my breath to cool my porridge.

I have fixed upon some sermons to make one volume; if God give me life and leisure to attempt his service, and to oblige my friends. Those on Providence are amongst them, but I have not set eyes on them for many months; however, if you will oblige me with your company at Russell Street, I will give you the reading of one of the last sermons I made, Heb. xi. 5, "*For before his translation he had the testimony that he pleased God,*" which whoever does may set his heart at great ease, whether he pleases men or not. Nay if he displease those he wished to please, and does it in the very points wherein he hoped and expected most of all to please them! The longer you live the more you will know that there is but little candour and benevolence in this world, and not so much *truth* and justice by far as there should be; no not amongst Christians, Ministers, and Members of churches! Some have said of the people of New England, that they were so very *godly*, it was a pity they were not *honest**.

I have been long learning to do right things, because they are right, and it becomes me to do them; nor will I be hindered either by ingratitude or abuse. You only have neighbours' fare when you meet with reflection or neglect. When you have had more of

* What a useful hint might not this passage convey to the solemn prigs, who, in the Eclectic Review, splutter forth the moral poisons of private malice, studied misrepresentation, and literary falsehood, with such a blasphemous assumption of *pious* intention! As an instance in point, see the number for November 1829.

them they will hurt you less: Consciousness of a governing care to please God gives a man a solid, rational, durable delight, not to be lost or altered; whereas that of popularity and applause is only like the pleasure of being scratched in a place that itches, which even then is mixed with smart, and it is well if it be not followed with a sore.

But with what face can I set down and write such a long letter to a man of so much business? my answer is, I interrupt him for a quarter of an hour to try to refresh him after a fatigue, ease him of a burden, and drop oil into a wound that has been washed with vinegar. Well, now, dear Sir, return to your books and business; indulge an easy smile; let mistake obtain your pity, but upon illnature look with a sovereign contempt.

I am much obliged to you for your good wishes to me and Mrs. Barker. I hope you will be a witness to our happiness at Russell Street, where we will open our doors to you, spread a decent table, invite Cheerfulness to be a guest, and shut out suspicion, illnature, envy, and evil surmising, with all the rest of that dirty, low bred, scowling tribe.

That nothing may vex you and hinder your usefulness, or lessen your quantity of spirits, is the earnest desire of your

Affectionate and unalterable Friend,

J. BARKER.

TO SIR JAMES STONHOUSE*, M. D. &c.

DEAR DOCTOR,

Cambridge, June 20, 1744.

NEVER was I more surprised than at the news of Dr. Akenside's arrival at Northampton; I had not till last night the remotest hint of such a scheme, and I have now been writing him a long letter to convince him how little he has to expect there. In it are the following words, after having expressed very sincerely my esteem for his abilities, and general propensity to have served him, had circumstances allowed, I add, "In proportion to this, must be my caution to do nothing to encourage an expectation from the place, which I think ungrounded, or to forfeit your esteem, which I desire yet more than your neighbourhood, by

* Among the many valuable friends Dr. Doddridge possessed, it would be difficult to name one who ranked higher in his estimation than Sir James Stonhouse; there was indeed a sacred bond of union between them which could not fail of awakening mutual feelings of the deepest interest.

For some time after his settlement at Northampton, although distinguished as a physician, it was lamented that Dr. Stonhouse "was inclined to the principles of infidelity," in the defence of which he even went so far as to write a book, which was thrice printed. Under these circumstances it was a happy incident that with the liberality which so strongly distinguished his character, instead of shunning the society of the young freethinker, as too many clergymen from a selfish feeling of caution would have done, Dr. Doddridge cultivated his acquaintance, excited his esteem, and through the medium of his conversation, and of his admirable sermons on the Evidences of Christianity, relieved the honourable mind of his learned friend from those delusions by which it had been too long obscured.

It is worthy of remark, as a proof of the integrity and candour existing on both sides, that Dr. Stonhouse, who had been bred a church-

inconstancy in a friendship already contracted. The intimacy which has subsisted for several months between Dr. Stonhouse and myself, the confidence which that generous and worthy man has reposed in me in matters of the highest importance, his readiness not only to oblige me by all the offices of politeness in common life, but also to favour with his constant attendance and advice, gratis, many very worthy though indigent persons, whom I recommended to his care, beside the obligation which our town and county owes to him as the founder of our Infirmary, for such indeed he is, are all considerations which unite me to him in bonds which I shall ever hold sacred." After this he will hardly think of settling with us as a physician, and I have offered him my good offices, if desired, to search out for him in this journey some other place. But if, which is not impossible, he

man, while he owed his religious convictions to a dissenter, continued a warm friend to the establishment.

In latter life Sir James Stonhouse felt so deep an impression as to the importance of the pastoral office, that he relinquished his extensive medical practice, the fruits of twenty years' exertion, and took orders. His first preferment was to the lectureship of All Saints, Bristol; he was afterwards presented to the livings of Great and Little Chcvrell, Wiltshire. Here it was that he fortunately engaged as his curate the late Rev. Thomas Stedman, then just entering the church, who, among his other literary labours in the cause of religion and virtue, has favoured the world with a valuable collection of the letters of Sir James Stonhouse.

It may be proper to observe that Sir James Stonhouse graduated at Oxford, where he belonged to St. John's College. He was twice married, and in the second instance to Miss Ekins, a young lady of considerable fortune, of whom the reader will hear more directly, as she was for some years the ward of Dr. Doddridge.

Sir James Stonhouse was the author of several essays on religious subjects, and died at Bristol, 1795.

set out in the way of midwifery and surgery, as did Dr. Fordyce, who took his degrees abroad, and practises with great success and honour, the scene is changed, and let Litchfield look to himself if he will stay at Northampton as a physician; but I shall live with him as with you during Dr. Freeman's life.

As to the expediency of the joining in consultation with him as a physician, if required, I should have no scruple about it. If he be an able physician, he is *really* qualified to advise. The comparative *monstrosity* of the expense at *our universities* is perhaps only sometimes the fault of students, and a resolution to renounce all foreign physicians or learned persons of our own country because bred abroad, is, I think, a mere CABAL, and the more unreasonable, as such terms are insisted upon here as no conscientious man who considers things fully can comply with; at least it is evidently excluding all dissenters from the possibility of being physicians, which for the sake of Jews and Mahometans alone I should think a most unrighteous thing. You know also how ill it would sit on a gentleman who received most of his knowledge in his peculiar profession abroad, to disclaim a brother on that account, and should you do it, I verily believe, my dear friend, it would put many persons, from a principle of liberty and justice, or perhaps of pride, on espousing the interest of Dr. Akenside,* who it seems has an engaging manner, if he should think fit to stay at

* Dr. Akenside came to Northampton with an introduction to Dr. Doddridge from Professor Fordyce, and must have been disappointed to find the field so completely preoccupied. From the mode

Northampton, which, were I in his case, I should on that punctilio be more inclined to do, since it must banish him from England if universally adhered to.

You will I hope pardon the freedom of a friend, who, where he has given his judgment, can bear with your acting as contrary to it as you please : were I in your case I would converse frankly with Dr. Akenside, and let him see the state of affairs at Northampton; he will, I dare say, have a just regard to your representations. A letter will reach me at Norwich or

in which the word cabal is employed in this letter, it may be inferred that there was then a sort of by law among physicians who had graduated at the English universities, to send their learned brethren with foreign diplomas to *coventry*. Be this as it may, the idea of not meeting the learned and accomplished Akenside at a consultation is amusingly absurd. Dr. Akenside had taken the degree of M. D. at Leyden; and had then just published, at the age of twenty-three, his charming poem entitled "The Pleasures of the Imagination," which, by the by, was at first refused by the sapient bookseller to whom it was offered, until Pope seeing it by chance, gave it the passport of his recommendation. The Doctor remained but a short time at Northampton, and on his removal to London, soon obtained that high consideration to which he was in every way so well entitled. Here he was elected a fellow of the college, published several professional treatises of merit, read the Gultonian Lectures; was nominated physician to the Queen,—and died in 1770.

Dr. Kippis was a pupil at Northampton during the residence of Akenside in that town, and has related the following anecdotes in his Sketch of the Life of Dr. Doddridge.

"The ingenious poet and the learned divine were in habits of considerable intimacy while the former resided at Northampton; a matter of controversy between them was, 'how far the heathen philosophers were acquainted with, and had inculcated the doctrine of immortality.' Akenside contended for the honour of the philosophers, and Doddridge for that of the Christian Revelation; the subject was

elsewhere, as my wife can direct you. Perhaps I may see Northampton on my way to London, coming from Norwich by the north part of Norfolk. Favour me with your commands if you have any. I write in great haste, my compliments attend your lady and family, and the hospital committee. I am,

Dear Doctor,

Your most faithful and obliged humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

pursued in express conferences for two or three evenings, and both the gentlemen exerted their talents, and collected their literature on the different sides of the question. Dr. Doddridge, who loved to inform his pupils of whatever he met with, which he thought would contribute to their instruction and pleasure, related to us on the succeeding mornings the arguments that had been produced and the result of the debate."

On another occasion, when alluding to his revered tutor, Dr. Kippis, says,

"I remember a remarkable instance of his power of extemporaneous speaking. Aken-side the poet, being visited by some relations who were dissenters, from Newcastle upon Tyne, came with them unexpectedly one Sunday morning to Dr. Doddridge's chapel. The subject he preached upon was a common orthodox topic, for which he had scarcely made any preparation; but he roused his faculties on the occasion, and spoke with such energy, variety, and eloquence, as excited my warmest admiration, and must have impressed Dr. Aken-side with a high opinion of his abilities."

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Begun at Newmarket, June 22, Friday
night, ended at Bury, June 24, 1744,
Lord's Day morning.

MY DEAREST,

I THINK myself obliged to continue the history of my travels that you may know how we go on : yesterday was almost a day of rest, as we only went to the theatre and saw the form of conferring degrees, being still treated with great complaisance by the celebrated Dr. Taylor, now, by the way, made Chancellor of Lincoln, on the death of Dr. Reynolds. In the evening I preached ; it was at an hour when the students were all at supper, but before I had proceeded five minutes in my sermon, in came a whole troop of them in their black gowns, and made such a spectacle as was never seen there before, so far as I can learn. I was at first a little surprised, but to do them justice, they heard me out patiently and behaved with great decorum ; but how far they were satisfied with what they heard, I know not. This day I rode in three coats, because of the rain, from Cambridge to Ely, and from thence to Newmarket, where I began this letter. We saw Ely Minster, which is very fine, and there parted with Mr. Johnston of Wisbeach.

We set out for St. Edmonds Bury yesterday morning, and came hither about eleven, after a most charming, easy, and pleasant ride ; we were most kindly received by our generous friend Mr. Webb, who is well, and his family also. We have spent the

day in very agreeable conversation, and viewed the ruins of the largest church ever built in England, and several monuments in the other churches, particularly of one good woman who brought into the world two thousand two hundred and thirty-seven children! We also met with the most extraordinary story from Ipswich that I ever heard, and of which I desire you will remind me when I come home; it is of an old woman who a few weeks ago, was burnt to ashes by an invisible fire, and found in that condition on a deal floor, on which there was no other mark of burning. What our doctors will say to this I know not, but I intend to get a particular account of the story, with all the names and circumstances before I come home*.

I am, my Dearest, yours most affectionately,

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Bury, June 26, 1744.

As I have this morning (the anniversary of the day which brought me into the world) been reflecting seriously on the mercies of our gracious God which have attended me here, I could not but think of you among the chief of them; and have been unfeignedly

* For some other particulars relative to this affair, see a letter dated July 18, page 345.

addressing my praises to him for giving me, in so near and important a relation, so prudent and tender, so faithful and pious a friend, who has every quality that can be imagined to recommend her to my esteem. I have been blessing him for restoring you so often from languishing and dangerous illnesses, and therein, as it were, giving me a new life; and I have been entreating him to continue so invaluable a blessing, and to give me wisdom to prize it as I ought. And now, my dear creature, I renew my thanks to you for all your care of me and goodness to me, which I pray God abundantly to repay you, as I believe and hope he will, since I persuade myself that religion as well as friendship has its part in the many good offices you are continually doing me. I long, as you may easily believe, to see you again; nor does my birthday, amidst all the congratulations and kindnesses of my friends, give me a complete pleasure while I am separated from the better half of myself. I have just been writing a long letter to good Mrs. Scawen, which makes it the more necessary for me to contract this, for my situation, as to the height of my chair and lowness of my table, makes the posture which my short-sighted eyes require, something painful; but I must not conclude without telling you that Bury grows every day more and more agreeable to me, as I meet with many excellent persons here. I yesterday saw Dr. Macrow's curiosities with great pleasure, and among the rest, the celebrated letter from King Charles to the Duke of Buckingham, to thank him for a good office, which I never desire to receive.

Greet my friends and children, but accept of the best greetings yourself from him who is entirely and affectionately yours.

P. D.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST,

Lynn Regis, July 11, 1744.

I LEFT Yarmouth on Monday attended by Mr. Frost, one of the most valuable of friends, and one of the best of men; we got to Norwich by dinner, that city lying almost in our way hither. When I came thither, I found my dear friend, Miss Scott, had formed a scheme to come with us on a little tour of pleasure, but being disappointed of a horse that afternoon, we were forced, and it was no great hardship, to spend the evening there. Yesterday morning at five o'clock we set out with Mr. Wilkinson and Miss Scott in a chaise, and had a very pleasant journey, first to Lord Townsend's, which we saw with no great admiration, and then to the seat of the Earl of Orford (once you know the celebrated Sir Robert) which we viewed with inexpressible pleasure: such paintings and furniture on the whole I never saw; the elegance and magnificence of every thing about us was such, as not only excited delight but amazement. And you may suppose I was not a little surprised to receive a message from his Lordship, with his compliments to me and Mr. Fergusson, and a very obliging invitation for us to take up our quarters with him: it was late in the evening, but I thought

it incumbent on me to wait on his Lordship, who received me with great civility amidst a circle of the nobility and gentry. Mr. Fergusson*, bent on to-day's journey, excused himself from breakfasting with the Earl, which he invited us to do, and we parted after some general conversation, of which, when we meet, I hope to give you a farther account. This morning we parted company, Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Parminter escorted dear Miss Scott to Norwich, and we came hither. By the way we saw, at Castle Rising, the finest ruin we have met with in all our travels; and we have viewed this elegant town and some of its ancient *regalia*:—there is a golden cup which King John presented to the Mayor, and the sword of state with which he girt him; we drank the King's health out of it, with some peculiar ceremonies proper to the occasion. Fond of fish, and at a seaport, we ordered a dinner of soles and smelts, which proved worse than some I have cat at Northampton; and we have been so very unlucky as not to meet with one shrimp in a place almost as famous for them as Hull. As for our health, I bless God, mine is perfect, and Mr. Fergusson's finely recovered. And now, my dearest, I must, for the present, bid you good by, with our united services, and the sincere assurances of being, with all possible affection,

My Dearest, your most cordial, obliged,
and faithful humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

* The Doctor's pupil who accompanied him in this little tour of pleasure.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST, Framlingham, July 18, 1744, Friday night.

I AM so desirous of writing to you as often as I can, that I now take my pen to do it in a room full of company. On Wednesday, after I had seen Lynn, I set out for a fine seat of Sir Andrew Fountain's, where I saw some great curiosities, particularly the shell of a fish of the scallop kind, capable of inclosing a fish much bigger than a child two years old. I then went and lay at Swaffham, where I saw the church, built by a pedlar, who heard so oddly of a treasure hidden in his own garden by means of a dream, of which I shall hereafter give you a larger account. We lay at the best inn I have met with in all my travels, since I left Doncaster or Scarborough. Yesterday we rode forty miles, thirty-six of them in the rain, and were wet through and through; but I bless God I got no cold. This day has been spent in ordaining Mr. Wood. The work of the day was excellently well conducted. Mr. Wood has married a most agreeable young lady, with a very handsome fortune; and I think he stands fair of being extremely happy with her. My interview with my excellent fathers and brethren here (for such indeed they are) is very much to my satisfaction.

I long for another letter from you, my dear love, it being now more than a week since I received your last. New traps are laid in my way to London, but I shall make all the haste I can thither. Of these

things thus far. I am this minute told that the post is gone, so that peradventure I may send you, on the remainder of this paper, an answer to the letter I am to receive from you at Ipswich.

London, July 20.

I will now continue my journal. The (Tuesday) morning before I left Ipswich, not being able to return to see the extraordinary woman who speaks distinctly and intelligibly without a tongue, by whose door I had unluckily passed in my journey without knowing it, I went to view the spot on which the old woman had been burnt up with an invisible fire, and saw the unsinged boards of the floor on which her body lay, in a glowing coal, and heard the fact attested by the testimony of two persons who lived under the same roof with her, and saw her in that dreadful condition. Mr. Gibbons (the poet, just married to an elderly lady) had received the same story the day before, from the testimony of the wretched woman's daughter, who was an eye witness of the event*. I

* It appears that the name of the poor woman in question was Grace Pet; and, as the fact is of so extraordinary a character, the curiosity of the reader may perhaps be gratified by the relation of some parallel instances.

"A woman at Paris, who used to drink brandy in excess, was one night reduced to ashes by a fire from within, all but her head and the ends of her fingers."—*Novum Lumen Phosphor. Accens. Amst.* 1717. Signora Corre Zangari, an aged lady of unblemished life, near Cesena, in Romagna, underwent the same fate, March, 1731. She had retired in the evening into her chamber somewhat indisposed, and in the morning was found in the middle of the room reduced to ashes, all except her face, skull, three fingers, and the legs which remained

went from Ipswich to Colchester, and from thence, unluckily enough, to Castle Hedingham, where I found not my good friend Mr. Ford, he being gone, as I ought to have been, to Mr. Tailer's ordination at Rochford.

entire, with the shoes and stockings on. The ashes were light, and vanished on pressing them between the fingers, leaving a gross smelling moisture behind, with which the floor was also smeared; the walls and furniture of the room being covered with a moist cineritious soot, which had not only stained the linen in the chests, but had penetrated into the closet, as well as into the room over head, the walls of which were moistened with the same viscous humour."—

Mem. de Trev. An. 1731, p. 1293.

It is worthy of observation, that the faculty of spontaneous combustion appears to be confined to the human body alone, no instance being on record of any other animal having thus suffered. It is also a curious fact that this appalling visitation has only occurred to individuals of the female sex. In women, however, the greater degree of vascularity may render the animal fluids more susceptible of those morbid changes which must take place before a formation of phosphoretted hydrogen gas could occur to a sufficient extent for it to pervade the cellular tissues of the body so as to cause its entire conflagration; a circumstance which, as some of the authorities above alluded to very properly state, under common circumstances, could only be effected by the use of a considerable quantity of fuel. The agents they refer to, however, as producing the internal fire, viz. electricity, and the presence of alcohol in the blood, would be inefficient; although the latter, which to a certain extent, is often the case with excessive drinkers, may probably be a predisposing cause, and would at least assist the action of the more active combustibles.

It is to be remarked that a phosphorescent, or highly electrical state of the human skin, during life, and without, indeed, any unpleasant results, has been sometimes observed. Fortunius Licetas relates the case of a man who by merely rubbing his body with his hand produced an appearance of flame; and Maffei says that Signora Cassandra Bari Rambalda, of Verona, on applying the slightest friction to her person, even with a linen cloth, emitted flashes of light.

I am just now setting out for Mr. Jennings's ; purpose dining at Lady Abney's ; and must conclude till another opportunity offers of repeating the devoirs of,

My Dearest, your very affectionate

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. Pray salute the dear children and Nancy in my name. I hope quickly to salute them myself.

FROM MR. WILLIAMS*.

REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,

Kidderminster,
August 29, 1744.

WE have been blest with the presence and excellent labours of dear Mr. Fawcett, from whom I parted last Monday at Worcester : he hath our hearts, and I am certain we have his. He came hither on the 17th, preached the next day thrice, preached a preparation sermon on Tuesday, before many ministers, and last Lord's day preached thrice, and administered the Lord's Supper : such a sacramental season my

* While sterling integrity, prudent generosity, and sincere piety, can awaken esteem, or improve the affections, so long will the name of Mr. Williams be held in grateful regard by all who are acquainted with the unceasing benevolence of his life. The letters of this excellent man will be found to breathe the heart-melting dictates of a childlike dependence on Providence ; and those who desire to study his instructive example to greater advantage, will be highly gratified by the perusal of his " Diary," which was published in the first instance by the Rev. B. Fawcett, and has been recently reedited with much new and important matter, selected from his " Meditations," &c. by his great grandson Benjamin Hanbury, Esq.

soul was never feasted with before ; I could most gladly have left God's lower courts, and this lower world together, and have fled up to the realms of perfect blessedness. Adored be the Divine condescension and grace for what I felt most sensibly on that memorable day.

All the trustees waited on Mr. Fawcett in a body, in the vestry, as soon as he had finished his public services, and presented him with an invitation, cheerfully signed by every male communicant and male subscriber ; and as soon as he returned to his lodging, three youths presented him with a very pressing, affectionate, and pious address, drawn up by one of them, and signed by more than thirty young men, of whom all but two or three are betwixt eighteen and twenty-one, and the sons of communicants ; in it are such expressions as these :—" Indeed we are highly obliged to you, under God, for those heavenly rays of Divine light which were darted into our souls by means of your powerful preaching : how did our hearts burn within us while, by the influence and assistance of the Holy Spirit, you opened the Scriptures to us !" **** " Here is a great harvest of souls, come then, dear Sir, in the power of the blessing of the Spirit, and reap the fruits that may grow up and ripen under your ministrations ; we are now in the bloom of youth, the season in which the character is formed ; come then, dear Sir, and build us up to the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus." After this, he was desired to present Mrs. Fawcett with a letter signed by more than sixty of our good women.

It was begun on Saturday evening, having Madam Spilsbury and Mrs. Bradshaw at the head: numbers pressed to sign it as soon as it took wind, and in another day it might have been signed by sixty more. After a very tender affectionate address, there are in it these words: "Permit us, dear madam, to assure you that as many names as you see subscribed to this letter, so many, and more obliging friends of your own sex will you find at Kidderminster, who will gladly contribute all that may lie in their power to make your abode among us easy, pleasant, and honourable."

As I told you before, Sir, we certainly have his heart, of which he gave us sufficient testimony before the end of last week. He told Mr. Orton, in our hearing, that he had ten thousand times rather come to Kidderminster than continue at Taunton, might he follow the inclination of his own mind; but apprehending, on the one hand, if he should determine for himself to leave Taunton and come here, that he might be called mercenary (these are his own words); and on the other, if he should reject our invitation and continue at Taunton, that we should throw all the blame on Mrs. Fawcett; in order to extricate himself out of the dilemma, he had determined, before he came, to refer it entirely to the arbitration of two ministers: he hath chosen Mr. Blake, of Blandford, to plead for Taunton; we have chosen Mr. Orton to plead for us; to these two gentlemen the important decision is to be committed as soon as he hath written to you, Sir, and obtained your approbation of his

scheme: and such decision he seems inflexibly resolved to abide by, whatever it may be.

You have scarcely forgotten, Sir, what a remarkable footstep of Providence I mentioned to you, when I first requested you to recommend us to Mr. Fawcett, viz. Mr. Butler's coming to me in the critical moment to ask me to do the very thing I was just then held in suspense about, giving me the most positive assurance of the consent of all his party, which was the thing I wanted in order to determine me. To me it appears a no less remarkable step of Providence in our favour, that while Mr. Crane and I were travelling betwixt Kidderminster and Taunton, in quest of Mr. Fawcett, measures were concerting at Dursley for the removal of Mr. Hornblower thither, where he has been settled now, I believe, some months. Certainly, had Mr. Hornblower continued here, his presence among us would not only have been very disagreeable to Mr. Fawcett, but likewise, small as his party was in number, would have clogged his way to us with considerable difficulties, which is now every way smooth and open.

Add to these what Mr. Fawcett himself told me, and will no doubt tell you, that a letter you sent him containing an answer to some queries he had proposed, and your judgment on the state of things, as he had represented it, which, had it come duly to his hand, he thinks would have determined him never to have seen Kidderminster, was stopped at the post-office three months, while we were making our applications to him, and came not to his hand until we had obtained a promise from him. Does not this,

Sir, and much more, do not all these circumstances compared, look like the leadings of Providence in our favour?

Yet in none of these instances, nor in all of them put together, do the wisdom, care, and interposition of Providence appear more evident than in the way and method by which our friends, who had so violently opposed the choice of Mr. Phillips, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Halford, were induced to set up Mr. Fawcett against the last of them, and yet with so vehement a zeal, that although upon better information of his real principles, and seeing our forwardness in seeking him, they evidently cooled upon it, and would not have sent any messenger to wait on him had they not been over-voted, a sense of honour, and perhaps no other principle necessitates them now to abide by their own choice, being fairly taken in a snare of their own laying.

Give me leave to add, that I dare boldly confide that all these are the fruits of earnest incessant prayer, even the prayer of faith, dictated by God's own Spirit, and offered many times with groanings that could not be uttered. It was on the 4th of February, 1742, that a few of us in a most private manner spent an evening in prayer, in which we only bore upon our minds the concerns of our church, and the interest of Christ all around us. Such a season of social prayer I had never known before; I bless God, I have known many such since: we came away comforted, believing in hope that our prayers were heard.

Since that, the same company have met for the same purpose more than three hundred times, and have had wonderful experience of the Divine presence, and been enabled to cry Abba, Father !

Now, dear Sir, if you concur with me in thinking the fore-mentioned instances to be indeed the leadings of Providence in our favour, and given in answer to prayer ; if you see reason also to hope, as Mr. Fawcett fairly owned to Mr. Orton, that Mr. Amory's interest is not sufficient to bring him in to succeed Mr. Fawcett, more especially if there be reason to hope a suitable person may be introduced to that church ; does it not appear evident to you, Sir, that Mr. Fawcett has the call of Christ, as well as the unanimous call of our church ? and will you not, dear Sir, write accordingly both to dear Mr. Fawcett and to Mr. Blake ? I humbly beg of you that you will be pleased to do it ; I also purpose, in proper time, to write to Mr. Blake. If by these means Mr. Blake can be convinced that the balance is in our favour, and that speedily, without the formality of a congress betwixt him and Mr. Orton, Mr. Fawcett may perhaps remove his family, and come to us before the depth of winter, which would be on all hands most agreeable.

You are very sensible, Sir, of the great importance of the fore-mentioned arbitration ; Mr. Fawcett had more than seven hundred hearers here, and probably will generally have as many : our people were never so taken with any minister before, not even with

Mr. Adams, nor the late dear Mr. Bradshaw ; there is reason to hope he will be a second Baxter among us. I am sure I need say no more to bespeak your warmest tenderest concern for the interest of our Lord Jesus in this place, who hath not yet forsaken his ancient heritage. O what a blessing will the dear man be to this town and country ! May God of his mercy send him, and come along with him, and cause his bow to abide in strength ! Be pleased to let me hear from you ; and to present my respectful salutations to Mrs. Doddridge, and all other friends. To his blessing and conduct I earnestly commend you, who worketh all, and in all, in whom I am,

Dear Sir, your much obliged

and most obedient humble Servant,

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

FROM THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

MY DEAR AND VALUABLE FRIEND, Newington,
Sept. 13, 1744.

It is a pleasure to hear of your welfare and that of your family, when daily converse cannot be maintained ; such indeed as I have lately enjoyed with you gives a fair emblem of the social pleasures of the heavenly state, where the communication of our ideas on the most sublime and glorious subjects, and confirming our souls in divine truth must needs have

a considerable share*. God grant that we may here escape error in our pursuit of the best knowledge.

I should be glad, at your leisure, to hear your

* The pleasing evidence borne by Dr. Watts to the social talents of Dr. Doddridge is corroborated by Mr. Orton, who says "there appeared a remarkable *sprightliness* and *vivacity* in his countenance and manner when engaged in conversation, as well as in the pulpit, which commanded general attention." The reader will observe the reverse he exhibited in this particular to the artificial gravity assumed by the ultra Calvinists of the present day. The grasping violence of religious party, and the subtle distinctions of human theology,

"Those" frowning forms of bigot "sway,"

"With fronts of brass and feet of clay."

had little hold upon a mind so constantly employed in the extension of solid knowledge, and in that cheerful benevolence of thought and action which is the very soul of Christianity. The conversation of Dr. Doddridge was, therefore, full of the innocent gaiety mental serenity inspires; while the stores of information with which his mind was fraught, and the affectionate warmth of his disposition, could not but render it as delightful as it was instructive. Devotional themes were, undoubtedly, of frequent recurrence, and of the animation with which they were discussed the following dream, related by the late Rev. Samuel Clark, of Birmingham, then a pupil at Northampton, may be given as an interesting evidence:

"Dr. Doddridge and my father, Dr. Clark, had been one evening conversing upon the nature of the separate state, and of the probability that the scenes on which the soul would enter upon leaving the body would bear some resemblance to those with which it had been conversant whilst on earth; so that it might by degrees be prepared for the more sublime happiness of the heavenly world. This, and other conversation of the same kind, was the immediate occasion of the following dream.

"Dr. Doddridge imagined himself dangerously ill, at a friend's house, in London, and that after lying in that state for some time, his soul left the body, and took its flight, in some kind of fine vehicle, which, though very different from the body it had just quitted, was still material. He pursued his course till he was at some distance

remarks on my MSS. I long to have your "Rise and Progress of Religion" appear in the world. I wish my health had been so far established, that I

from the city, when, turning back and reviewing the town, he could not forbear saying to himself, 'how trifling and vain do the affairs which the inhabitants of this place are so eagerly employed in appear to me, a separate spirit. At length, as he was continuing his progress, though without any certain direction, yet easy and happy in the thought of the universal providence of God, which extends alike to all states, and to all worlds, he was met by one who told him, that he was sent to conduct him to the place appointed for him; from which he concluded, that it could be no other than an angel. They went on together till they came in sight of a spacious building, which had the air of a palace; upon which he inquired of his guide what it was, and was told that it was the place assigned for his residence at present. The Doctor then observed, that he had read, when upon earth, that eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor had it entered into the heart of man to conceive what great things God had laid up for his servants, whereas he could easily conceive an idea of such a building as that before him, though somewhat inferior in point of elegance. The answer his guide made him was such as, from the conversation he had with his friend the evening before, might easily suggest itself; it was, that some of the first scenes that presented themselves to his view would bear a resemblance to those he had been accustomed to upon earth, that his mind might be gradually prepared the more easily to behold the unknown glories which would be presented to his view hereafter.

"By this time they were come up to the palace, and his guide led him through a kind of saloon into an inner apartment, where the first thing he observed was a golden cup, which stood upon a table; on this cup was embossed the figure of a vine, bearing grapes. He asked his guide the meaning of it, who told him that it was the cup out of which our Saviour drank new wine with his disciples in his kingdom, and that the carved figures were to signify the union betwixt Christ and his people; implying that as the grapes derive all their beauty and sweetness from the vine, so the saints, even in a state of glory, are indebted for their virtue and happiness to their union with their immortal Head, in whom they are all complete.

"Whilst they were thus conversing, he thought he heard a gentle

could have read over every line with the attention it merits, but I am not ashamed, by what I have read, to recommend it as the best treatise on practical

tap at the door, and was informed by his guide, that it was the signal of his Lord's approach, and intended to prepare him for the interview. Accordingly, in a short time, he thought he beheld his Saviour enter the chamber, upon which he cast himself down at his feet, when he graciously raised him up, and, with a look of inexpressible complacency, assured him of his favour, and kind acceptance of his faithful services; and, as a token of peculiar regard, and of the intimate friendship he intended to honour him with, he took up the cup and, after drinking of it himself, gave it into his hands, which the Doctor thought he declined, as too great a favour and honour; but his Lord replied, as he did to Peter, with regard to washing his feet; 'If thou *drink* not with me thou hast no part with me.' This scene, he said, filled him with such a transport of gratitude, love, joy, and admiration, that he was ready to sink under it; his Master seemed sensible of it, and told him, he should leave him for the present, but that it would not be long before he repeated his visit, and that, in the mean time, he would have enough to employ his thoughts, in reflecting on the past, and in contemplating the objects around him.

"As soon as his Lord was retired, and his mind a little composed, he observed that the room was hung around with pictures; and upon examining them attentively, discovered, to his great surprise, that they represented the history of his own life; all the remarkable scenes he had passed through being thus portrayed in the most lively manner, it may be easily imagined how they would affect his mind. The many temptations and trials he had been exposed to, the signal instances of the Divine goodness to him in all the different periods of his life, which by this means were all fully represented to his view at once, again excited the strongest emotions of gratitude and love, especially when he considered that he was beyond the reach of future distress, and that all the purposes of the Divine love and mercy towards him were at length happily fulfilled. The ecstasy of joy and thankfulness into which these ideas threw him were so great that he awoke. For some considerable time, however, after he arose the impression continued so strong and lively, that tears of joy flowed down his cheeks, and he said that he never remembered,

religion which is to be found in our language, and I pray God that it may be extensively beneficial.

May God multiply your successes in your Academy on any occasion, to have felt sentiments of devotion, love, and gratitude equally impressed upon his mind."

It was under the impression of this dream that he wrote the following beautiful Hymn.

PHILIPPIANS i. 21.

While on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

Where Jesus dwells my soul would be;
It fains my much loved Lord to see :
Earth, twine no more around my heart,
For, oh! 'twere better to depart.

Come, ye angelic envoys, come
And lead the willing pilgrim home ;
Ye know the way to that bright throne,
Source of my joys and of your own.

That blessed interview, how sweet
To fall transported at his feet !
Raised in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace.

To see heaven's shining courtiers round,
Each with immortal glories crown'd !
And while his form in each I trace,
With that fraternal band embrace.

As with a seraph's voice to sing !
To fly as on a cherub's wing !
Performing, with unwearied hands,
A present Saviour's high commands.

Yet with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight ;
And in thy service here below
Confess that heavenly joys may grow.

and in your church. All our family are in tolerable health, and send their salutations. My own health is a little improved, and I hope ere long to spend near half an hour in public, if God please, though under much weakness. Grace be for ever with you and all yours. My thanks belong to those friends who have so heartily recommended my case to the throne of mercy.

I am, dear Brother,

Yours most affectionately,

I. WATTS.

FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

DEAR SIR,

October 3, 1744.

I NOW, return my hearty thanks for your company in London. I assure you the pleasure you gave at Russell Street was equal to what you received. I am very glad to hear of your safety, health, and good spirits, and beseech God to prolong your life, and continue your usefulness.

The respect you meet with from men of eminence, learning, and candour in the establishment pleases me much, but does not at all surprise me. O how do I wish, for the sake of our common Christianity, for the breaking down of the wall of separation between our brethren of the church of England and ourselves. The dissenting interest is not like itself; I hardly know it. It used to be famous for faith,

holiness, and love. I knew the time when I had no doubt, into whatever place of worship I went amongst dissenters, but that my heart would be warmed and comforted, and my edification promoted; now, I hear prayers and sermons I neither relish nor understand; primitive truths and duties are quite oldfashioned things. One's ears are so dinned with reason, the *great law* of Reason, the *eternal law* of Reason, that it is enough to put one out of conceit with the chief excellency of our nature, because it is idolized and almost deified. How prone are men to extremes! What a pity it is, that when people emerge out of an ancient mistake they seldom know where to stop. O for the purity of our fountains, the wisdom and diligence of our tutors, the humility, piety, and teachableness of our youth!

Since I saw you, I have been at Tunbridge Wells; and got good, I hope, by those waters. I spend this winter in town; and, if it please God, shall write out the Sermons I have on my hands; but as my shadow grows long, my motion is slow. You are happy in dispatch as well as ability. Go on, dear Sir, and prosper; and let us who are going off rejoice, that we leave behind us some men of diligence, faithfulness and zeal for the Christian revelation, and the glory of its Author.

Mrs. Barker joins in services to Mrs. Doddridge and yourself, with

Your affectionate and obliged Friend,

JOHN BARKER.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Northampton, Oct. 6, 1744.

Excuse me that I give you this trouble, and let the importance of the occasion be my apology. A congregation at Bristol, lately under the pastoral care of Mr. Reyner, applied, some weeks ago, for my advice in the choice of a minister. It is a considerable congregation, many very substantial persons who are also eminent for religion belong to it ; and, so far as I can learn, a man of *moderate* principles, being a serious and practical preacher, might probably have a very comfortable settlement among them. I have now, Sir, found what I have long wished for, an opportunity of mentioning a name I love and honour so much as that of Mr. Clark to a society not beneath his notice ; and yesterday I received a letter from Dr. Pearce, who lives in that neighbourhood, testifying, in their name, the great satisfaction they anticipate in the scheme, and desiring my particular advice as to the proper method of applying to you. I find the main difficulty is, that they fear you may not be prevailed upon to leave St. Albans on any consideration ; but I shall let them know that the only method of knowing that will be to try you. I suppose the chief remaining difficulty will be to find a medium between choosing a pastor they never saw, and inviting a gentleman of your character to visit them as a candidate ; a step which, if proposed, they fear you would resent rather than encourage. I cannot say, Sir, that

I am myself free from embarrassment on this head ; but, as I am ready to imagine you will, after all, decline the proposal, the chief thing I expect from it is to give the congregation at St. Albans a proper *shake*. I shall not scruple advising them to ask the favour of a visit from you, in a view of a further settlement, if it should be agreeable to you. When they send you this invitation, I shall desire they would inform me, and I will then write to Mr. Rudd, to remonstrate with his friends on the necessity of their exerting themselves on this occasion if they desire to enjoy the great happiness of your continued ministry. I have a little quieried whether, if you should think a little journey to Bath agreeable, a turn might not be taken to Bristol, in a manner which would be consistent with the dignity of your character and station. If, on the whole, I thought there was a probability of your removal, I should advise that Alderman Lyde, a most worthy person, whose son is with me, and another member or two of their church, should wait on you at St. Albans ; but as I think your continuance there is much more likely, I am unwilling to engage them in the trouble and expense of a journey. I am sensible, Sir, there is no absolute necessity of acquainting you with this, yet, as I desire to conduct the affair in the manner most agreeable to you, I beg that if you can think of any circumstance which may be adjusted differently from the view in which I have put it you would favour me with your commands.

When I wrote to you the other day, I did not recollect that Wednesday was your meeting of minis-

ters at St. Albans. It is now my prayer that God may crown it with an abundant blessing. But it is more than time that I conclude, with my most respectful services, and those of my wife, to yourself and good Mrs. Clark, not forgetting any single branch of your family, each of whom, for their parents' sake, and their own, cannot but be exceedingly dear to,

Reverend Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate

Brother and Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

Million Bank, Oct. 16, 1744.

At the same time that I am desired by the trustees to express to you the satisfaction and pleasure we receive from the testimonials of the neighbouring ministers, touching the good behaviour and proficiency of our students in general, under your care; we cannot but observe the unhappy distinction of Mr. T***** from the rest, notwithstanding the manifest tenderness you discover in speaking of him, and your willingness to retain him in our favour; but though your intercession will always meet with due regard from the trustees, and we would exercise our power with the utmost lenity, yet the obligations of our trust, and a regard to good example, will not permit us to give the same countenance to the indolent and irregular, after repeated admonitions, as we do to

the diligent and pious : I am therefore directed to acquaint you, that we consent to continue him till Christmas, merely in compliance with your pressing instances, and in compassion to the circumstances of his family, (though they make so little impression on him) confiding however that you will dismiss him yourself on his next misbehaviour.

I have the pleasure of passing from this disagreeable task, to a branch of my commission wherein I shall always rejoice, I mean the transmitting you the acknowledgments of the trustees for the care you have taken of their youth committed to your instruction, so visible in their improvement, as attested upon such a full examination in the various branches of literature, both sacred and profane ; to which improvement, as we doubt not, your assistant, Mr. Brabant, has contributed his proportion of service, the trustees desire he would also accept their thanks.

The default I made this year in paying your Academy a visit with Mr. Jennings according to my intention, carried with it its own punishment ; and could not have been excused on any other consideration than a regard to my health, which I had some reason to hope was receiving benefit from my continuance at Tunbridge, where I enjoyed much of the company of our worthy friend Mr. Barker. I can only add Mrs. Neal's and my own compliments to Mrs. Doddridge, and that I am,

Dear Sir, most faithfully and affectionately yours,

NATH. NEAL.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF HARDWICKE*.

SIR,

November 8, 1744.

I DID not trouble you with my thanks for the favour of your letter till I was able to make my acknowledgments, at the same time, for the sermon you were pleased to send me, which I have now received and read, and shall learn with pleasure the success of your undertaking; since I have ever thought relieving the poor, when illness renders them incapable of providing for themselves, the most becoming charity. Your letter was the first news I had of poor Mrs. Scawen since I saw you at Powis House, but last week she favoured me with an account of her safe arrival at Tournay; where, I fear, neither the town itself, the

* Few names appear to greater advantage among the female nobility of England than that of Lady Hardwicke, the niece of John Lord Somers, and, as Cooksey, the family biographer, has observed, "the inheritrix of his virtues and abilities, as far as womanhood admitted." It was, however, principally within the domestic circle that the benignant influence of this admirable woman was felt. And yet, while she confined her attention to the sacred and private duties of a wife and a mother, she was, in fact, bestowing public benefits of the utmost importance. By attending to every domestic and pecuniary arrangement, she relieved Lord Hardwicke from a load of anxieties, and enabled that truly great and patriotic statesman to devote all the energies of his enlightened mind to the service of his country; and by overlooking the careful education of her children, she formed characters worthy of succeeding him, and of supporting the name of York. Her accomplished daughters were both married: the eldest, who evinced great skill in painting, became Lady Anson, and the second, Lady Margaret Heathcote, and her five sons, one of whom became Archbishop of Ely, were men of distinguished integrity.

religion of the inhabitants, nor the price of provisions will make her think herself advantageously situated; and what is still worse, I cannot learn that her best friends think their affairs at home in such a method as can soon restore them to their native country, which I am truly sorry for.

I have only to add my lord's compliments to my own, and to assure you of the real regard, with which I am, Sir,

Your very faithful and obliged Servant,

M. HARDWICKE.

FROM MR. WILLIAMS.

HONOURED AND DEAR SIR, Preston, December 5, 1744.

My spirit was much refreshed by your last, to which I would gladly have replied by the return of the post, had I not been busily engaged in preparing for a long journey into the north, in which this is the ninth day that I have been travelling. I now gladly embrace the opportunity this first hour of leisure gives me, to return my most unfeigned thanks for the opportunity you have put into my hands of doing something for the interest of the blessed Jesus. Do not imagine, dear Sir, you have laid any burthen upon me by desiring me to contribute something yearly towards the education of Mr. *D*— for the service of the Gospel sanctuary. Set me down forty shillings per year for so long time as it will be needful, if my life be so long spared; and if more be

needful, I will cheerfully contribute more. If you get no other help, I will defray one half of the expense; or as much as you please: and take in as many more as you can, to whom you can give such a character, and I will contribute, God enabling me, in like manner to them all: and I trust God will enable me. Since He enabled me to trust in him with entire resignation He hath been pouring in temporal blessings abundantly. He hath already given me five hundred pounds for each of my children, which is as much as I ever desired for them, or design to give them; and now, I hope, during the remainder of my pilgrimage, I shall trade and traffic for God, with a more single eye to his glory than ever. I think I need not bind myself by a positive resolution, as not knowing now what I may hereafter judge to be my duty; but I scruple not to tell you, my most honoured friend, that it hath for some time been my deliberate purpose to devote all my future profits in trade to pious and charitable uses, and I am not without hope but that my bountiful Lord will make me his almoner in a pretty extensive degree. I never declared this to be my purpose till last Thursday night, when I mentioned it to a friend in Cheshire and the very next day I found uncommon favour in the eyes of my chapmen, so that I took orders of three substantial men for as many goods as, I believe, I shall clear ten pounds by; and have since that, taken as many orders as I expect to clear near twenty pounds more by, and this at a time of very dull trade, and in a dead time of the year. Nothing of this kind

much amazes me, because scarcely a month has passed over my head, for many years, without some remarkable interposition of Divine Providence in my favour; but I should be worse than a brute if such signal appearances, surpassing, for the time, all I have experienced before, did not raise my admiration, animate my faith, and inflame my love to the adorable Author of all my mercies. I have been long wishing and praying I might love him more, and have reason to do so still; but I will not conceal from you, dear Sir, that he daily keeps my heart warm with a sense of his love. He hath not only loved me with an everlasting love, but he hath told me so, and hath given me such assurance thereof, that I can as well question my existence as my interest in his peculiar favour. Never, surely, was such vile dust so highly exalted. The more he gives me of this world the more he mortifies my affections to it, and assures me that I should be as happy even though I were stripped of all earthly comforts. O that I could tell you all this without any workings of spiritual pride! O that accursed root of bitterness! I certainly know that there is no good thing in me unless it be of his own operation. I know that if I love him it is because he loved me first. And yet sinful self would fain have a share in the praise. Forbid it, my dearest Lord! who hast loved me, and given thyself for me. Let thy name be hallowed, and thy kingdom come, whatever becomes of my trifling interests. This I will add, that since Jesus hath been my God, the object* of my

* Mr. Williams would, doubtless, on more consideration, have used the word *medium*, instead of object.

supplications and praises, I have had, in a manner, whatever I have asked for.

I thank you, dear Sir, for what you have done for us in relation to dear Mr. Fawcett. Indeed I never doubted of your interest, nor have I had any prevailing doubt, of his settling with us: though in this I was almost singular at Kidderminster, and have been much wondered at for that singularity. I greatly rejoice in the trial and triumph of your faith in relation to Mr. D—, to whom be pleased to present my humble service, and assure him of one fast friend besides yourself, in present intention at least. The Lord bless the school of the prophets, and give you to see, with satisfaction, of the travail of your soul. I thank you a thousand times for your pious remembrance of me: and doubt not I have fared the better for it. I think I may say, God is my witness that I daily make mention of you, dear Sir, in my prayers. O, may we persevere in this course till

With all the humble holy train,
We meet around the throne,
To bless the conduct of his reign,
And make his wonders known.

In the mean time I shall rejoice often to hear from you, and in every occasion of testifying that I am,

Dear Sir, yours at command,

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.

FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ*.

DEAR SIR,

Million Bank, Jan. 28, 1745.

THE education of Miss Ekins is certainly a matter of great delicacy in itself; especially considering your situation and engagements, together with the temper and views of her relations. However, there are two points that I think ought to be steadily adhered to, as principles that can alone make your mind easy in the execution of this trust.

1. That no part of her education may knowingly interfere with her father's design in committing her

* The young lady who forms the subject of this letter, was the only daughter of Thomas Ekins, Esq. of Chester-on-the-water, in Northamptonshire. The zealous care and disinterested affection with which Dr. Doddridge devoted himself to the important duties which the dying request of his friend had enjoined, could not be exceeded. Of the integrity of the Guardian, and the gratitude of the Ward, I have, indeed, before me interesting proof. The first in the account of her estate, under the hand of Dr. Doddridge, where every little item is detailed with the most curious exactness, and corroborated by collateral documents; together with a discharge, signed by Miss Ekins when of age, and her future husband, Doctor (afterwards Sir James) Stonehouse. Of the latter, her letters, some of which I may present to the reader, afford a pleasing evidence.

After this statement, it will appear a singular fact that, even in this matter, the high Calvinistic party carried their malignity so far as to invent aspersions against the character of the man whose only crime was his *moderation*. So far, however, were these sinister efforts persevered in, that Mr. Orton felt it necessary to rebut them with the following note.

"It may not be amiss to take notice of an *aspersion* which was thrown on the Doctor a little before his death, as if he had acted

to you ; which was the training her up in the principles of religion as practised among the dissenters, as far as is consistent with her own *freedom* of choice.

2. That, in subordination to the first view, she have, to the best of your ability, every possible advantage of a liberal and polite education, suitable to her fortune.

If her relations had no designs but what were truly honourable and disinterested, it could hardly be expected that, as your sentiments are, in many respects, different from theirs, they should approve the measures you pursue to answer those ends. But, as far as they are otherwise, it is impossible ; because the

unfaithfully in the guardianship of Miss Ekins, daughter of Thomas Ekins, Esq. of Chester-on-the-water, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, and the Doctor's intimate friend ; especially as I have heard that it had spread itself as far as New England, where the *falsehood* of such a charge could not so easily be detected. It will be a sufficient answer to such a calumny to say, that the young lady, at the Doctor's decease, was so sensible of his integrity, that, at her request, being then *eighteen* years of age, Lord Chancellor Hardwick appointed the Doctor's Widow guardian in his stead ; and that when she became of age, the whole account of her estate was carefully examined by her, and met with her entire approbation. This lady is since married to the Rev. Dr. James Stonehouse, a gentleman of handsome paternal estate : and it is at their united request I add, that they are sensible of their obligations to the Doctor and his Lady for the *fidelity*, prudence, and friendship discovered by them in the discharge of their trust ; and that they retain the highest veneration for the Doctor's memory. Those who were best acquainted with the whole affair considered both his undertaking the trust, amidst his various other cares, and the manner in which he discharged it, especially in the education of his ward, as a striking instance of his probity, friendship, and benevolence."—*Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Doddridge*, page 274.

more directly you pursue your purpose, the more you disappoint theirs. Their approbation, therefore, is a thing not to be sought but with great indifference; nor, indeed, any further than to avoid what a bystander might construe needless, or designed disrespect, or what might lessen her deference for her guardians. And, indeed, for preventing this latter inconvenience, it seems to me extremely material that Miss Ekins should be let into the main intentions of her guardians, as far as is necessary to convince her of their goodness; and that she may be brought in judgment to approve, as much as possible, of the measures you take to accomplish them. And if the

Lady Stonehouse died of a consumption, at the Hot Wells, Bristol, December 10, 1788. The following elegant lines, inscribed on her monument, in the chapel there, may best describe her character; and as they are from the pen of a writer too conscientious to allow the pleadings of friendship to prevail over truth, while they embalm the amiable qualities of the deceased, may convey a useful lesson to the living.

“ Come, Resignation! wipe the human tear
Domestic anguish drops o’er Nature’s bier;
Bid selfish Sorrow hush the fond complaint,
Nor from the God she loved detain the Saint.

Truth, Meekness, Patience, honoured Shade! were thine,
And holy Hope, and Charity divine:
Though these thy forfeit Being could not save,
Thy *Faith* subdued the terrors of the grave.

Oh! if thy living excellence could teach,
DEATH has a loftier emphasis of speech:
In Death thy last, best lesson still impart,
And write ‘ *Prepare to Die* ’ on every heart.”

HANNAH MORE.

relations attempt to counteract you, their different views ought to be gradually unveiled and exposed to her. This seems to me a just and necessary means of self-defence: for, if you cannot hold that ascendancy in her judgment and affections which her father and the law have given you over her person, the latter will be ineffectual to any good purpose. And, indeed, the very first hour you lose the certain and undoubted preeminence in her affections, to any persons whose views are contrary to your own, you will, in my humble opinion, be inexcusable in not putting her and her estate immediately under the direction of the Court of Chancery. And, possibly, a gentle and seasonable hint of that kind may, some time or other, be a means of securing the balance in your favour when it might otherwise be doubtful.

I make no doubt wherever you send Miss Ekins, you will have a particular regard to the integrity and other good qualities of the person under whose care you place her. She is no ordinary bait, her fortune being large and certain, and her age almost that at which other young ladies leave school. There are three cautions that occur to me as particularly proper. 1. That no pupil of yours should ever be sent to her, or allowed to call on her upon any consideration. 2. That no man, not even a relation, should ever be allowed to speak to her but aloud in the presence of the mistress, her guardians excepted. 3. That she should receive no letters at school but what the mistress should open. The two last rules are observed in most considerable schools about town.

I have now opened my mind to you with freedom, as I am always ready to do on any subject you desire ; but have left myself no room to add any thing but that I am, with all due salutations,

Dear and reverend Sir,
Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

NATHANIEL NEAL.

FROM THE REV. FRANCIS AYSCOUGH, D. D.

GOOD SIR,

Gerrard Street, Feb. 16, 1745.

I REALLY am ashamed when I look on the date of your letter, to think how long I have left it unanswered ; I will not make excuses, but choose rather to own myself to have been to blame, and to promise to be better for the future. After so frank a confession I hope you will think my penitence sincere ; but though I omitted answering your letter, I must do myself the justice to say, I did not neglect the business you wrote about. I presented your last book* to her Royal Highness, and ought long enough ago

* Of this work Dr. Doddridge speaks as follows, in the sketch of his writings contained in the letter to Mr. Wilbaum, which has been previously mentioned, " The following year I wrote 'The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,' on a plan in part suggested by Dr. Watts, and also dedicated it to that justly celebrated man, and most amiable and constant friend. This is the book which, so far as I can judge, God has honoured for the conversion and edification of souls more than any of my writings. The editions and translations of it have been multiplied far beyond my hope and expectation, and I

to have acquainted you with her most gracious acceptance of it, and that I was commanded to return you her thanks for it. There is indeed such a spirit of piety in it as deserves the thanks of every good Christian ; pray God grant, it may have its proper effect in awakening this present careless age, and then I am sure you will have your end in publishing it.

I am obliged to you for your kind congratulations on the honour his Royal Highness has lately done me, in trusting me with the education of his children. I am truly sensible of the difficulties as well as the advantages of the station I am placed in. A trust of such importance to posterity is a charge which I have not only on my mind, but on my conscience. I hope God will enable me to go through it with success : and I think I have a right to call upon every good man and lover of his country for advice and assistance in the discharge of a duty on which the public good so much depends : and as you have been so much concerned in the education of youth, I shall always be glad to receive any advice or instructions from you ; which I desire you to give me freely,

cannot mention it without humbly owning that great hand of God which has been with it, and to which I desire with unaffected abasement of mind to ascribe all the glory of its acceptance and success."

Since the death of its pious author, the sale of this work, and consequently its usefulness, has extended beyond all example. Edition has followed edition, to an almost indefinite extent, and it has been translated into almost all the European languages. Its prevailing excellence is the heart-subduing fervour of devotion which animates its pages, and awakens a kindred feeling in the bosom of the reader.

and I promise you it shall be received in the most friendly way.

I thank God, I have one great encouragement to quicken me in my duty, which is, the good disposition of the children intrusted to me: as an instance of it, I must tell you that Prince George* (to his honour and my shame) had learned several pages in your little book of verses, without any directions from me: and I must say of all the children (for they are all committed to my care), that they are as conformable and as capable of receiving instruction as any I have ever yet met with. How unpardonable then should I be in the sight both of God and man, if I neglected my part towards them: all that I can say is, that no care or diligence shall be wanting in me, and I beg the prayers of you, and every honest man, for the divine blessing on my endeavours.

I am, good Sir,

With great truth and regard,

Your affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

FRANCIS AYSCOUGH.

P. S. I have an affair now on my hands, which, when it is a little riper, I shall communicate to you, as I believe you will think it worth your notice and

* This anecdote is interesting in two points of view. It is pleasing to observe the petty distinctions of party theology so totally disregarded on such an occasion, while the religious zeal which marked the conduct of our late venerable sovereign, George the Third, is shown to have arisen from the bias of a mind naturally pious.

encouragement : it is a scheme for civilizing and converting the Indians at the back of New England, by the assistance of a gentleman who has lived many years among them : if it succeeds, it will be attended with many advantages both in a civil as well as in a religious way. If it is to go on, you shall hear further from me, and I will open it more fully to you.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Northampton, Feb. 17, 1745.

A VIOLENT illness, in which I had directed a friend to beg the favour of you to come over to preach my funeral sermon, if the issue, as many expected, had been my death, prevented my answering your most obliging and affectionate letter, and I have long since my recovery waited a proper conveyance. I hope sometime or other to have an opportunity of telling you and your dear lady how God supported me under my greatest extremity, how comfortable he made a sick bed (the extremest I ever knew as to myself) to my soul, and how remarkably he gave me back to prayer. I remember when I was at the worst I thought of your dear son ; and hardly any thing touched me more tenderly than the thought of losing the pleasure I had promised myself in training him up for the ministry. I beg he would accept of the book I take this first opportunity of sending. I send it not to you, Sir, or Mrs. Clark, because I

intend you the second edition, which will be much handsomer, and will soon go to the press. I recommend the work and the author to your much esteemed prayers, with my wife, and Polly, who are both very poorly. My wife has been confined ever since December. Polly has a convulsive cough, which proves exceeding obstinate, and almost shakes her tender frame to pieces.

I was urged by Mr. Lyde to plead for Bristol, but I suppose it is now out of question, and I heartily pray that St. Albans may be fully sensible how much it is obliged to you for your refusal. I verily believe that if I had died, Northampton would have struggled for you very heartily. Indeed I know not a minister in the kingdom whom, next to their own pastor, (how undeserving of the preference is he, but for that relation !) they hold equally dear.

I have had an exceeding kind letter from the Bishop of Oxford, on occasion of my late book, for which he says "he thanks me, and thanks God." He writes with a very amiable candour, and has hinted at an important improvement, of which I have not now time to speak. I beg you would read over at least about one hundred pages as soon as you can, and send me your remarks, for the second edition will go to the press in a few days : send them round by London. They will be cheap, though there should be ever so many of them. Animadvert as freely as if it were an exercise of Master Sammy's, and please to send me the rest at your leisure a month hence.

I must not conclude, Sir, without telling you that

yesterday I finished the third volume of my Family Expositor, the notes excepted. I thought that the most important work I had in suspense, and bless God that he has conducted me to the end of it. The bell summonses me to supper. I am pure well after preaching and repeating, and am, through the Divine goodness, able to go on with my usual business. I see with great pleasure my pupils sensibly advancing in knowledge and piety, and several, for whom I had many anxious fears before last vacation, turn out beyond my hopes. They join with my wife and children, and Mr. Fergusson, in humble services to you and your good family, which I am sure no one living can more heartily send than,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL WOOD.

Rendham, Saxmundham, Feb. 21, 1745.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN AFFLICTION,

VERY lately I heard of your dangerous sickness, by a letter from London, and I scarcely know of any thing which could have given me an equal pain*. How

* An allusion to the dangerous illness from which Dr. Doddridge had then recently suffered, and which appears to have been a bilious fever, occurs in one of his letters to Mr. Orton, of which the following fragment is unfortunately all that remains.

“ It is impossible to express the support and comfort which God

often have I wished to have been within reach of you, to have expressed my sympathy with your mournful friends and family; but what was in my power I did, and that was to recommend my dear friend to the Father of mercies, and to plead in behalf of your dear family, the Church, and the World, that God would spare a life so important, and permit us a little longer to enjoy your labours in this world; and I am sure, my dear friend, that if I ever pray in earnest, I do so when I am pleading for you, and I doubt not, my good friend, but you have many in the world, besides your own dear and happy people, whose practice in this particular is the same with mine. Long may you live, my dear friend, the joy of the churches,—at the head of the protestant dissenters, their crown and glory; and may your success in the several characters you fill up with so much diligence, zeal, and reputation, be answerable to your utmost wishes: and I desire from my heart to bless God, that we have still a prospect of this in your recovery.

gave me on my sick bed. His promises were my continual feast. They seemed, as it were, to be all united and poured into my heart in one stream of glory. When I thought of dying, it sometimes made my very heart to leap within me, to think that I was going to my Father, and my Saviour, to an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.

“Animal nature was more than once in great commotion. My imagination, at the height of the fever, was hurried in the strangest manner I ever knew. Yet, even then, Satan was not permitted to suggest one single fear with regard to my eternal state. I can never be sufficiently thankful to God upon this account. O, may I come out of the furnace like gold!”

And now, dear Sir, with your return to life and service, may you enter upon your work with renewed vigour and delight; and I would heartily congratulate you too, my dear friend, upon that which I dare say you can never forget, your joys and delightful views when death seemed ready to have opened you a door into eternity. I have heard of your thoughts and expressions in the near prospect of another world, and cannot wonder that you should have earnestly longed for a fulness of Divine enjoyment: in this case I perceive (contrary to all the wishes of your friends) you desired to be gone, and found a great difficulty to be reconciled to any farther stay among us. I hope, however, dear Sir, that though you are a little detained from the intimate fruition of your God, and Saviour in heaven, you will abundantly find that it is for the good of the church, and of the world, that your continuance with us has been protracted; and I am sure the pious and benevolent heart of dear Doctor Doddridge will not repine that heaven is deferred for a few years, but rather rejoice with exceeding joy, for such an opportunity of glorifying God, which he could not have had in the world above, where there are no sinners to be converted, nor saints that want to be edified. May, dear Sir, this time of glorious success arrive, and may these happy seasons be frequent and growing; and when your work is indeed done (which may God grant not to be for many years) may you enjoy the same relieving cordials, the same refreshing views, to aid your dying moments, as through grace you lately possessed, when the sen-

tence of death was within you. If I had the pleasure of one hour's conversation with you, how happy should I esteem myself, as I have a great number of questions to ask concerning your sentiments under this late dispensation. I can plainly see, from the accounts I have had, that you have found the sweetness and support of those divine truths which you have all along believed and propagated: I say, dear Sir, you have now found them to be armour of proof in the day of battle! and by your own experience have proved their solid worth, and found them to be equal to the worst, and heaviest trials that can befall us: this, by the grace of God, I (who am less than the least) have found more than once, and may both you and I evermore be able, from our own happy experience, to proclaim this glorious truth.

My wife (who had a sincere fellow-feeling with poor Mrs. Doddridge) joins with me in the sincerest respects and earnest prayers for your recovery. Adieu, dear Sir; beware of putting *too much on yourself*, and think of this so often as you remember your unworthy Brother, Friend, and humble Servant,

SAMUEL WOOD.

FROM THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

REV. SIR,

St. James's, Westminster, Feb. 21, 1745.

I THANK you for your candid reception of my small remarks. Your favourable opinion of the Church of England gives me no surprise, but much pleasure.

And as I agree with you heartily in wishing that such things as we think indifferent, and you cannot be brought to think lawful, were altered or left free, in such a manner as that we might all unite; so I have no reason to believe, that any one of the bishops wishes otherwise: and I know some that wish it strongly, whom I fear many of the dissenters take to be of a different spirit: nor perhaps were the body of the clergy ever so well disposed to it as now. But still I see not the least prospect of it; for they who should be most concerned for it are most of them too little so; and of others, few that have influence think it can be worth while, either to take any pains or spend any time about matters of this nature: and too many judge the continuance of a separation useful to their particular schemes. Amongst these last, the enemies of religion are apt to consider the dissenters as their allies against the established church: but, as I hope they will never have cause to join in any designs against it, so I am fully persuaded they will never think a combination with such persons justifiable, either in point of prudence or of conscience.

The Bishop of Gloucester desires you to accept his thanks and compliments: and I am,

Reverend Sir, your very humble Servant,

THO. OXFORD*.

* Dr. Secker.

FROM THE REV. DAVID JENNINGS, D. D.

DEAR SIR,

London, Feb. 23, 1745.

I AM sensible I have been much too long in returning you my thanks for the "Rise and Progress of Religion," &c. but I was willing to read it first, and you will not wonder that I have little time for reading more than I am obliged for my academical service: however I have now read it, and I most sincerely and heartily thank you, not only in my own name, for your kind present to myself, but in the name of Mankind, for one of the best and, I hope, most useful books that has been published to the world since I had an existence in it. I rejoice to hear that it spreads into many hands: may the blessing of God attend it to as many hearts, and then whatever recompense you may receive for your labour in this world, it will be of small consideration to the many crowns of rejoicing you shall receive on account of it in the day of the Lord.

Our friend, Mr. Neal, has lately had a bad fever, but through mercy is pretty well recovered. My wife joins with me in every compliment that can convey respect to you and yours.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate Brother and humble Servant,

D. JENNINGS.

FROM THE REV. N. LARDNER, D. D.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Hoxton Square, Feb. 26, 1745.

I HEARTILY thank you for the kind present of "The Rise, &c." which is written with all your usual life and spirit. And I sincerely pray that it may be useful for awakening and quickening many. I rejoice that you are so well recovered, and hope your health will be established, that you may with pleasure proceed in your useful designs. I make no doubt but that you will throw a great deal of new light upon the book of the Acts. They who study and explain the Scriptures in general, or, however, the books of the New Testament, from the beginning to the end in a continued course (as you and some others among us are doing), have a great advantage for improving themselves and others. I shall be very

* The biblical erudition of Dr. Lardner was profound, his industry unceasing, his piety sincere, simple, and ardent. To these commanding qualities he also added a thirst after truth, which, to the unprejudiced mind, gives a sanction to his works that infinitely counterbalances for any want of ornament and grace they may display.

His "Credibility of the Gospel History," a work of the first importance, at once raised the reputation of its author to a proper standard. It was translated into Latin, Dutch, &c. and became highly esteemed on the continent; while at home, the learned and pious of all parties testified their respect for a writer who had so eminently served the cause of Revelation.

Like his friend Dr. Doddridge, Dr. Lardner was destitute of sectarian taint, and avoided the disputes of party theology. The consequence of this enlightened moderation, however, was, that while he enjoyed the friendship of Archbishop Secker, and other learned and

glad to see your papers about Proselytes. I apprehend that they who most attend to the prescriptions of the law of Moses about them, will least understand the sentiments of the Pharisees in the time of Christ and his apostles. For it so happened that those men were most zealous for the peculiarities of the law, when Divine Providence intended to relax or abrogate them: this appears from Josephus. The enmity against strangers or foreigners ran very high among them. I do not certainly know whether you have ever met with three or four chapters of Maimonides, translated and published by Dr. Prideaux. If you were to read that work you might judge how far the now common prevailing notion of two sorts of Proselytes is borrowed from the Jews. I have not the book by me, though I once read it. You might consider what privileges Maimonides allows to those who

good men in the establishment, he was comparatively disregarded by the dissenters of London, among whom he long resided, and yet did not obtain a settlement "till the forty-fifth year of his age, when, in 1729, he became assistant minister, with Dr. William Harris, at Crutched Friars."

Besides his "Credibility of the Gospel History," on which solid foundation many little theologians have since built their *sounding* reputations, Dr. Lardner wrote "Letters on the Logos," "A Vindication of three of our Saviour's Miracles," &c.

Dr. Lardner was the son of a nonconformist clergyman, and born in 1684. He was educated first in London, under Dr. Joshua Oldfield, and afterwards at Utrecht, where he studied under De Uries, Grævius, and Burman. In early life he engaged himself "as tutor to the youngest son of Lady Treby, widow of the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, with whom he travelled over France, Holland, and the Netherlands." Dr. Lardner died of a decline, in 1768, at Hawkhurst, in Kent, where he had a small paternal estate.

observe the Noachical precepts, as they are called; for I do not now recollect. I have great reason to be well pleased that you are not offended at my history of the Manicheans. They are a people with whom very few of late seem to be well acquainted. Some speak of them as if they were Atheists, whereas certainly they were Christians. Though I have vindicated them upon some occasions, I have left them chargeable with many errors and absurdities. We have no reason to discourage the clearing up their character. Time was when the Popish writers always called the Calvinists Manichean. Before the Reformation, in the fifteenth century, those Christians that opposed the tyranny of the church of Rome were often so called. I think there were burned twelve persons at once in some city of the southern part of France, called Manicheans. What Beausobre met with of that kind, about those times, occasioned his studying and writing the history of Manicheism in two volumes; and if his design had been finished, he would have come down to the times just preceding the Reformation. You are pleased to invite me to make remarks upon your excellent "Paraphrase of the Gospels." I shall therefore just propose one thing relating to Luke xviii. 35, which we translate *was come nigh*; you, *was yet nigh*. I have heard your translation of ἐγγί ζειν discussed. Moreover, according to St. Luke, our Saviour was not yet come to Jericho: can you then offer any thing farther in defence of your interpretation?

I shall detain you no longer than to make a tender

of my respectful salutations to Mrs. Doddridge, and to entreat your acceptance of my hearty wishes for the long continuance of your health and extensive usefulness.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and faithful humble Servant,

N. LARDNER.

FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Million Bank, March 15, 1745.

THOUGH I was disappointed of a letter from you yesterday, yet I cannot forbear saying something to you, in general, on the subject of yours of the 11th; because I perceive it sits heavier on your mind than, I think, there is any occasion for.

In what light your character or conduct appears, or has been represented, in the west, it is impossible to form any exact judgment; but I have no conception that you can, by any *sensible* men, be deemed responsible for the tenets of your pupils, farther than your lectures, or instructions, may be supposed to have favoured them; which that they did at all in the case under consideration, nobody, I presume, will venture to assert, who is likely to be believed; and if your Academy produces none whose sentiments differ from your own, you are a tutor without a parallel. As to Mr. B—t's sentiments, if you are obliged to say any thing on that head, I suppose you

can say enough to show you were not privy to them, in such a manner as to suspect their having any influence on the pupils ; and, perhaps, that they were entirely unknown to differ from yours in the point in question. And this will, I think, sufficiently justify you in the esteem of all candid and moderate men. And as for others, your Academy needs not their support or countenance. They might, for a season, do you a service, but could never do you any honour : and even that service might afterwards be turned into enmity, for not answering all their unreasonable expectations ; as I believe you have already more than once experienced. I have always thought that the next bad thing to provoking such men needlessly, was to court them ; nay, that it was an undesirable and dangerous thing to have their friendship, though unsought for*.

* To the theological reader, these passages cannot but prove highly interesting. The opinions they convey, it will be remembered, are those of a wise, *pious*, and disinterested individual, who was deeply conversant with the subjects on which he wrote.

The objections which have been recently urged by the sectarian party against the system of education adopted by Dr. Doddridge, are here shown to have originated in the intolerance of their predecessors. It is, however, some consolation to reflect that there is still a majority of moderate and devout Christians, as in Mr. Neal's time ; and that such persons will ever feel it a duty to confirm their faith by a full and *candid* examination of the arguments on which Divine truth is established. So long, indeed, as the great body of Arminians, constituted by the liberal portion of the Established Church, the Wesleyans, and the Society of Friends, together with the English Presbyterians, remain firm to their principles, the party *self-styled* evangelical, by whom they are opposed, can do but little to enchain that freedom of inquiry Christianity enjoins.

The considerations that support you as a Dissenter, and a dissenting Minister, will, I hope, appear sufficient to support you as a Tutor. Yours is the CHRISTIAN CAUSE, *pure and unadulterated*, either with sacerdotal power, or worldly policy—as represented in the sacred records; whose theory can be understood only by such as desire to be like God, and to be conformed to his will; and which cannot be mistaken by such, in any *important* article. I say it is this cause, which it is the design of your Academy to train up our youth to plead and defend. Not the *scheme of any warm and angry men*; and, therefore, you must not wonder if such men oppose you, or be disheartened at their opposition. Nor have you occasion for it; for, thank God, the *majority* of Christians lie between the two extremes, and amongst these you have hardly any enemies, and the number of your friends is great; and a man so generally esteemed as you are, hardly ever suffered by an unprovoked and

One great advantage is already obtained: the Independents and Particular Baptists confess that a doctrinal test must be submitted to by all the youths who enter their theological schools, and that the system of divinity there taught does not comprehend a full examination of the grounds of rival creeds. From these circumstances it *must* result, first, That freedom of conscience receives a direct discouragement *before* the judgment is matured; and secondly, That their preachers are, therefore, *not* competent to discuss disputed points *candidly*, and to support their consistency, must, therefore, have recourse to the artifices of assertion and reproach. There are, doubtless, individual ministers who, in later life, *render themselves* more truly Christian advocates, but this does not impugn the force of the observation.

The public will remember that these denominations build immediately on prejudice, and will not, in such matters, expect to learn from those who *want* teaching.

unreasonable opposition. The more plainly and directly it is levelled at you, the more, in my opinion, are you likely to be a gainer by it.

I have occasionally heard that matters are carried to such indecent lengths in the west, as are a great reproach to the interest; and both ministers and people of the opposite principles will find it difficult to support their own characters, and have it very little in their power to hurt those of others who intermeddle not in their quarrels; so that I see not what prospect you could have of any comfortable correspondence or intercourse with them.

I take it for granted Mr. B——t's leaving you will be made his own act; and that you will acquaint nobody with the occasion of it where it can be avoided. I have no attachment to the principles he inclines to, but hope I ever shall have to *all such worthy men* as you represent, and I believe him to be, let their notions on *disputed matters* be what they will.

I received your friend Mr. Vowler in so elegant a dress, by the hands of Mr. Worthington, this afternoon, that any body might know he had made Northampton in his way from Exeter. And I take it as an evidence that there is no case wherein you do not show your friends to the utmost advantage, and that you are determined to win the hearts of my girls, and, I had almost said, of Mrs. Neal, as you have long before done that of, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and affectionate humble Servant,

NATHANIEL NEAL.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR DOCTOR,

Northampton,
March 22d, 1744.

PERMIT me to congratulate not so much you as myself on my being able to address you by a title which has often given me so much confusion in your presence. I have this evening been informed, by a letter from Mr. Principal Campbell, of Glasgow, that the University there, at the motion of Lord Kilkerran, on the united testimony of Dr. Watts, Dr. Guise, and your humble servant, had, a few days before, unanimously conferred upon you, the degree of Doctor in Divinity, and that your diploma is lodged in his cabinet till he has your direction how it may be sent to St. Albans.

I assure you, Sir, my own degree did not give me half so much pleasure; and I can truly say, without any compliment, that the title seems to have acquired an additional dignity by its being communicated to you.

The matter arose from a long course of observation, which many years have furnished out, and more immediately from the masterly manner in which you maintained the cause of true religion and virtue, for such I thought it, against the artful sophistry of Dr. Akenside; on which I immediately moved the affair to his Lordship, and it had been accomplished much sooner had not the forms at Glasgow been so peculiar. But the strictness of their scrutiny in all such cases make the degrees they confer proportionably honourable. I inclose a copy of the letters I transmitted

from your good friends Dr. Watts and Dr. Guise, and only add, that I beg you would please to accept of the fees which I have discharged as a trifling acknowledgment of my great respect. A line to Lord Kilkerran and Mr. Campbell will, I suppose, be sent of course. I will give you their directions below. A present of books to the University Library is, it seems, usual on this occasion. You will please, Sir, in your letter to the Principal, to let him know how you would have the diploma conveyed to you : I suppose you will choose it should be sent to London by sea.

As soon as I received these agreeable tidings from Glasgow, I had the affliction to learn, by dear Master Clark's obliging letter, the great indisposition with which you are now struggling, and which I most earnestly pray God to remove. But the grief it gives us both, or, as I should rather say, all, is allayed by the pleasure of hearing that your valuable lady is better, and of hoping that you will quickly be so. I bless God that my wife and Polly are finely recovered, and my health is much confirmed since the date of my last ; but I feel the sorrows and loss of the public in Alderman Lydc's death, in a very sensible and painful manner. My dear little pupil is now an orphan, but I hope Master Clark's friendship and care will concur with mine to render his loss as light as may be, and to promote his serenity, comfort, and improvement.

I this day received into my Academy a young gentleman of remarkable sobriety and sweetness of temper, and one who, though born to a good inheritance, prefers the ministry to much more gainful em-

ployments, on those principles which encourage me to hope he will be eminently useful in it. Indeed the temper and conduct of those youths already with me, in concurrence with what I know of several who are coming, give me abundant pleasure, which is increased by observing a great change for the better in some of the young men of the congregation, whose sense and rank among us make them most considerable, and who, some years, and, indeed, only some few months ago, seemed likely to prove a grief rather than joy to me. This, in concurrence with the delightful accounts I hear from Kettering, Harborough, Wellingborough, Buckby, Creaton, Uppingham, and other neighbouring places, as well as others more remote, where young gentlemen, who were once my pupils, are settled with united large and growing congregations, revives my heart with a joy which I cannot but communicate to such a friend, and which I esteem a token for good. But I tire you, and trespass on my own time and business ; I must therefore conclude, with our united and most cordial services to yourself, lady, and Master Clark, whom I long again to call my pupil, his agreeable sisters and brothers, and all the rest of my St. Albans friends. I desire to hear of your recovery with a solicitude answerable to the obligations under which I am,

Reverend and dear Doctor,

Your most affectionate and obedient humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. We all drank your health this evening, with due formalities, as well as cordial respect, and Polly and Meroy took their parts in the ceremony, I dare say, very sincerely.

The Second Part of Dr. Watts's *World to Come* gives me a great deal of pleasure; and I find Thomson's poem on *Sickness*, and Armstrong on the *Preservation of Health*, on the whole, entertaining and useful. What Sigismond will be, that comes on the stage with such vast preparation, and which gentlemen from these parts go to London on purpose to see, I know not, but I hope we shall quickly hear.

FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

DEAR SIR,

March 26, 1745.

I HEAR you have been sick, nigh unto death, but God has had mercy on you, and on his churches and ministers also, that we might not have sorrow upon sorrow.

I wish you would not make so free with your constitution; you really do what you ought not. You have not so much merey on your body as on your beast. May not a man be intemperate in labour as well as in liquor. Pray let your friends hear of your *moderation*. Begin to take upon you a little; and put on the gravity of a Doctor now, instead of the sprightliness of a young divine. Do not engage in so many things. A gentleman, whose judgment you value, told me he wanted very much to see an expo-

sition of yours upon the Romans, and, I added, upon the Galatians too, which is near akin to it; "but we must live upon hope till he will contract his views, and spare himself."

Waugh is printing a book of John Mason's, called Self-knowledge, which will please you and profit your pupils, and go, I hope, into many hands.

What an audacious theologian is that Taylor! Unhappy Norwich! Poor Mr. Finch! I think the people to whom Taylor preaches should be advised not to esteem their minister*. Infidels are fairer adversaries than treacherous friends; but Christianity does not lose its charms with me while it is forsaken by many, and betrayed by not a few.

I have written out my Sermons on Providence, but must wait for the leisure of the summer, at Walthamstow, for the rest, in which your and Mrs. Doddridge's company will be no, or no other than a grateful and pleasing, interruption.

May the great Lord of the vineyard do you more and more honour, and strengthen you in body and soul. We unite in services to you and yours.

I am yours as much as your heart can wish,

J. BARKER.

* Our excellent friend, the pious and enlightened Mr. Barker, is injudiciously warm in this paragraph; Dr. Taylor was no less *sincere*, than learned; and, without passing *any* judgment on his works, it may be said that their publication, on the part of their author, was an act of duty.

FROM NATHANIEL NEAL, ESQ.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

Million Bank, April 6, 1745.

I READ more than a common friendship in those strong expressions of esteem with which your last favour abounds ; and, at the same time, blush to think what I am ; conscious that your letter describes a character to which I ought to bear a much nearer resemblance.

I am much obliged to you for your kind present of the *Rise and Progress*, &c. I read it over with pleasure, and, I hope, not without some advantage, as it is a book which, I truly think, is calculated for very considerable usefulness. The serious spirit it breathes must be acceptable to all who retain any seeds of piety ; and the compass of imagination, and force of expression which distinguish themselves throughout the whole performance, show that the beauties of the sacred writings are not disregarded by all the modern masters of human eloquence.

This might suffice for me to say concerning a work so universally admired by those to whose judgment and piety I pay the greatest reverence, and all, perhaps, that in prudence I ought to say, if I merely consulted the preserving of that credit you have been hitherto so kind as to give to my understanding ; but as I had rather deserve your friendship than gain your applause, and be esteemed injudicious than insincere, I will venture, since you have desired it, to send you a remark or two on this performance.

Your book proposes to draw a plan of a religious disposition or habit, from its first foundation to its highest perfection in the present state ; and to consider it in all its various stages and circumstances, agreeable to that variety which appear in the circumstances and attainments of Christians. But is it not a just objection to this performance, if there are many Christians who are conscious to themselves that the foundation of their religious temper and practice was not laid in those principles, and with that view of things which you there describe ? And this, I suppose, must be the case of those who do not, in a great degree, embrace the Calvinistic doctrines ; and, in some measure, of many that do : for I am inclined to think, that different principles do not more variously affect and influence the minds of men, than the same principles do different minds ; especially young ones, according to the firmness or weakness of the mind, or as the prevailing turn of temper is sprightly or melancholy. Considering, therefore, the state of the Christian church universally, may it not be reasonable to allow a greater variety in the methods which Divine wisdom and mercy may take to bring sinful men to the love and practice of religion ? You will observe, the objection does not infer that the method you prescribe is not the most general, or the best adapted to begin and carry on the Christian life in the soul of man, but whether it be the only one.

If I might venture to add another remark, it should be this : whether your rules and directions for promoting the Christian life do not require *more time* to

be spent in the exercises of devotion, and in the instrumental duties of religion, than is consistent with that attention to the affairs of this life, which is *necessary* for the generality of Christians? and, whether the proposing more to be done than, from a view of the capacities and opportunities of Christians in general, can be expected, may not *discourage* some not to attempt, and others not to proceed in a course of religion? What is fit to be done by some persons, and in some special circumstances, may not be expected from the greater number of Christians; and care should be taken, that the heights of piety to which some devout souls have soared, do not become matter of *discouragement* to young Christians, or those of an ordinary rank.

It is not improbable that I, who read over this book with a view and desire to discern and amend my own faults, and not to find any with the work, may not have sufficiently attended to some passages that may show these remarks to be impertinent; or, if there are not such passages in this book, I myself can point out some in other of your writings, particularly in your Sermons on Regeneration, if my memory does not greatly fail me, which guard against both these objections in very clear and express terms. But whatever be the fate of my remarks when I venture to attack the accuracy of your compositions, I have a sure and tried retreat in the candour and benevolence of your disposition.

I rejoice to hear your Paraphrase is in so much forwardness, and confess that whatever diverts you

from it gives me some degree of disappointment. I can only add at present how very respectfully and affectionately I am,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your faithful humble Servant,

NATHANIEL NEAL*.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL WOOD.

Northampton, April 19, 1745.

MY VERY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,

THERE is hardly any thing that when I reflect upon it gives me so lively an idea of the manner in which I am pressed with my various engagements as the dates of some unanswered letters from those whom, of all persons in the world, I most value, and particularly of yours, one of January 25, and the other February 21, and those, two such letters as I am sure I never deserved, nor ever shall deserve to receive ; so full of cordial love, expressed in the most pathetic and endearing language, such indeed as hardly any one but yourself could write ; and mingled with such esteem too as I am, from my very heart, conscious to myself to be most undeserving of. My dear brother, I am ashamed and confounded : ashamed that you should

* So deeply was Dr. Doddridge impressed with the force of the observations made in this letter, that he gave the necessary cautions in the next edition of " The Rise and Progress," &c.

think thus of me, and that I have not long since told you how I was overwhelmed, even to tears, with the affection which every line of your letters discover. I will say nothing of my business, as you partly know it; though the preparing Acts for the press before the vacation, a second edition of the Rise and Progress, corrected, with some small additions, and the reading and exhibiting a course of experimental philosophy, at the rate of three lectures in a week, added to usual and constant business, are circumstances which you could hardly, however, have thought of if not mentioned; nor eighteen letters sent away in two days, some of them pretty large. These are sad things. Oh, with what delight could I, however weakened by my late illness, have poured out my heart to dear Mr. Wood, in a whole sheet, and then have complained that I had room to empty no more of it in answer to the first or second alone. You know not what a burthen and grief it is to me to think such and such a friend, as Mr. Wood, Mr. Barker, Mr. Scott, Dr. Clark, Dr. Watts, or Colonel Gardiner, is neglected; this post, and the next,—and the next devoted perhaps for persons with whom I have no intimate friendship; to whom I have no peculiar obligations neither, but because business, duty, or charity, urge, and there can be no delay. What then, do I forget those dear delightful names? rather let me forget my food, my children, every thing—but my Master! no, my heart bears them before *Him*, though in too contracted words, yet cordially, tenderly, almost daily; so that it is one of my evening questions, have

I prayed for those friends this day ? I wish you could see my inmost sentiments in this respect ; you would not then need letters to tell you, that I esteem you in the bowels of Christ, as one of his dearest servants, as one of my dearest brethren, as one with whom I could greatly rejoice, had such been the Divine will, to have shared every day of life, and alternately to have attended and ministered to, in all the services of the house of my God. And, indeed, a friendship like what I feel for you, dear Sir, and a few such as you (oh that there were very many !) would oppress my spirit even beneath its own weight, if I did not assuredly hope to satiate it all, in spending an *eternity* with you. Let this, my worthy brother, be the interpreter of my heart to you as long as we live ; for I look not upon it as a supposable case that our friendship will be broken. I think I cannot be so base as to deserve it ; and I am sure you are too generous to leave me any apprehension on the other side. Write as often as you can, and be sure that every letter will cheer and quicken me : but should this lie even for many months unanswered, though I should be in pain for your health, and long to hear of you, and your amiable consort and child, yet I would never wrong our friendship by suspecting that you ceased to love and pray for me ; and however business, or a regard to health, which will not permit me always to hang over my desk, as, alas, I am forced too much to do, may occasion, as it universally does, delays, which grieve me more than they can my friends ; yet be assured that if any occasion arise in which I can serve you by an

immediate answer, I will not delay it one post, but would, as I have in other instances been forced to do, dictate from a bed of sickness, and would sign it, though it were with a dying hand. And thus much for delays past and future.

And now what room is there for an answer? I hope to see you at Norwich about the 20th of June, and then I will get an hour, if possible, to tell you all the story of my sickness and recovery: in the general I can only say, that God even astonished me with his tender mercies; and that the Gospel, the *pure, uncorrupted, scriptural Gospel, without the aid or incumbrance of human schemes*, is become dearer than ever to my soul; nor the less so for a certain *key* which, *inter nos*, for I always write to you with entire confidence, seems broken in the lock. I wish some skilful hand like yours would take it out and show how wrong the wards are, and how badly tempered the metal, notwithstanding all the labour and polish*. In your success and the growth of your church I rejoice beyond expression. God has given me back my wife and eldest (most delightful) child, in wonderful mercy, from great danger, especially the last. I long to see your pretty little Latin scholar, to whom, with her dear mamma, and your good self, my wife and I join in our best services. My wife, if able to undertake the journey, pleases herself much with the hope of seeing you both at Norwich. I shall rejoice to serve good Mr. Scott in any future instance. I grieve for the decline of our interest

* An allusion to Dr. Taylor's "Key to the Apostolic Writings."

under such excellent men too as those fixed in some of the places you mention. God is gracious to us here in strengthening us all around. You shall know more of the state of my Academy when I see you. May your church, your family, and your soul, be like a watered garden! I had heard nothing of Dr. Meadows's death but by you, and grieve for it very much.

My cordial services attend all my very good friends your way, your uncle and cousin, of whom I am very glad to hear so well, Mr. and Mrs. Badeley, and my worthy brethren. Continue your esteemed prayers for,

Dear and Reverend Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother and humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Northampton, April 23, 1745.

THE removal of good Mr. Harrison to a better world was what I soon expected to hear of; and I not only condole with the afflicted family on their loss, but heartily rejoice with them in those consolations with which it is tempered.

I am very glad, as is my wife also, that God has been better to your good lady than her fears. We both join with Polly in most affectionate thanks to both of you for your kind invitation, which we shall thankfully accept when she comes from Haddon,

whither she is just now going, to visit a very kind family, to whom, under God, she owes her life. We purpose to send her to St. Albans during our vacation, and delight ourselves in the view of the great advantages for improvement which she will enjoy under the care of such inestimable friends.

Your son is a charming secretary; and, indeed, I promise myself that, with his large stock of learning, industry, good humour, and piety, he will be not only an ornament to the Academy, but a distinguished blessing, and will soon teach, perhaps, more than he will have an opportunity of learning. We are very deeply engaged in a course of experimental philosophy, which takes up a great deal of time and pains, though we do little more than make the experiments, with a short account of the purposes they are intended to explain*. Some considerable progress is

* The great importance of natural philosophy in general, and of anatomy in particular, as tending to enlarge the mind, and to convey noble impressions of the Divine wisdom and goodness, is so apparent, that it is to be lamented that such studies are not more encouraged in modern dissenting academies.

Dr. Doddridge lectured on these interesting sciences to his pupils, and was also an active member of a society instituted for the encouragement of such pursuits, as the following extract from Dr. Kippis will evince.

“Towards the close of the same year Dr. Doddridge became a member of a Philosophical Society, which was formed at Northampton, consisting of several ingenious and respectable gentlemen of that town and neighbourhood. During the course of their meetings in 1744, he exhibited two papers, the one on the Doctrine of Pendulums, and the other on the Laws of the Communication of Motion, as well in Elastic as in Non-elastic Bodies.”—*Biographia Britannica*.

made in the octavo edition of my late book, and I am earnestly solicited for another in twelves, which may perhaps overtake the octavo. I should be glad of your thoughts of Taylor's "Paraphrase, with Notes on the Epistle to the Romans," and of Dr. Winder's "History of Knowledge." I believe you will think the former shows a masterly hand, though employed, in some instances, to serve error; the latter, a very weak one, where the service of the truth is not only honestly intended, which may, I hope, be the case in both, but is also really pursued. I am, dear Sir,

Your very faithful and affectionate humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. Alderman Lyde's family has had a great misfortune. He had the half of five ships in the Virginia trade, bottom and cargo; three of them have just been taken by privateers and a fourth sunk just as it came to the quay at Bristol. One post brought my dear pupil the news of all; and though a third part of the family loss is his, he bears it as a trifle compared with the death of his father.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL, WOOD.

Northampton, May, 19, 1745.

MY MUCH HONOURED AND BELOVED FRIEND

AND BROTHER,

THOUGH I am at once very busy and very much indisposed with a cold, which I fear will much unfit me for the delightful work of to-morrow; yet I will send you one line of thanks for all the expressions of endearing affection which yours by last night's post contains.

I am quite grieved when I think of the anxiety my shameful silence gave you; and will endeavour to err so no more; but I dare not promise that, or any other good, of myself. The desire of writing long letters to persons I particularly esteem, and of securing some more convenient season, deceives me, from day to day, so much, that I determine to write quicker and shorter; and I will endeavour, after the vacation, to get a secretary to transcribe my letters from short hand, which will, I hope, make my work easier, and my attention to my friends a little more regular.

I cannot sufficiently thank you for so large and constant a remembrance in the prayers of one of the best of men; nor can I sufficiently thank God, who thus lays me on your heart. I earnestly beg the continuance of that kind remembrance, as I greatly need it, not only with respect to the state of my health, which is again a good deal shaken, but on account of that exceeding great burthen which now lies upon me, in consequence of the scandalous behaviour of a

person who, though low in circumstances, has been eminently distinguished by his religious profession. This, joined to the coldness and deadness that I find among many professors, and the want of a becoming spirituality and zeal in some intended for the ministry, and a propensity towards some principles which seem to me very injurious to Christianity, if not quite subversive of it, press heavily upon my heart. Yet I bless God I am attempting a little to remedy these things. But, oh, who can say he does his best, the best even of his little! You write, my dear friend, as knowing but little of me. I have the greatest reason to be continually humbled before God, as a very unprofitable servant; and life would be a burthen to me, and death a terror, if it were not for the encouragement I draw from the manifestations of the *free grace of God* in the Gospel, and the provision He has there made for rendering us accepted in the Beloved. When I see what Christianity is, and see how it is trampled upon in the world, and how little vital energy it has, even on those who speculatively believe it, I am astonished at the Divine patience, and cannot but wish, with humble submission to the great Lord of Life, to escape from this sad scene of things which I can do so little, so very little, to mend. But you, and a very few who are like you, make it easier to be reconciled to earth, and greatly help my conceptions of Heaven. I rejoice in the hope of seeing you and your dear lady at Norwich; but whether I shall come with, or without my wife, whether I shall go for Kent through Suffolk, or come directly back to North-

ampton when the ordination is over, I cannot yet so much as conjecture. Only this I know, that you, and my other dear brethren and friends whom you mention, have so large a share in my heart, that to refuse any request you can make will, if ever so necessary, be very painful to,

Dear good Man,

Your affectionate Brother and faithful humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. Have you seen Dr. Watt's "Orthodoxy and Charity United," and Horbery on "Future Punishment." I think them both excellent pieces.

FROM MISS SCOTT.

Norwich, May 20, 1745.

EVER DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

HAD my spirits been much less depressed than they were at the reception of your last, I know not how they could have supported the overwhelming tenderness it expressed. O, how is it that I have such a friend! that I should be so dear to one so dear to God! This, were my case but such as you have painted it to yourself, would give a cheering hope that so powerful, so fervent an intercessor at the throne of grace could not fail of obtaining the desired blessing. But, alas! it is infinitely more unhappy. Shall I open a melancholy scene which, to spare

you, I have kept concealed : the malady lies deep within. Shall I refer you to your own description of the vile apostate, and there tell you, you may read the case of her you have honoured with the name of friend ! How will your tender heart support the shock ! No, dearest Sir, it is not a threatening distemper of the body, it is not a dreadfully disordered set of nerves, I am alone conflicting with and sinking under, but a guilty, selfish, condemning conscience, a hard unbelieving heart, a frowning God, a withdrawn Spirit. While I endure the terror of these I am driven, sometimes, into stupidity, at others, almost into despair. I know the mercies of God are infinite ; I know that with him there is a plenteous redemption. I strive to repent, and embrace those mercies, and that redemption in the Saviour ; but, alas ! all seems in vain. I cry for the Spirit to aid my feeble attempts ; to turn me to the God from whom I have revolted, but I cry in vain. Ycs, I am ready to give up all till some new alarm from the body, or new horror thrown into the mind, again arouses me to repeated cries. Oh ! dearest Sir, if friendship can survive the damp this description may well throw upon it, let it exert itself in the warmest prayers for an unhappy and most unworthy creature.

I have a dear comforter and warm intercessor with me in the tenderest of parents. He pours balm into my wounds ; he wrestles hard in prayer for me, but hitherto so unsuccessfully that I am ready to apply those awful words to my own ease ; “ though Noah, Daniel, and Job stood before me, my heart could not

be toward," &c. But who knows what continued and united cries may do? Perhaps that awful sentence is not yet past. If such hearts as his and yours are drawn out to wrestle for me, I would yet indulge a hope even against hope.

I have renounced every pleasure. I have made it my prayer, and charged my heart, that it take none in any thing, until it can find it in a reconciled God. I hope it is not inconsistent herewith to say, that I long to see the dearest of all absent friends; for, oh! how much shame and grief must, on my part, mingle itself with that otherwise delightful interview, if I am permitted to enjoy it; but for dear Mrs. Doddridge I doubt I must resign that pleasing hope, for though my father and the deacons readily agreed to postpone the ordination to the time most suitable to you, yet it being found that some of the chief of our friends, particularly Major Balderstone and his brother, were necessitated to be absent, on business, they feel themselves, though with much regret, obliged to beg your presence at the time first named. My letter is waited for, and I can, therefore, only add my entreaties for your prayers for my dearest father, whom you may easily believe to be greatly afflicted. Our best services to you, dear Sir, and your much esteemed lady, with the assurance that I am the

Most respectful, affectionate, and

grateful of your Servants,

E. SCOTT.

From the Rev. Thomas Scott.

P. S. This letter is now waited for by a gentleman who is come from Norwich to our country lodgings ; and I must, therefore, be short. You may be sure, very honoured and dear Sir, it is with great regret to me, that the state of affairs among us oblige us to hold to the time first fixed, even after we had all agreed to alter it for your and Mrs. Doddridge's sake ; but I hope, by a passage in your last, that we shall not be disappointed of so great a blessing as we expect from your company and assistance, public and private. You may imagine how wounding the case of my dearest child is : and for some months she has been striving with all her power for repentance, faith, hope, love, sanctification, and obedience ; but thinks these pains all in vain, which overwhelms her : and you may be sure the lowness of her nervous system helps the disorder, as this does that. I believe a sincerer creature there is none upon earth, and my prayers and endeavours are continually with and for her ; and I expect to see her freed from the troubles of her mind in a while, and long that you may come in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel, in yourself, and see her. And in the mean time I shall (now she has opened her mind to you) look for a great effect from your pity and supplications, and do beg them as on my knees. But I know your love will render it impossible for you not frequently

and pathetically to recommend us both. The paper forbids enlargement, and obliges me to conclude myself with utmost respects to Mrs. Doddridge,

Yours with deepest affection,

THOMAS SCOTT.

TO MISS. SCOTT*.

DEAR MADAM,

June 25, 1745.

I RETURN you my most affectionate thanks for the freedom with which you have opened your mind to me, both by repeated and unreserved conversations, and by a communication of papers intended entirely for your own use. The consequence, I most faithfully assure you, is, that the more I know you, the more firmly am I convinced, not only that you are a *real*, but that you are a *very advanced* Christian. I have already pointed out the principles on which I build this conclusion. But as I have not yet been so happy as to remove your remaining difficulties, give me leave, in this letter, to lay before you some hints as to what I apprehend may be the cause, and, by a Divine blessing, in some measure at least, the cure, of the anxiety which so much harasses your mind. And pardon me, if in this strait of time, and in this hour which with pleasure, for your service, I take

* The chronological order is, in this instance, violated for the sake of connecting this important letter more immediately with the preceding.

from my sleep, before the journey and labours of to-morrow, I do but touch upon particulars, and give short hints, instead of illustrating, or reasoning upon them at large.

Now as to the causes of your present distress, I apprehend the following, among others, are the chief and most peculiar; for I shall not mention those two grand cardinal sources of all our distress,—some remainder of sin in the best hearts while they continue here, and the artifice and malice of our common enemy. What is most peculiar seem to be, 1. The weakness of animal nature, which, after the attacks you have borne, must necessarily be very feeble, unless it had been strengthened by a miracle, which even in such a case we have no warrant to expect. 2. The extraordinary elevation of devotion, which at some times you have known, and particularly when you were first setting out in religion. 3. In consequence of this, an ardent desire of equalling all your former fervour of devotion, in the present infirm state of your *health*; by the very desire and endeavour of which, I heartily wish that you may not utterly ruin it. 4. A hard and *unjust* conclusion which you have hence drawn against yourself, as if you were one of the most ungrateful and criminal of our race, that excites an indignation against yourself, which you think you can never feel with sufficient sensibility. 5. The sublime ideas which you have formed to yourself of the spiritual life, in which you seem not to make sufficient allowance, either for the natural infirmities of this our animal frame when in its best state,

nor for the avocations *inseparable* from the life of one who is not absolutely a recluse from the world. I really apprehend these to be the causes of your disquietude.

With relation to the proper method of cure, the following particulars present themselves, which I wish I had time better to express and digest. 1. To lay it down as a certain principle, *that religion consists more in an intelligent, rational, and determinate choice of the will* than in any ardent transport of the affections. 2. To consider that there is a certain degree of afflicting ourselves for past sins, and for present imperfections, which is so far from being our duty, that it is very likely to prove a snare, *and to produce consequences displeasing to our gracious Father in heaven*, and injurious both to ourselves and others. 3. Settle it deliberately in your understanding as a certain truth, that the grand security of the soul lies, in deliberately entrusting itself to Christ, as chosen in all his offices; and in devoting itself to God *through him*, according to the tenor of the Christian covenant; and in steadily endeavouring to practise what the word of God requires, and to forbear every thing which it forbids, and in referring all its concerns, not excepting even the degrees or its spiritual comfort and enjoyment, to his *wise* and gracious determination. 4. In consequence of this, be often, and indeed daily, renewing your covenant with God, in the manner which that most excellent servant of Christ, your ever honoured and beloved father, has so intelligently, affectionately, and frequently recommended.

5. Let your devotions be reduced within narrow limits, and be rather frequent and short, than protracted to any great length ; and in your addresses at the throne of Grace, be more intent upon the *sincerity* of the heart, and the *calm fixedness of the thoughts*, than about the flow of the affections, which are not and cannot be immediately in our own power ; but may, humanly speaking, depend upon a thousand physical causes, the nature of which we do not so much as imagine. 6. Consider how much of religion consists in *trusting* in God, in hoping in his mercy, and in *rejoicing* in Him ; and how suitable this is to the peculiar constitution of the Gospel, and the character which Christ our *Mediator* bears ; by consequence, therefore, how essential a branch of *gratitude* it is, and how much a tender conscience should be upon its guard that it does not fail here. 7. Remember continually, that after all, it is by faith in the merits and intercession of Christ, and not by the perfection of our works, that we are to obtain justification and life ; and that the best of Christians, while they are in this world, have their imperfections ; and may, and must, under a sense of them, apply daily to the great Advocate, and renew the actings of their faith upon his efficacious blood and intercession. 8. Make yourself familiarly acquainted with the promises of God relating to the pardon of sin, the imparting grace to the soul that seeks it ; and choose for some time every morning some comfortable promise to be the subject of your meditation ; and now and then employ that fine talent which God

has given you for poetical composition, in paraphrasing such Scriptures in short hymns. 9. Endeavour to exert yourself as much as possible, in attempts of usefulness, by conversing with the children who are so happy as to be the objects of your pious care, and with those persons who are in circumstances that bear any resemblance to your own. 10. Disburden yourself, as much as possible, of every anxious thought relating to futurity, whether regarding temporals or spirituals; confine your views to present duties, and leave future contingencies in the hands of God. 11. Be thankful for the least glimmering of hope, and for any kind and degree of consolation which God is pleased to give you; and take great heed that you do *not suspect* those *comforts* which lead you to God and happiness to be delusions, merely because they are not so permanent and effectual as you could wish, lest you should injure that great Agent to whom you are so highly obliged, and whom you fear so tenderly to grieve. 12. In one word, study by all means to nourish the love of God in your heart; breathe forth, with humble tenderness, the genuine impressions of it; and as human nature must have its weary intervals, delight to look to God in them, as a being who penetrates the inmost recesses of the heart, and sees that secret tendency of soul to him, which I have neither tears nor words to express. "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee:" or that I *would*; "thou knowest I would prefer the sensible exercises of it to any other delight." By this method the habits of Divine love will strengthen; and, I verily believe,

that time will at length produce such a consciousness of it, that you will be no more able to doubt of a share in it than of your own existence.

This, Madam, is the advice which, though not expressed with the accuracy I could wish, I would recommend to you as the most important I can give. My earnest prayers for you, and those which I desire daily to repeat, are that God *himself* may be your *comforter*, and pour out upon your mournful and wounded heart the oil of gladness, in a rich abundance. To know that I have been, in any instance, the instrument of reviving so excellent a spirit, would give me unutterable joy, and I should esteem it among the greatest honours God has ever bestowed upon, dear Madam,

Your most affectionate Friend

and faithful humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Sudbury, June 27, 1745.

MY DEAREST CREATURE,

Thursday morning.

I HAVE thought it a long time since I wrote to you last, and am quite impatient for the pleasure of hearing from you again; and I pray God it may be an unalloyed pleasure, which it will be if the letter I hope to receive from you at Bury brings me comfort-

able news with regard to your health, on account of which I really fear I am more solicitous than I ought to be.

I left Norwich on Tuesday morning, laden with benefits, which really make me ashamed in the review. So kind a set of people I never knew. I hope dear Miss Scott (though she sank a great deal at my departure, and testified the tenderness of her friendship in a flood of tears, as well as in some of the most endearing expressions that lips could utter) is in a way of recovery; and should have thought my journey abundantly repaid had nothing but the apparent effect it had on that charming friend occurred to balance the fatigue and expense of it; though, to say the truth, I never made a journey less expensive or less fatiguing. Oh that my return might have as sensible an effect upon your health as every body assured me my presence and society had upon hers! Let me entreat your daily prayers for her, that the effect on body and mind may be lasting. I have been employed, more or less, every day since I left her in writing my thoughts on her case, and such directions for her conduct as seemed to me most important, and which she earnestly desired to have, given under my hand. The true reason of the ordination not being deferred for five weeks, was the apprehension which she and all her friends entertained, that she would not live to that time, though it is very observable that almost ever since it was fixed she has been recovering, to the astonishment of

all about her; and I really think that, till the view of parting brought a sort of cloud over us both, she seemed much better than when I saw her last year. We were very frequently talking of you, and wishing for you, and abundance of friends, in the most affectionate manner, testified their great disappointment at your not being able to make them a visit, which was so much desired on all sides. I have promised to bring you, if God spare our lives, the year after next; but God only knows what so distant a space of time may bring forth. Oh that it may produce, at least, your reestablished health, and then I need not go abroad for happiness, no not to Norwich!

My cordial respects attend Mrs. Bliss, Miss Rappitt, the elders and deacons, and all other friends. Good Dr. Stonehouse may be sure he is not forgotten, nor Mr. King, nor Mr. Lyon.

I rejoice exceedingly in the hope of seeing you at farthest on Saturday sevensnight, and sooner, I fear, I cannot come, consistently with my purpose of seeing my friends at Oundle in my way. But I must not enlarge; I only add that I beg the dear children will not imagine I forget them; they, and you, and many others at Northampton have the frequent thoughts and prayers of

Your very affectionate

and much obliged humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM MR. CHRISTOPHER WADSWORTH.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Sheffield, July 15, 1745.

I RECEIVED the favour of yours by Mr. Smith with great gratitude. The frequent tokens I have of your affectionate remembrance make the most sensible impressions upon me, and they will be lasting as they are strong. I have often heard with concern of your frequent indispositions, and those of your family. More relaxation from intense study and watching seem quite necessary to you, and is a debt you owe to society.

My father has been long laid aside from public work, and has lately had a small paralytic seizure, with strong symptoms of a greater approaching; his numerous infirmities, too, have unhappily discomposed his mental faculties, and at seasons the wonted serenity of his temper, which united circumstances demand the resigned patience of his family. On my father's declension I was pressed to succeed him; but not choosing to take orders, and widen my sphere of duty so very much, we have unanimously chosen one Mr. Haynes, a man of good learning, of a candid generous way of thinking, and remarkable for a strain of rational serious piety, and whom I think it an honour to serve.

I think our ministers, and our interest are greatly diminishing, which, so far as *unsophisticated* Christianity and the cause of liberty are likely to suffer by it, I cordially lament; but so far as a moderate

comprehending principle growing in the establishment, a radicated spirit of bigotry in some of our name, or the prevalence of modern enthusiasms in others, are the causes, I know not that it is at all to be lamented. Some hints have been given towards proposals of a comprehension. Pray, good Doctor, what are your sentiments? how far is it an object to be wished for, for the honour of our common Christianity and protestantism? Indeed, where rational piety and solid virtue so visibly languish, as in the present age, it matters but little what external forms, or party names, flourish or decay. May the pathetic zeal, the spirited endeavours which your writings express largely contribute to revive the drooping cause; and, indeed, from those, and some cordial animated patrons of it, which even such an age produces, we may hope that however it may faint, it will not expire.

But I trespass, only I must beg room for one thing more, which the hint at the end of your last makes necessary. I must assure you that as I have not formed the least apprehension of it, so neither has the impertinence or the ill will of any one suggested the least circumstance to the prejudice of our common friendship: this, I doubt not, you will believe; but as I am entered on the subject, so, though disagreeable, I will tell you all I think about it. It is certain your name has not been treated with the respect I could wish in many parts of this county; and were I to give you my conjectures of the cause, they are plainly these; your innate candour and be-

nevolence, your *contempt of party distinctions*, joined to a worthy pursuit of usefulness and good fame, have induced you sometimes to attempt the reconciliation of parties to each other, and to show yourself a friend to both ; but this is not an age for success in such schemes. *Almost all the Calvinists I have known are narrow, sour, bigoted, and wrathful ;* not to be with them *alone*, is to be against them ; and these tempers have naturally produced contempt and bitterness in all their opposers. What fellowship can be between these ? Who is able to become a centre of unity ? And generally a better man than either side could boast would, if attached to neither, be obnoxious to both*. How truly right and Christian

* The effects of party feeling in matters of religion, and the dishonourable efforts made by the high Calvinists to injure the reputation of Dr. Doddridge, are well explained by Mr. Wadsworth. His observations on character are equally excellent ; and if it be objected that Calvinism is professed by many amiable and devout persons, their force remains unimpaired, for a little inquiry will suffice to show that such persons are really unacquainted with the creed they nominally hold. No Calvinist, in the true sense of the term, can doubt but that, at least, seven parts in ten of his fellow-creatures are sinking into irretrievable perdition, and will exist throughout an eternity of unmitigated anguish.

The cruel and tyrannical may exult in a system which represents a God after their own hearts, and half-witted fanatics may exult in their selfish dream of *elected* security ; but that a *good* man, of sane mind, could be any thing but miserable with a *full belief* in such dogmas is a natural absurdity. The outraged feelings of common humanity would constantly lacerate his heart, and his *piety* would be shocked with the conviction that the salvation of his God was *less effective* than the suggestions of evil.

To recur to the principal subject in question, it may be remarked, that, when alluding to aspersions of this sort, Mr. Orton quotes the

your conduct is in itself I dispute not ; that it will not be successful I am persuaded ; for my own part, I have found my peace, and I hope some usefulness in the other way. I set out here openly and professedly on the principles of liberty and moderation ; I have weathered some partial opposition, and now, thank God, am comfortably established. But let me

following passage of a letter written by Dr. Doddridge, about the present date, and very likely in answer to Mr. Wadsworth ; it is as follows :

“ I wish every one, whose friendship is worth preserving, would give me such an opportunity as you have done of explaining myself freely, with regard to those things which have been so unjustly aggravated.

“ My righteousness is in it ; and I am fully persuaded that what I have done in the various circumstances in which my conduct has been arraigned, would be found, at least, the *pardonable infirmities* of an honest man, who fears God, and loves all mankind ; and who heartily meant well to the very persons who thought themselves injured by him, in what he did, or did not do, in relation to them. It is a great comfort that innocence can make its appeal to God ! as St. Paul so often doth when *malice*, *prejudice*, or mistake (which last I believe more frequently to have been the case with regard to me) lays to its charge things which it would not deliberately do to save life ! The reflections which have been thrown upon me as a *double-dealer* and an *inconsistent* man, have often put me upon submitting myself to the scrutiny of the *all-searching eye* ; and in my most serious and solemn moments I have, I thank God, a constant sense of the uprightness of my heart before Him ; and can say with that good man, of whose afflictions he hath caused me, in this instance, to partake, ‘ *Thou knowest that I am not wicked.*’ Religion is with me an *inward* thing ; and if it were not, it could not have supported me as it hath done in the nearest view of the Divine Tribunal.

“ Were my *worldly* interest the principle upon which I acted, I should have conformed long since, and should do it immediately ; and you are no stranger to some offers that have been made me. You know the warmth and tenderness of my temper, and how liable it is to strong impressions. You also know the great multiplicity of

not bear my neighbour's error. I am sure of your tender friendship; I am particularly thankful for the last mark of it; and am, with all the good wishes I can form for you and yours,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

C. WADSWORTH.

my affairs; the haste with which I am frequently forced to write, without taking copies of my letters; and when these things come to be laid together, I cannot pretend to say that I have always acted with that *perfect* consistency which I could have wished. Perhaps few men can say it! My views of the same person, and of the same things, may also have altered; but, upon the whole, so far as I can judge and recollect, I have given but very little cause for the reflections which have been cast upon me, nor have I ever, in any instance that I know of, acted a part which my conscience hath condemned as *insincere*; but I may, through an excessive tenderness of displeasing, have left men of different opinions more room to think me of their sentiments by my not opposing them, than I ought to have done. I may likewise, in many instances, have seen things not to be *inconsistent*, which *warm* men on one side of the question and on the other have thought to be so; and it is possible too, that, in some of those cases, they may have thought aright, though I believe in more they have been on both sides *wrong*. I may have had more real esteem and love for persons in very different views and interests than they, knowing the *narrowness* of their own hearts in these instances, could easily imagine to be sincere; and among these have been some of the methodists*. Besides all which, a disposition to use some forms of complimentary expression, especially in early life, and to tell persons the good things I thought of them and their performances, may have exposed me to censure; though I may truly say, I have always *inwardly* thought what I said; for my mind has never been in such a state, but that I must have felt a sensible and memorable *horror* for doing otherwise. These things may have given advantages against me."

* The Calvinistic followers of Whitfield are here alluded to.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS HUNT, D.D.*

DEAR SIR,

Hertford College, August 2, 1745.

I MUST not any longer delay to make my acknowledgments for the favour of your last kind letter, lest I should seem to affect a retaliation, and to inflict that punishment (if a thing so inconsiderable can be called a punishment) which you so ingeniously deprecate, I mean the silence of a whole half year. I must confess, it was a disappointment to me, not to have the pleasure of hearing from so valuable a correspondent for so long a time; and I was at first tempted to revenge this delay by not taking pen in hand for the space of six months; but I have since had time to cool, and have so far recovered my temper, as to be able to abate you a month or two on the balance.

To be scious; though I have delayed so long to return my thanks for the favour of your good company, I am not unmindful of the pleasure I received; nor will the delightful ideas of the good Christian, the Scholar, and the Gentleman, which Dr. Doddridge's presence impressed on my mind, cease to have a lasting place there, how insensible soever I may seem to have shown myself since his departure. The truth of it is, Sir, your last letter caught me in the midst of a busy term, in the hurry of a multitude of lectures, both public and private, and so it was

* "Afterwards Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford."

laid by, in company with some others which came about the same time from my best friends, till I should be at leisure to answer it, which I cannot say I have been, in any tolerable degree, till now, when the arrival of the long vacation gives me an opportunity of recollecting the arrears I am in to my correspondents, among which, dear Sir, those to yourself demand my first regard. Give me leave, therefore, to repeat my thanks; and to add those of Mrs. Hunt, for the favour and honour you did us in your kind visit; and most heartily to condole with you on that variety of distress which befel you and your good family on your return to Northampton. I hope that divine Providence, in whose dispensations you have so effectually taught others to acquiesce, was your seasonable relief and support; and that you, who by your pious labours have made thousands of other families happy, are now perfectly so in your own.

With our thanks for the favour of your good company, be pleased to accept of our most hearty acknowledgments for the kind present of your excellent piece on the Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul; a performance which cannot fail of doing much good in the world, as it is judiciously contrived to engage the attention and improve the minds of all sorts of readers; being so plain as to be intelligible to the lowest understanding, at the same time that it is so elegant as to gratify the highest. You may assure yourself, Sir, that it was not in the power of my most pressing engagements to hinder me from reading such a work as this, and I hope I am much

the better for having done so. Nor would it have been kind to my dear Mrs. Hunt, not to have given her an opportunity of perusing a book from which I myself had received so much benefit. I therefore no sooner laid it out of my own hands, but I put it into hers, where I afterwards oftentimes found it, and cannot easily tell you how much she was affected by it, nor describe the gratitude she professes to owe to her worthy instructor.

I have not *Maimonides de jure Pauperis et Perigrini*, which you inquire after, nor is it to be had here. I find it is in the Bodleian Library, where I shall be ready at any time to consult it for you. I made your compliments to the Dean of Christ Church and to our other friends, who often ask after you. The Principal and his lady are retired to Launden Grange for the long vacation, where they are both well, as I understand by a letter I received from the Doctor by the last post.

I heartily wish you health and success in the prosecution of your public and private labours for the good of mankind; and am, with my wife's best respects to yourself and your good lady,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and obliged humble Servant,

THOMAS HUNT.

FROM THE EARL OF HALIFAX*.

SIR,

Audley Street, Sept. 19, 1745.

I SHOULD not have deferred answering your obliging letter till this post, had I not thought it necessary to take some time in considering the contents of it, and in endeavouring to direct that hearty zeal which you so warmly express for the defence of our religion, liberty, and present happy establishment, in such a channel as may prove most useful to the public cause, and best suit with the inclinations of the government; which, upon such an occasion as this, must necessarily be consulted, or the most loyal and zealous subjects of his Majesty may chance to meet with an awkward return for their proffered service, as not

* It appears from this letter that Dr. Doddridge had before addressed the Earl of Halifax, as to the propriety of taking active measures for the support of the throne and constitution; and it is probable that he was one of the first individuals in the kingdom who stepped beyond the boundaries of a private station at this important crisis. When attending to these circumstances, Mr. Orton says, that, "in 1745, Dr. Doddridge exerted himself, with great zeal, and at a considerable expense, in the cause of his king and country. When a regiment was raising in Northamptonshire, to be under the command of the Earl of Halifax, he wrote many letters to his friends in that county, and the neighbourhood, to excite their concurrence; he went about among his own people to encourage persons to enlist, and had the pleasure to find many of them cheerfully engaging in the design." One interesting circumstance, omitted by Mr. Orton, is that, in addition to the men and contributions thus furnished, one of the Doctor's pupils, the son of Lord Kilkerran, volunteered his services, and, when his regiment took the field, had the honour of bearing the colours under the Earl of Halifax.

being perfectly agreeable to the sentiments of those in power.

Entirely agreeing with you, Sir, that great indolence and inactivity have been manifest upon this occasion ; and thinking it absolutely necessary that somebody should set an example of spirit in the present conjuncture, I had, for some days before I received your letter, been deliberating in what manner I could prove most useful to my country ; and had at last resolved to offer my services to his Majesty, with a proposal of my endeavours to raise a Regiment in and about Northampton ; which, with the assistance of the neighbouring gentlemen, whose affections to his Majesty's person and government I thought I might venture to rely upon, I had no reason to doubt might be soon completed : and such an offer as this, from one not so well enabled by fortune or influence to serve his Majesty as many great personages in this kingdom, I thought could not fail of animating many others, and of raising a glorious spirit of early opposition to the detestable and rebellious attempt now carrying on in Scotland. My opinion is, that it is not enough that this insurrection be quashed by ordinary methods, especially when I consider it could take its rise from no other hope than that of the *disaffection* of his Majesty's subjects. The contrary disposition ought therefore to be universally shown, and it would be for the credit of his Majesty's government, and for the honour of this nation abroad, that many thousands, unpaid and unsolicited, should take up

arms to the immediate confusion of these insolent rebels.

Your letter, which I cannot enough commend for the worthy and generous spirit that shines in every part of it—but I will say no more on the subject, than that I think you show yourself upon this occasion, as well as in all others, the best of men.

Your letter, I say, confirmed me in my opinion of the necessity of showing an early zeal in the defence of all that is dear to us ; and I should forthwith have made my proposal to his Majesty, but that the advice of some friends convinced me that, as this rebellion is not yet considered in so serious a light as to render any extraordinary offers of this nature acceptable to those in power, I had better wait till the exigency would better justify them. I cannot say I totally concur in their opinion ; but as I would not, upon any consideration, appear officious in my zeal, which has not now, or ever shall have, any other motive than the support of his Majesty's royal family, and the true interest of the public, I resolved, for the present, to wave my purpose. But, in the meantime, I am endeavouring to spur up those, who have the care of the whole, to the same spirit that animates myself and you ; and hope that before Sunday next I shall be better informed what part to act when I see Northamptonshire.

I purpose being at Horton on Sunday night, and should be very glad to have your company at dinner on Monday, that we may discourse farther upon this

subject. I wish I could now say all I think upon this occasion, but at present let it suffice, that I only add the assurance, which I flatter myself you will believe, of my being, with the greatest regard,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and obliged humble Servant,

DUNK HALIFAX.

FROM THOMAS GARDINER, ESQ*.

REV. AND WORTHY SIR, Edinburgh, Sept. 24, 1745.

I AM deeply concerned that I commence your correspondent on an occasion that will very sensibly affect you with sorrow.

Upon the 21st instant, in the morning, about day-

* Of the author of this letter all that I can learn is, that he was an eminent merchant, and probably distantly related to the Colonel. There are considerations connected with the fall of that heroic soldier, sincere Christian, and able commander, which may not be unwelcome to those who have not the advantage of consulting the admirable Memoirs of his Life, written by Dr. Doddridge. First, the defeat of the royal forces before the rebels at Preston Pans may be attributed to the neglect of the Colonel's judicious advice. "On Friday (the day before the battle which transmitted him to his immortal crown) the Colonel drew up his regiment, in the afternoon, and rode through their ranks, addressing them at once in the most respectful and animated manner, both as soldiers and as Christians, to engage them to exert themselves courageously in the service of their country, and to neglect nothing that might have a tendency to prepare them for whatever might happen. They seemed much affected with the address, and expressed a very ardent desire of attacking the enemy immediately; a desire in which he and another gallant

break, a very bloody engagement was fought at the very door of our mutually valuable friend Colonel Gardiner, who, alas! has fallen, to the regret of all his friends, as you will believe; but I must also

officer, of distinguished rank and character, would gladly have gratified them, if it had been in the power of either. He earnestly pressed it on the commanding officer, both as the soldiers were then in better spirits than it could be supposed they would be *after having passed the night under arms*, and also, as the circumstance of making an attack would be some encouragement to them, and probably some terror to the enemy, who would have had the *disadvantage* of standing on the defensive. * * * *—He also apprehended that by marching to meet them some advantage might have been secured with regard to the ground, with which it is natural to imagine he must have been perfectly acquainted, as it lay at his own door, and he had rode over it so many hundred times." His advice "was overruled in this respect, as it was also in the disposition of the cannon, which he would have planted in the centre of our small army, rather than just before his regiment, which was in the right wing; where he was apprehensive that the *horses, which had not been in any engagement before*, might be thrown into some disorder by the discharge so very near them. He urged this the more, as he thought the attack of the rebels might probably be made on the centre of the foot, where he knew there were some brave men, on whose standing he thought, under God, the success of the day depended." Secondly, That Colonel Gardiner was not, in any way, responsible for the want of discipline exhibited in the rout of his regiment, having become but recently their commander, as the following passage may illustrate; where, when speaking of his conduct as an officer, Dr. Doddridge observes, "that his remarkable care to maintain good discipline might be the more effectual, he made himself, on all proper occasions, accessible to his men, and expressed a great concern for their interests, which being genuine and sincere, naturally discovered itself in a variety of instances. I remember, I had once occasion to visit one of his dragoons in his last illness, at Harborough, and I found the man on the borders of eternity; a circumstance which, as he apprehended it himself, must add peculiar weight to his discourse. And he then told me, in his colonel's absence, that he questioned not, but that he

tell you, to the grief of all on the other side against which he was engaged.

"His affectionate lady was left by him in Stirling Castle, thirty miles distant. Miss Fanny is with

should have everlasting reason to bless God on Colonel Gardiner's account, for that he had been a *father* to him in all his interests, both temporal and spiritual. He added, that he had visited him almost every day, during his illness, with religious advice and instruction, as well as taking care that he should want nothing that might conduce to the recovery of his health. And he did not speak of this as the result of any particular attachment to him, but as the manner in which *he was accustomed* to treat those under his command. It is no wonder that this engaged their affection to a very great degree. And I doubt not but that if he had fought the fatal battle of Preston Pans, at the head of that gallant regiment of which he had the care for so many years, and which is allowed by most unexceptionable judges to be one of the finest in the British service, and consequently in the world, he had been supported in a very *different manner*, and had found a much greater number who would have rejoiced in an opportunity of making their own breasts a barrier in the defence of his."

Of the Colonel's death some interesting particulars, which were afterwards collected, are thus narrated by Dr. Doddridge "He continued all night under arms, wrapped up in his cloak, and generally sheltered under a rick of barley, which happened to be in the field. About three in the morning he called his domestic servants to him, of whom there were four in waiting. He dismissed three of them, with most affectionate Christian advice, and such solemn charges, relating to the performance of their duty, and the care of their souls, as seemed plainly to intimate that he apprehended it at least very probable, that he was taking his last farewell. There is great reason to believe that he spent the little remainder of the time, which could not be much above an hour, in those devout exercises of the soul which had been so long habitual to him, and to which so many circumstances did then concur to call him.

"The army was alarmed by break of day, by the noise of the rebels' approach, and the attack was made before sunrise, yet when it was light enough to discern what passed. As soon as the enemy came

her, and the other children are safe. I need not mention to you that the design of this is to prepare you from being surprised with the fatal news, as well as that you may acquaint Mr. David Gardiner with it, with whom all his friends sympathize.

within gunshot, they made a furious fire, and it is said that the dragoons, which constituted the *left wing*, immediately fled! The Colonel, at the beginning of the onset, which, in the whole, lasted but a few minutes, received a wound by a bullet in the left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in his saddle, upon which his servant, who had the led horse, would have persuaded him to retreat, but he said, it was 'only a wound in the flesh,' and fought on, though he presently after received a shot in his right thigh. In the mean time it was discerned, that some of the enemy fell by him, and particularly one man, who had made him a treacherous visit but a few days before, with great professions of zeal for the present establishment.

"Events of this kind pass in less time than the description of them can be written, or than it can be read. The Colonel was, for a few moments, supported by his men, and particularly by Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney, who was himself shot through the arm, and who, a few months afterwards, fell nobly in the battle of Falkirk, and by Lieutenant West, a man of distinguished bravery; as also by about fifteen dragoons who stood by him to the last. But, after a faint fire, the regiment, in general, was seized with a panic; and, though their Colonel and some other gallant officers did what they could to rally them, they at last took a precipitate flight. Then, just in the moment when Colonel Gardiner seemed to be making a pause, to deliberate what duty required in such a circumstance, he saw a party of the foot, who were bravely fighting near him, but without an officer to head them. Upon this he said eagerly, in the hearing of the person from whom I had this account, 'Those brave fellows will be cut to pieces for want of a commander;' which, while he was speaking, he rode up to them, and cried aloud, 'Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing.' Just as these words were uttered, a Highlander advanced towards him; with a scythe fastened to a long pole, with which he gave him such a deep wound on his right arm, that his sword dropped out of his hand; and several others coming about him while he was thus dreadfully entangled with that cruel weapon, he was dragged off

As to the circumstances of the Colonel's death, I can acquaint you he died (you are sure) as a Christian, and acknowledged by all against whom he was engaged as a brave officer. His own regiment of dragoons was routed in the beginning of the action,

his horse. The moment he fell, another Highlander gave him a stroke with a Lochabar axe, on the hinder part of his head, which was the mortal blow. All that his faithful attendant further saw was that, his hat being off, he took it in his left hand, and waved it, as a signal to him to retreat; adding, what were the last words he ever heard him speak, 'Take care of yourself.' Upon which the servant retired.

"The attendant immediately fled to a mill, at the distance of about two miles, where he changed his dress, and, disguised as a miller's servant, returned with a cart as soon as possible; which yet was not till near two hours after the engagement. The hurry of the action was then over, and he found his much honoured master, not only plundered of his watch and other valuables, but also stripped of his upper garments and boots, yet still breathing; and though he was not capable of speech, yet on taking him up, he opened his eyes, which makes it something questionable whether he was altogether insensible. In this condition he conveyed him to the church of Tranent, from whence he was immediately taken into the minister's house, and laid in bed, where he continued breathing, and frequently groaning, till about eleven in the forenoon, when he took a final leave of pain and sorrow, and undoubtedly rose to those distinguished glories which are reserved for all who have been so remarkably faithful unto death.

"The remains of this Christian Hero, as I believe every reader is now convinced he may justly be called, were interred the Tuesday following, September 24, at the parish church of Tranent, where he had usually attended divine service with great solemnity. His obsequies were honoured with the presence of some persons of distinction, who were not afraid of paying that last respect to his memory, though the country was then in the hands of the enemy. But indeed there was no great hazard, for his character was so well known, that even they themselves spoke honourably of him, and joined with his friends in lamenting the fall of so brave and so worthy a man."

and he then charged on the head of the foot, till he had received three wounds ; one in his shoulder with a bullet, one in his forehead with a broadsword, and the mortal wound, which was in his hindhead, with a Lochabar axe, an instrument the Highlanders fight with, and this he received when reaching a blow with his sword at one of the officers he engaged.

He was this day decently interred in his own burying place, in the church of Tranent, where lie eight of his children. I sent an express to Stirling, directed to my correspondent there, who is the present mayor of the town, and desired he would cause one of the ministers to acquaint the worthy Lady Frances of the fact, which was done before any other account had come to her ears. I shall be glad to know how Mr. David bears it ; and am,

Reverend Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

THOMAS GARDINER.

A CIRCULAR*.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Northampton, Sept. 26, 1745.

FROM the knowledge I have of your affectionate and zealous concern for the liberty and happiness of your country, I persuade myself you will be pleased with the information I am going to give you of what passed

* This letter is printed from a copy in the hand-writing of Dr. Doddridge.

yesterday, at the George, in this town, even though you should have no need of excitation or direction as to any thing to be done to the like purpose in your own neighbourhood.

I am to tell you, therefore, that the Earl of Halifax, that truly noble and excellent peer, did yesterday, in a very eloquent and animated speech to a large assembly of gentlemen, with whom I had, by his special appointment, the pleasure to be present, represent the alarming situation of our public affairs, and the absolute necessity of our exerting ourselves, in the most immediate and strenuous manner, for the support of our religion and liberties. At the conclusion of this speech, his Lordship proposed that a paper should be signed by every gentleman present, expressing, in a few strong words, our detestation of the present unnatural rebellion, and our inviolable attachment to his Majesty's person and government; and particularly that if we were properly empowered by his Majesty, we were ready to exert ourselves to the utmost, to raise and maintain a body of forces in and about Northampton, to be employed in the defence of the common cause, under such officers as his Majesty should be pleased to appoint.

With this declaration, for it is not a formal address, his Lordship is this morning going up to the King, and as I doubt not but he will speedily return, with the commissions desired, I hope a body of men to the amount of about a thousand will quickly be enlisted, and enter on their exercise in a very few days. They will be engaged to serve only in the island of Great

Britain, so long as the present rebellion shall subsist, unless our island be invaded within five years by a foreign power, and in that case they will probably be called to their colours during that time. They who desire it may be paid for the days on which they exercise or march, though it is expected there will be a large body of gentlemen volunteers, who will maintain themselves at their own expense. They are all to be subject to martial law, which seems a circumstance of absolute necessity.

I had taken care to engage about fourteen or sixteen of the leading persons in my congregation to join with me in desiring his Lordship to make this proposal; and am now, in concurrence with them, endeavouring to engage the names of as large a number as I can, who may be willing to promote the design, either by their contribution or their personal service. And I am writing circular letters to be sent by special messengers to all the dissenting ministers in the neighbourhood, to engage them to do the like; in consequence of which I hope we shall have a large body of men present, by the middle of next week at farthest, to receive the arms which will probably be sent down by the government, and to enter upon their exercise within a few days; and the character of many of those who I know will be personally engaged will do a great credit to the undertaking.

Were this method to be taken throughout all the counties in England, I doubt not, dear Sir, but that it would have the happiest effect; not only to sup-

press this insolent and yet dangerous rebellion, the prevalency of which must alarm all thinking people, but also, by the very report of such an armament, to discourage our foreign enemies from thinking of invading us ; to which our naked and defenceless state has so naturally invited them, that I ascribe it to the special and wonderful providence of God that it has not long since been effected with a thousand circumstances of terror.

If nothing of this nature be done in your county and neighbourhood, I hope, Sir, you will instantly apply to some person of rank and dignity, whose interposition in it may give it public honour and strength ; and I pray God to prosper the attempt. If such a design be going on among you, as I hope and believe it, by this time, is in many places from which we have not yet heard of it, I am persuaded its success among us, of which, humanly speaking, I see no reason to doubt, will be a pleasure as well as an encouragement to you ; and, therefore, I thought you would regard this speedy information, which, amidst all this additional hurry of business, I here send you, as an expression of the sincere respect with which I am,

Dear and reverend Sir,

Your affectionate and obliged humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM MRS. ERSKINE.

REV. SIR,

Culross, October 12, 1745.

OUR afflicted friend, Lady Frances Gardiner, who is at my house, desires me to acquaint you that only the day before yesterday she received your two most comfortable letters, with one from her son at the same time, but, as you justly observe, can be in no case at present to give a return to either of them: yea, it was with a deal of difficulty she made out even the reading of them, as they could not but be a revival of her late heavy afflictions, which she has been helped to carry, with much meekness and patient resignation to the Divine will; which may be a convincing evidence to all, of the power and goodness of God, and of the use of Christianity, which only can bear up the mind under such heavy strokes of Providence.

Lady Frances and Miss Fanny had gone to Stirling with the dear Colonel some weeks before the battle; and when he left them there and went to join the army, they retired to the castle, where they were when the account of the defeat of our army by the Highlanders reached them, the next morning after the engagement. Poor Lady Frances was told at first that the Colonel was wounded, and taken prisoner, but behaved so as very soon to know the fatal truth, as nothing else could prevent her from

going where he was. You may easily judge what an afflicting office it was to give her the first notice ; yet she has been wonderfully supported ; and I hope will still more and more feel, that as her sorrows have indeed abounded, so her consolation shall also much more superabound. She continued at Stirling Castle till last week, when she was able to be transported this length ; but both at Stirling and here has been little out of bed ; and, ill as she was, would have taken care to have caused some one to write to you, but expected Mr. Dickson would have done it, as he knew the sympathy and friendship you have always had for her family.

The good Colonel fought in battle till near his last moments ; and spoke not, that we can hear of, after he was carried off. He was taken into the minister's house of his own parish, being the nearest, where his own servants and friends attended him ; and Lord Cardross, with other of his friends, got him decently interred, in his own burial place, some days after. A servant is just come from the children, who are all well, at a neighbour's house, a few miles from Bankton. Lady Frances doubts not but that you will order every thing proper for Mr. Gardiner on this mournful occasion ; and she and Miss Fanny join in their affectionate service to you and your lady, and their love to Mr. Gardiner, to whom you will please to give my sincere condolences ; and now, though a stranger, I cannot help taking this opportunity of expressing my regard for your piety and usefulness,

and wishing it may be long continued to our Christian world.

I am, reverend Sir,

With the greatest esteem,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

MARY ERSKINE.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

DEAR AND REV. SIR, Northampton, Oct. 13, 1745.

LET the hurry of our armament here, which has taken up a great deal of my time, and the distress I have suffered by dear Colonel Gardiner's death, excuse my long silence; especially as Mr. Clark, in effect, keeps up our correspondence, by his agreeable pen. And let the haste in which I write, while my friend, the bearer, stays, excuse the shortness of my letter. Its chief design is to beg your acceptance of the Sermon and Charge, which I here send you, and to assure you that, high as my expectations were from my dear pupil, your son, they are rather exceeded than disappointed in his exemplary piety, modesty, and prudence.

I shall be glad to hear your sentiments on the state of our public affairs. Lord Halifax, with whom I have lately conversed a great deal, discovers more and more of a character that charms me. I adore

the good providence of God in restraining the rebels from marching directly for England a month ago, which was the Pretender's design, and in the execution of which he might have done us a vast deal of mischief. I carried my Lord yesterday twenty-four brave soldiers, and, if I may guess at them by their looks, the very best that were brought him. We join in a weekly contribution for supporting them when they are to march out; but I am in great hopes the rebels will quickly disperse without a battle, else I fear it will be a very obstinate one. We have had renewed days of fasting and prayer. May God return some remarkable answer. Hitherto it has been by terrible things in righteousness. We are all, through mercy, pretty well. Mr. Clark, in every respect, credits his keepers; and joins with us in best services to you, your good lady, and young family. I am,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

resentment. have directed towards me will miss their mark, and recoil upon those who are the authors of them. What you mention in your letter, I own, surprises, but does not concern me; I mean, that I have got a pension from his Majesty of two thousand pounds a year for my services. Such a report is without the least foundation, and you will do well to contradict it. As I told you solemnly at Northampton, I had no other motive in what I did, but the public welfare, so I can with the greatest truth assure you, I have never had any other thought,—any other inducement, but the service of my country; and however his Majesty might consider me as a subject worthy his favour, he never has, and I never wished he should reward me for what I have done. So far from being a gainer by my regiment, I am confident I shall be a sufferer in above a thousand pounds, not a farthing of which I ever shall, or ever *will* be reimbursed.

When I see you at Northampton, which I purpose doing in a very few days, I will bring you signed the papers you sent me; and I think myself obliged to you for putting it in my power to relieve the distressed.

Now let me return you my hearty thanks for your friendly congratulations upon Lady Halifax's safe delivery, and assure you that I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient humble Servant,

DUNK HALIFAX.

FROM LORD KILKERRAN.

REV. SIR,

November 22, 1745.

IF you have written by Dumfries since that which I have just received, it cannot be expected to reach me, as the Highlanders are now masters of the town and castle of Carlisle, which surrendered the moment ground was broken before it, and was entered by the Highlanders on Friday last, without the loss of a man. I understand there were no troops in it, other than the garrison of invalids, but militia and volunteers enough to have defended it, if, either through *cowardice* or treachery, they had not laid down their arms, of which the disturbers of our peace are now possessed. There were about one thousand five hundred very fine arms, together with one hundred and sixty barrels of powder, five hundred grenades, and above one hundred and twenty good horses, some whereof are said to be of considerable value. I do not hear of any reflection made on Sir John's own conduct: but what can a man do when his troops are seized with a panic?

The behaviour of the town of Edinburgh may have led your people to think oddly of Scotland, but they may by this time see that they are not from the misbehaviour of one place to form the character of a whole people. You may depend upon it, that the presbyterians of Scotland are firmly attached to the present happy establishment; and the distinction of

parties here is so far different from what it is with you, that the episcopal party in this country are generally Jacobite : and you will not wonder at it, when I tell you that such has been the lenity of the government that their meeting houses are not restrained even while they not only do *not* pray for the King, but, in such terms as cannot be mistaken, *pray against him and his family*: what else can be expected of men who from generation to generation are trained up in that manner? So much for public matters; of which I should not have said so much but that you seem to desire I should say something.

My wife and I join in our affectionate compliments to Mrs. Doddridge, and am ever,

Reverend Sir,

Your most faithful humble Servant,

KILKERRAN.

P. S. I find that the Earl of Halifax has made my son the offer of a pair of colours, upon your introduction. This mark of favour must have been entirely owing to the character you have given him, and he can never enough acknowledge the honour the Earl has done him.

FROM THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

DEAR SIR,

Stoke Newington, Dec. 14, 1745.

I do not remember that I have yet given you thanks for your Ordination Sermon at Norwich, with the charge given to Mr. Tozer, both of which are very pleasing to me; and also the guard which you give to Mr. Tozer against pernicious errors, though you express it, perhaps, too tenderly. I am again engaged to thank you for your Funeral Sermon for the brave Colonel Gardiner; but you give me hopes to see a much larger account of that great and good man's life and conduct.

I would hope the rebellion is near to its end; and every day we expect some decisive stroke.

I should be glad if I could inform you of my better health, for I cannot yet read or write but in a very imperfect manner. May God long preserve your great usefulness, though I cannot but fear your accepting too many trusts will too much embarrass you, without a proportionable advantage*.

May the wisdom and grace of God be ever with you, is the hearty prayer of, Sir,

Your affectionate Brother and humble Servant,

I. WATTS.

* This passage alludes to the guardianship of Miss Ekins, which Dr. Doddridge had then recently accepted.

FROM THE REV. R. PEARSALL.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Warminster, Jan. 4, 1746.

I THANK you, among many, for your late book, "The Rise and Progress of Religion," &c. We think you have in this performance exceeded yourself. May Divine Grace set in with it to the salvation of many souls. I have not known any book, published of late years, that obtains so universally among Christians of various denominations and different tastes in some other things.

I have sometimes in my own mind planned a great work for you, but I fear it is too great, considering your daily application other ways; viz. that you should begin a body of divinity in sermons, of a mixed nature, doctrinal and practical, somewhat in the same way with what is laid down in Mr. Matthew Henry's Life. And if published in numbers, as your time would permit, I am persuaded you might have large encouragement; and for my part, I believe I could get no inconsiderable number of subscribers in this county. Do not let the proposal die as soon as read, but think of it. Hereby you might instruct and lead towards heaven, after you are safely lodged there.*

* It was, no doubt, from these and other solicitations of a similar nature, that Dr. Doddridge was induced, in his will, so strictly to enjoin the publication of the "four volumes of Sermons," which have only recently been printed, and which are so well calculated to fulfil the hopes of their devout author.

May Divine Providence long protract the thread of your life, and the good Spirit animate and increase your gifts and graces, that your honour may redound abundantly to the name of your God, and Redeemer. To the Divine protection and conduct I commit you ; and am, good Sir,

Your very affectionate unworthy Brother
and humble Servant,

R. PEARSALL.

FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

Jan. 12, 1746.

I PROMISED never to expect any letters from you, nor to take it amiss if I had none, knowing how much better you are employed than in writing to your friends. That I love to see a letter from you now and then is undeniable ; and that you love your friends, and love to tell them so, is easily to be inferred from the benevolence of your nature, and the overflowing tenderness of your heart, so that you will never suffer any blame from me, whatever date my last unanswered letter may happen to bear.

I thank you for your fine Sermon on the lamentable death of that eminent Christian and gallant soldier, Colonel Gardiner. I believe every body will allow it to be a fine discourse, and grant that your affection has not transported you beyond the bounds of prudence. His death is a heavy affliction ; but this

comes of continuing to sojourn in this dying world ; and what great matter is it by what disease or disaster a good man is released from labour and sorrow ? To be fond of life, and full of the world, and minding the things of the flesh, is less manly than grasping at a shadow. Reason and experience teach us that such things will no more yield substantial happiness to an immortal spirit than the picture of food will satisfy our bodily hunger, or the sound of falling waters quench our thirst. But to live for eternity, to be upon good terms with God, to be steady and regular in our Christian profession, easy and lively in our devotion, tolerably free from unequal burdens and distracting cares, cheerful in our work, patient in our trials, and absolutely subject to the all-glorious Author, Lord, and Life of the whole creation ; to be composed when others are perplexed, and daily blessing God, and daily blessed by Him, easy in life, calm in the approach of death, and happy in the hope of heaven ; this is true Christian consolation, and shows the religion of our divine Master to some advantage. And what is death to such a man, but a release, a favour, a speedy conveyance to the full possession of all his hopes and joys ? Thus, Doddridge, is it with that devout, dutiful, laborious, benevolent spirit of thine ; while mine, unless I increase my diligence and speed by such books and such an example as yours, and God be more merciful to me than I deserve, will be like an ill-favoured plant, languishing, fruitless, and ready to wither ; or at best, not like a tree planted by a river of water, lively, flourishing, and fruitful.

The face of public affairs seems changed a good deal for the better. I hope Providence is bringing about our deliverance out of the hands of our merciless enemies; and that the rebels at home, and the French at Boulogne, are now more afraid of us than we are of them: so gracious is God to his people, and so loath does he seem to give up these favoured nations. But still does he hold the scourge over us in the sickness of our cattle, and in the important events depending on the counsels of this winter.

I wish I was able to give you any very good account of the state of religion amongst us. I see, with joy, the spirit of prayer amongst good people continues lively and vigorous; but what shall I say of our *great* people, or *common* people, or of the success of the Gospel, or of a zeal for the glory of God, the honour of Christ, and the revival of the doctrines of the Reformation, and of the growth of pure and vital religion? O for the pouring out of the spirit of the Lord our God from on high!

I most heartily wish you, dear Sir, health and success in all your labours. Our united respects wait on you and Mrs. Doddridge, with my most cordial affection to all those who are promoting the common salvation.

I am affectionately yours,

JOHN BARKER

FROM MISS SCOTT.

REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR, Norwich, Jan. 15, 1746.

It gives me a sensible pain that such favours as those of your three endearing letters should be so long unacknowledged; but beside my heavy affliction I have, I think, a just excuse in the necessary attendance upon a sick servant. I have also, for some days, been obliged to defer writing, till the important affair was ripened, which I am now desired to lay before you; and indeed, wounded as my heart is, and I had almost thought dead to every thing, I find it engaged very deeply here.

To keep you, dear Sir, no longer in suspense, it is concerning the choice of a pastor to succeed the dear deceased (of ever precious memory), as copastor with Mr. Tozer, agreeably to the stipulations at the time of his being set down with us, in which you, Sir, may remember, was an article in which it was expressly mentioned that Mr. Tozer should no way oppose it.

The church, therefore, and subscribers in the assembly having met, did unanimously pitch upon the Reverend Mr. Wood, of Swaffling, and Mr. Tozer, putting it to the vote, whether he should be called to the pastoral office in this place, it was agreed to by all but three (who were for Mr. Tozer's being sole pastor, but who approved of the choice, if there must be another). The society then, considering that an equal

division of the salary would not be a handsome competency for each, proposed to set on foot a subscription to increase it; and, with the utmost cheerfulness, twenty pounds per annum has been advanced, which will make the salary of each fourscore; and the call, which is now drawn up, will be subscribed next Wednesday.

Now, dearest Sir, it is the desire of many that you would employ your persuasive, I had almost said your resistless pen, and your interest with Mr. Wood, which I know is very great, in our favour, to induce him, on the ground of duty to our *common Lord* to accept the call for Mr. Tozer declared, in one of the meetings, that though he acquiesced in the call to Mr. Wood, he never would in one to any other, and he is believed. Now then judge, dear Sir, of our unhappy situation: if we fail in our application to Mr. Wood, nothing appears but that we must sit down a discontented people, and by far the more so for all these transactions, and the mutual harshnesses that cannot but occur in their progress.

And now, dear Sir, what shall I say in regard of all your goodness to me: it demands the utmost thankfulness to the Author of all mercies, and the utmost gratitude to yourself. May I but be conscious of a heart duly impressed with the former, for that and innumerable other favours, as I feel myself with the latter; I shall then have ground to rejoice in the midst of all my sorrows! But, indeed, I feel this hard unbelieving heart is proof against all, and nothing remains for hope to rise upon, but the infinity

and sovereignty of the Divine goodness, and that to His power all things are possible.

In describing what the delusive foolish workings of my heart on this occasion might be, you have, dear Sir, exactly pictured out what they are; and much do I fear that all the exuberant goodness which has been made to pass before me, will only prove eventually a higher aggravation of my guilt. I confess, and let God have the praise! that I have had sweet consolations given me with respect to the late severe trial, and such as might have inspired the coldest heart with love to the kind Author of them: but to find the heart unmelted under all, and drawing back and fainting through unbelief, under the highest encouragements to faith and hope in God, for spiritual and eternal blessings, what can you, what ought I, dear Sir, to think! I know I ought to blush, to mourn, to repent—but what avails it with words, perhaps sometimes tears, to bewail one's iniquity, if still the iniquity prevails? O, pray for me, my dear, my best friend, whose interest is so great in heaven, and remember to increase your fervour; remember, with tender pity, that I have lost my daily, I may say hourly intercessor at the throne of grace; my Moses, who oftentimes, I am assured, stood in the breach, and turned away the impending stroke of vengeance! How dreadful sometimes is the thought that he is taken away! a blessing unimproved, and forfeited, though long continued, that now wrath might come in to the uttermost, and that his dear affectionate heart might not be overwhelmed in that deluge.

Sometimes, indeed, this thought is powerfully checked with a recollection of what God has done for me, even at and since my father's death, and that I am still blessed with tender, pious, *praying* friends. Sometimes I can breathe forth a fervent prayer to the Father of the fatherless, to my father's God, with a little gleam of hope, that he may yet remember me for good; that surely he would not have showed me all these great and blessed things if he had abandoned, or meant to cast me off for ever; and I am helped to look up to that great Advocate who gave my dear father's prayers all their efficacy, and who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, as able, and as willing to be mine in all, as his, and to send the Spirit of all grace, who so conspicuously dwelt in the dear deceased; and who can, if he is pleased, visit this heart with holiness and joy, where now reign desolation and darkness.

But these are transient things, and the unbelief, hardness, and stupidity of my heart, after all I have seen, and tasted, and felt, lay a just foundation for even more awful fears than my senseless soul is capable of. I have pleaded with God that all this will but enhance the glory of his grace and power, if he is pleased to pardon and heal; and I do plead, but O, I seem to plead in vain! Yet who knows? and I am therefore determined to go on; I, too, may be a wonder of Divine grace. God is, I *know*, a hearer of prayer; how wonderfully does that appear in all you, dear Sir, tell me concerning your own and others' successful pleadings for us, your afflicted friends! The circumstances, when laid together, are, indeed, astonishing and very encouraging; and I

recollected last night, on reviewing them, what I took little notice of before, that the very night my dearest father left me, when I laid down to rest, full of sweet reflections, as I before told you, on the many mercies I had experienced through the whole scene, and on the turn even then given to my mind from grief to gratitude, and almost joy, this thought was then impress'd upon me, "*surely some that have great interest in heaven have been praying hard for me!*" but little did I then think who they were. Impossible I should! Abundant thanks to you, dear Sir, and to all those kind and pious friends who joined in that labour of love, to which I doubt not I owe not only the supports I have had under a stroke I always apprehended would be immediately fatal, but also those manifestations of the Divine favour to my dearest parent in his last hours, which were the matter of those supports. Abundant thanks also, and chiefly to him who so seasonably inclined your hearts to those prayers, and his gracious ear to hear.

I fear I have exhausted your patience, but bear with me, dear Sir, while I gratefully acknowledge your, and your lady's affecting goodness, in the kind invitation you have given me, to which I know not what other answer to make, than that I am ashamed to have it appear to your dear lady, how one she with justice so highly values has misplaced his peculiar friendship and regards. But I have other obstacles in my way; at present every thing calculated to give pleasure, to me creates pain, for I have lost him who, by sharing, made or increased every pleasure :

it seems to me as if I had but lived for him, and took satisfaction in nothing, but as it would delight his dear mind that I should do so. O, could I but transfer all these tender sentiments elsewhere, what a sublimity of piety would that produce ! But there are, I fear, no such heights for me. My weak state of nerves makes me fear I may prove a burden to my friends, and timid of venturing abroad : and I have a higher fear too, lest the taking off the mind from those attendances to religion I have now opportunity, though too little heart for, and the variety of objects abroad, which a well established heart would reap benefit from, should quite dissipate my thoughts, and divest me of the poor remains of all religion of an internal nature. You cannot imagine, dear Sir, how weak I am in this regard, and how dangerous a snare, even the most innocent amusement is to me. However, I beg your prayers for the Divine direction in this and all my concerns ; and can assure you very sincerely, that if I do take a tour in the spring, it will be a great self-denial not to visit a place so endeared as Northampton.

Forgive, dear Sir, the length of this letter ; and believe me to be, though among the humblest, the most respectful and affectionate of your Servants,

E. SCOTT*.

* It is impossible to read this pathetic letter without ardently wishing that the pious and accomplished writer had entertained less gloomy views of Providence.

The sad tendency of even that subdued form of Calvinism termed the Baxterian creed, to break down a delicate spirit, and to overpower the heart, when by nature attuned to melancholy, is eloquently en-

forced in this example. The wide difference between the moody workings of a wayward fancy, and the solemn, though mistaken convictions of a mind well cultivated, as in the case of Miss Scott, is so self-evident as not to need explanation.

The talent for poetry which this lady possessed has been frequently mentioned, and the following hymn, extracted from a former letter, not printed, as in other respects of little interest, may not be unacceptable. It is thus introduced, after an allusion to a visit which Dr. Doddridge had recently made her father :—

“ The next day I grew, in more senses than one, sadly poetical, as you will perceive, since at my father’s desire, which is my law, I shall transmit you the hasty produce of my melancholy muse.

“ Thus when the Sovereign of the day
Withdraws his chattering beams,
The stars benign their lamps display,
And soft the landscape gleams.

But soon as envious vapours rise
They veil their friendly light,
And, lost in gloom, all nature lies
Confused in fearful night.

Jesus ! thou brighter sun, shine out
And banish every shade !
Thy presence can dispel our doubt,
And Earth a Heaven hath made.

No more we mourn departed light
If thou unveil thy face ;
Nor sigh for friends or past delight
When blest with conquering grace.”

SECTION III.

A brief Consideration of certain Peculiarities attending Church Societies among the Nonconformists; and a Continuation of the previous Correspondence.

THE primary law of nonconformity being liberty of conscience, it follows that each separate denomination, and every individual congregation in each may have its own distinct regulations for church fellowship. In point of fact, however, the rite of the Eucharist is administered among the dissenters under two leading distinctions, termed *open* and *particular* communion, and each church society, in either case, exercises within itself a full and independent jurisdiction in all spiritual matters, the pastor having only a single vote on any question that may arise.

The first of these, *open* communion, is evidently an arrangement introduced by those devout men who were martyrs to the Act of Uniformity, and accords with the practice of the church of England, with the addition of the exaction of evidence as to the legibility of a proposed recipient. The evidence alluded to being a good moral character, together with a declaration from the candidate to the effect that he feels a personal interest in the Divine dispensation of Christianity.

The second, viz. *particular* communion, is, in one sense, of greater antiquity, having been practised by the Baptists and Independents prior to the Act of Uniformity. Under this form, the candidate is called

upon for a positive assertion of his belief in certain *controverted* theological doctrines, with a protestation to the effect that he views *human* virtue and his *own* best actions as in *themselves* of no value. He is also called upon to acknowledge a past consciousness of an immediate agency of the Divine Spirit, either in a sudden change of mental habit, termed conversion, or, at least, in a recurrence of peculiar impressions on the heart, termed spiritual frames.

Against *particular communion*, among others, three objections lie with great force. First, any peculiar confession of faith, on circumscribed points, is incompatible with the perfect freedom enjoined in the Gospel, as it renders conscience amenable to human judgment. Secondly, spiritual pride is nourished by the exercise of human authority in matters of religious belief. Thirdly, great temptations to insincerity are introduced; for if a subsequent change of sentiment should arise, it cannot be avowed without much obloquy.

Further, it may be demanded, how any number of *fallible* creatures can venture to place a barrier between a man and his Creator! If they believe the doctrines they enforce as essential to salvation, they must view those who die in other creeds as lost,—a perfection of intolerance they disavow; and, doing this, how can they justify the employment of non-essentials in a way which may deter any man from fulfilling a solemn command of the Messiah?

It need hardly be observed, that the church over which Dr. Doddridge presided was of the more liberal

class. This fact I am fortunately enabled to prove by the following church documents, which are selected from several others in my possession, on account of the distinguished rank in the religious world which their authors afterwards obtained. They are narrations of practical religion, generally called *experiences*, and were laid before the church of Castle Hill, Northampton, as *evidence* of the *claim* of the writers to be accepted into the Christian fellowship of that society. The first is from Mr. afterwards the Rev. Hugh Farmer, who was then a pupil in the Doctor's Academy.

"From my childhood to my more advanced years I was under the care and tuition of religious parents, by whose concern for my welfare I was restrained from committing those grosser vices which so generally prevail in the present age. In all my removals from my father's house, it pleased the Lord to cast my lot in religious families, where I enjoyed all the advantages of education; yet whatever serious impressions were made upon my soul they all vanished and disappeared, like the morning cloud, or as the early dew. I unbent my once plighted resolutions, and always deferred the execution of them to an uncertain hereafter. Thus I continued in a state of blindness and impenitence. I kept up private devotion to appease the terrors of my conscience, with little regard to that all-seeing and heart-searching Being who is acquainted with the most secret recesses of my soul, whose spiritual presence I never had enjoyed in my religious transactions with him, neither did I find any satisfying delight in drawing near unto him.

"But for ever adored be that kind Providence that conducted me here; for I was first awakened by my reverend tutor's discourse in the lecture room, from those words, in Thess. v. 22, 'Abstain from all appearance of evil:' this, in concurrence with the Divine assistance, first gave me an occasion to look into my own soul, and to review my past conduct and behaviour, which I saw stained with those sins which he urged us to abstain from. I was further convicted when he preached from these words in Hebrews, xii. and

the latter clause of the 28th verse, 'Let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably;' i. e. with reverence and godly fear. While he was describing the terrors of the Lord in the most lively manner, I was brought to see the danger I was in if I continued to trifle with so awful a Being, and deceive my own soul. I thought this glorious and tremendous majesty was no longer to be dallied with; and was ready to fear that his righteous vengeance would not permit me to breathe any longer in his air. I looked upon myself as the most hardened rebel, and that my heart was formed of adamant, or else I could never have sat under so many awakening providences and melting ordinances, and still be so careless and negligent. Now I began, in earnest, to deprecate his righteous displeasure, and to inquire how I might be screened from his wrath, and how I might secure his favour. Whilst these impressions remained on my soul the sermons of the Rev. Mr. Boyse were made of great use unto me, particularly those on the parable of the Prodigal Son, in Luke xv. from the 2d to the 24th, where he runs a parallel between the prodigal and every unregenerated unconverted sinner, and every one who is devoid of the love of God and the genuine workings of his spirit; and he adds, that if I did not love him I was in actual enmity against him, there being no medium between loving and hating God, which he represents as a sin of the first magnitude, as the most dreadful instance of the deep depravation of my nature, and the most hideous and detestable lineament of the devil's image. Upon my strictest inquiry I could have no certain sign of the sincerity of my love to him, nor of my interest in his peculiar favour and love. Now I saw myself laden with sin, guilt, and iniquity, and of all men the most miserable; yet I was resolved to cry out with the prodigal, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son, make me as one of thine hired servants.' I was determined that if I must perish I would perish at the feet of Jesus, and at the footstool of mercy. Any thing would I have given to secure his favour; most willing was I to comply with any terms of mercy whatsoever; most earnestly did I implore assistance to abandon every darling lust, and to give every sin a bill of perpetual divorce. Most ready was I to subscribe a blank, and leave it to God to set down what conditions he pleased to receive me into favour. Now was I confounded at my madness and folly, at my forgetfulness and neglect of God, and my shameful ingratitude towards him. I was filled with indignation to think with what daring insolence I had violated

his laws, and provoked his justice, and especially, with what stupid obstinacy and unthankfulness I had spurned at the bowels of his love, neglected the great salvation, and despised the merciful Author of it. In anguish of soul did I cry out, Lord, be merciful to me a sinner, to me who infinitely need thy mercy, though most unworthy to partake of it. When I was pouring out my soul before God in prayer, and humbling myself in his presence, and pleading his gracious promises, I was much comforted by these words of our blessed Saviour, in Matthew xi. 28, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' But, notwithstanding this, when I reflected on my own inability to please him, and incapacity to serve him, on my strong propension to evil, and of my many deviations from his perfect rule and righteous commands, I began to be discouraged, and to suspect myself, fearing that there was not a thorough and effectual change wrought upon my soul. Yet it pleased God to dispel these doubts, these suggestions of Satan, and to encourage me, by these words of the inspired apostle Paul, Romans vii. 20, &c. 'Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me; for I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members warring against the law in my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin, which is in my members;' and these words of the same holy writer, 'a man is not justified by the works of the law, but by the faith of Jesus Christ; for by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified.' I now saw that it was not any thing I was able to perform that could entitle me to his favour and acceptance, but faith in Christ, and an humble dependence on his merits; for he has fulfilled those laws which I have broken, and perfectly satisfied the justice of Heaven for all my breaches of them. I have often been much affected by reading the word in private, and hearing it preached; but I was in a particular manner enlivened and comforted by reading a sermon on these words, John iv. 10, 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his son to be a propitiation for our sins.' I was astonished to think that when as yet I was an enemy, a stubborn enemy, God looked down upon me with an eye of pity, and compassion, and does now, I would hope, through Christ, with an eye of complacency and delight. When I was under the arrest of the Divine justice, and liable, every moment, to the condemning sentence of the law, he sent his Son to be a propitiation for my soul. His justice might have quashed my hopes, and driven me

into despair, but now it has no objection to make, no plea to offer in bar to the exercise of his mercy; for if he was so unwilling to exercise justice in the deserved condemnation of sinners as to provide so costly a sin-offering to expiate their guilt, he never will, remedilessly, expose those to it, who, with a penitent heart, flee to his infinite mercy, as their sanctuary, through the mediation of his son, whom he himself has set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood. On this blessed Jesus do I firmly believe, through his precious blood do I hope to be cleansed from all my sins, on him do I anchor my hopes of partaking of all the benefits of his death and resurrection, and to have a share in the blessings of his everlasting covenant, which so freely flow to all believers through his atoning blood; Him do I regard as a nail fastened in a sure place, on which I hang the weight of my eternal interest; his law do I desire to make the rule, his life, the exemplar, and his glory, the end of my life; in his commands do I desire to be found walking always; and since God, of his infinite mercy, has been pleased to dispel my doubts and fears, I can say, through grace, that I do long, and desire, to commemorate the dying love of my dear redeemer, in the ordinance of the Lord's supper.

If this church think fit to admit me as a member, earnestly do I desire your prayers, that having named the name of Christ, I may depart from all iniquity that I may abstain from every appearance of evil, that I may act and live as a disciple of the blessed Jesus, without giving offence to any, and that after I have served God, in my generation faithfully on earth, I may have a full and complete reception into the regions of eternal GLORY."

"HUGH FARMER."

The reader will not fail to remark that this confession, while it shows that the writer was a Christian in the strongest sense of the word, is so silent on points of doctrine, that it would not in itself prove what denomination he belonged to. The next bears the name of a gentleman of whose piety Dr. Doddridge has given some highly interesting notices in his Diary. It will be found to breathe the same liberal spirit as the preceding, while from the mode of expression occurring towards the end it may be

inferred that the devout author did not accord with those dissenters whose *orthodoxy* is best secured by avoiding argument.

“As it is a matter of no very great importance, I shall not enter into a train of circumstances concerning the place of my nativity, or the years of my childhood, (they being spent, I am afraid, to little or no purpose,) only thus far I add that hitherto (blessed be God) I have had a religious and sober education, whether from parents, relations, or tutors, &c, that I had early admonitions, serious, and frequent instructions pressed upon me daily: but as folly and wickedness were bound up in my heart, these many repeated exhortations made very little impression upon me, except it was that, I had not so great a respect for those who were treating me with so much tenderness. I may speak it with shame, that I have mispent a great deal of that time which God has allotted me to improve his talent in, by pursuing with eagerness vain, and empty trifles: how many hours, days, weeks, nay, I may add months and years, have I spent as if there was no God to call me to an account for the actions of every day! how have I slept away my time in golden dreams, and idle imaginations? but alas! I did not know the value of my immortal soul; I did not consider for what end it was given me, neither did I consider the brevity, and great uncertainty of this life, nor the utter impossibility after death, of redeeming the neglect of the proper, and important business of it. I have always had opportunities of attending upon God's holy ordinances, though I regarded them but little, and for the most part waited with impatience for their conclusion! It was my care to put off any thought of heaven, hell, death, or judgment, lest they should interrupt me in the course of life I was then determined to follow, and I used to amuse myself with any sinful thought which came uppermost, and I do not in the least question but the devil was ready to suggest matter enough to me, and to stifle every conviction which might arise in me. Thus my years passed on, without much care or concern, till about two years and a half ago, when, being very much startled upon the sudden death of an intimate acquaintance, I began to consider what would become of me, if God should take me off in the height of my sins, and from that time I have taken more heed to my ways than I had done before. Since the Divine Providence cast me under the care of my worthy tutor, (for which I desire ever to be thankful) I have been under stronger convictions than ever

before; I saw myself to be in a most miserable condition, and that if God Almighty did not of his infinite mercy and goodness pardon my manifold sins, I should certainly perish to all eternity. I saw more and more the depravity of my nature, my need of a saviour, and my inability of doing any thing without him. Soon after this I was very much tempted of Satan, even so far as to disbelieve in the being of a God; but being in a few days time brought off these thoughts, the devil then insinuated to me that God would never pardon my sins, they being of such an aggravated nature; moreover telling me that prayer would be of no service to me, giving me the word of God for it, that "the prayers of the wicked are an abomination unto the Lord." But I received much encouragement, when by the direction of my tutor I looked into the promises of God, where he encourages us to "ask and we shall receive, to seek and we shall find, to knock and it shall be opened unto us;" as also to that promise where God says to his people, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though red like crimson, they shall be as wool;" and to the forty-first chapter of Isaiah, and the tenth verse, where it is said "Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee by the right hand of my righteousness." Also to the seventeenth verse of the same chapter, "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, and I the God of Israel will not forsake them." Several of my tutor's sermons have been of great use unto me; but more especially two of them, one from those words in the twelfth of Isaiah, and the second verse, "Behold, God is my salvation: I will trust, and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, he also is become my salvation;" the other was from those words in the first of Peter, the fifth and seventh, "casting your care upon him, for he careth for you;" also from another sermon I read in the time of my illness, from the sixty fifth Psalm, and part of the fourth verse, "Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee." Thus God was pleased to tread Satan under my feet, and ever since I have gone on most comfortably. I bless God I can with comfort enter the gates of his sanctuary, and from the benefits I there partake of, can say with the Psalmist "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand; and I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than dwell in the tents of wickedness." Oh! my conscience, canst thou not bear me witness, that it is the breaking of

my heart, that I have broken God's commandments? That it is my unfeigned desire to be washed from the filth, as well as delivered from the guilt, of sin; and may I adore the wonderful wisdom of God, in contriving, and ordering the redemption of mankind, by Jesus Christ: Oh! Father Almighty, may I take thee for my God, my Sovereign owner, and everlasting portion; and thee, O Son, for my all-sufficient redeemer and only advocate; Thy example, oh! most holy Jesus, is that which I intend to have continually before me, and while I behold thy body hanging upon the cross, may I endeavour to copy, and describe the amiable virtues of thy soul, upon my own; may it be my aim to be crucified to the world by thy cross, and to have the world crucified to me; to be zealously affected in that which is good, and meekly patient under affliction and trouble, to be actuated by the same spirit, and to live and die like thee.

I desire, if you think me proper, to be admitted as a member of your church, to entreat your prayers for me at the throne of grace, that I may abound more and more in every good word and work, and may remain a faithful soldier under Christ's banner until death."

"J. WILKINSON."

We have here decisive evidence of the Catholic spirit which actuated Dr. Doddridge in matters of church fellowship; and there is every reason to believe that his views, on this important subject, were in accordance with those of Dr. Watts, and the Reverend Daniel Neal, as they were undoubtedly with those of Dr. Clark. That there were in that day, as in the present, dissenting churches on the plan of Particular Communion is beyond question; that narrow minded contrivance was indeed in due accordance with the scheme for exacting a general *subscription* to articles of faith, from dissenting pastors, which we have seen condemned by Dr. Doddridge in a former part of this work. The defeat of the high Calvinists upon that occasion was happily a public fact, and it is well that we have the names of the most learned

and pious dissenting clergymen of that day, as their successful opponents.

The snake was however "scotched, not killed," and the enslavers of conscience have, from that time to the present, been indefatigable in fulfilling those designs, by stratagem, which they could not effect by open violence: and in the accomplishment of such purposes, the solemn arrangements of church fellowship have been made a very effectual, but not the most *honourable*, use of.

Church societies, worshipping in chapels, founded and *endowed* by persons practising *Open* Communion, have afterwards been silently transformed into the Close or Particular form, by the agency of persons of exclusive sentiments, who, having joined the original society, and remained there until they had a majority, then introduced a *doctrinal* confession of faith to the injurious exclusion of all persons holding more liberal sentiments.

Nor is the wrong confined to a rejection from church fellowship alone, the very possession of the chapel passes into foreign hands, and that in direct opposition to the views of its original proprietors.*

* This silent usurpation of chapels is sometimes effected in a more summary way, as the following instance, which occurred within the last few years at Tewkesbury, may evince. The chapel alluded to, on the authority of the deeds conveying the endowments, and the trusteeship of the premises, was originally Presbyterian; in some of the latter trust deeds, the term Independent was, however, introduced in addition to the former designation, but the *open* form of Communion continued to be practised, until the pastorate was resigned by the late Rev. Thomas Spilsbury, a man of liberal sentiments, and high respect-

The members of the new exclusive, or *purified* church, as they would term it, on a change of pastors, of course take care that none shall enter the pulpit on probation, except such as are recommended from theological academies, where they have already fettered themselves by a subscription, and are what is termed, 'decided characters,' or in other words, the partisans of doctrinal distinctions.

From these observations it will be seen that the abuse of the Lord's supper may occur in the most unsuspected instances, and it is probably in the contemplation of these melancholy facts, together with those of more notorious stamp, that that valuable body of Christians, the society of Friends, continue in the disuse of this ordinance.

In connexion with this subject, it may be proper

libility. On this event, the interest being in a low state, and the few church members, persons in the more humble ranks of life, measures were taken by interested parties to gain an exclusive possession of the property. The expedient used for this purpose was simple and *ingenious*. Under the encouraged idea that their readmission would be a matter of course, the poor people who constituted the church were persuaded to dissolve their society, that one more enlarged might be established. They did so, and when the meeting for the reestablishment of the church took place, suddenly found themselves subject to an examination from strangers on questionable points of doctrine, a test which was a perfect novelty within those walls. The consequence was that some did not attempt to pass this arbitrary ordeal; and of those who did, two were rejected, although both were aged, *pious* men of unimpeached moral character. I will not proceed to describe the deep distress which I saw these persons suffering after so unmerited an insult; nor will I allow myself to give the whole transaction its appropriate name; the facts are sufficient, they speak for themselves.

to observe that there are many pious and worthy nonconformists who follow, in this particular, the example of the society of Friends, and that because they will not submit to the constant scrutiny which a dissenting church exercises over all its members. This discipline, in its nature, depends indeed so much on the ignorant, or enlightened character of the members at any given time, that unpleasant circumstances may arise when least expected, and persons of the most pure life, and conversation, may, in some instances, be reprov'd on frivolous grounds, when the absurdity of the charge will do little to mitigate its annoying and inquisitorial presumption.

On Open Communion, which is the only form which a nonconformist, in the better sense of the term, will ever espouse, some future observations will occur.

FROM THE REV. THOMAS HUNT, D.D.

DEAR SIR,

Hertford College, Feb. 26, 1746.

I RECEIVED the favour of your kind letter by Dr. Stonehouse, and am glad to hear that your good family are well. Your apology for not having given me this pleasure sooner is extremely obliging; but the variety of noble and useful employments Dr. Doddridge is engaged in, readily offer themselves in his excuse, and will, if I may be so happy as to hope for a line now and then, be a standing argument that, though I

cannot hear from him so often as I could wish, I am not forgotten by him.

Many thanks for your excellent Sermon on the death of the valiant and worthy Colonel Gardiner. I was most sensibly affected with it; nor can I easily tell you whether I was more pleased with the ingenuity of the discourse, or moved with the tenderness of the application. Both your lamentation over your dead friend, and your moving epistle to his disconsolate widow, are plainly formed on Horace's plan, *Si vis me flere, &c.* and therefore it is no wonder they should draw tears from your readers, as, I assure you, they did not only from my dear Mrs. Hunt, but from myself, in great abundance. How mournfully pleasing to Lady Frances must the honour you have done her gallant consort be! and as for the deccased Hero himself, methinks, I hear every brave soldier in the British army saluting his ashes (thus distinguished by your praises) in the words of Alexander, when he stood before the tomb of Achilles, and reflected on the honour that had been done that warrior by the verses of Homer,

O fortunate Gardinere, qui tuæ virtutis
Talem præconem inveneris!

At least, I am sure these would be their sentiments, were your Sermon put into their hands, as I could heartily wish (for the animating the courage of our troops) that it were.—I need not tell you how glad I should be to see the remarkable passages of a life, the conclusion of which was so glorious.

In humble imitation of such true lovers of their country as yourself, I have, in a course of fourteen or fifteen Sermons, (the first of them preached at the Archdeacon of Oxford's visitation) endeavoured to bear my testimony against this horrid attempt and the pernicious consequences of it; and, as there are a great many popish families in the neighbourhood of my parish, I am not without hope but that I have done some little good within the compass of my narrow sphere: at least, *liberavi animam meam*.

Your friends here often inquire after your health, and are much at your service; but none more so than Mr. Merriek, of Trinity, whose compliments I will send you in his own words, "Pray, give my humble service to the worthy Doctor, and let him know that I shall be proud of the honour of his acquaintance." I am sure Mr. Merriek's friends may justly be so of his. For there cannot be a more deserving man. His learning which is great for his years, is the least of his many qualifications. He has every virtue which renders learning amiable and useful; is not only a good scholar, but what is infinitely better, a good Christian.

I am glad to hear that the third volume of your Family Expositor is in such forwardness. It is a work calculated to do great good, and will therefore I hope soon be in the hands of every serious family in the kingdom. May God give you life and health to finish this, and every other design for the advancement of his religion, and the benefit of mankind.

I am, with Mrs. Hunt's and my own best respects to yourself and your good lady,

Dear Sir, your most affectionate,
and obliged humble Servant,

T. HUNT.

FROM THE REV. JOHN JONES.*

DEAR AND KIND SIR,

Alconbury, Feb. 28, 1746.

It gives me particular satisfaction to find that you concur with me in judgment, relating to the proposals I made, though I perceive you are not, as yet, at liberty to publish an Abridgment of your Exposition : when you are, and intend to set about it, be pleased to send me word, and I will communicate my thoughts more fully, having had some remarks in reserve for a considerable time.

With respect to the other proposal, that of exhibiting the *Evidences for Christianity in one view*, from the best writings on the subject, I look upon it as something providential, that you hit upon the same thought, much about the same time that I did ; I wish I had an opportunity of conversing with you upon the subject, which to me seems truly noble, and to require the united attention of a society. My

* Of this gentleman, who was a clergyman of the established church, some notice will be found in the third volume of this work, page 196.

scheme, which I have drawn up in a rough draught, proposes that some of the most eminent men in the nation, divines, and laymen, who are friends to the Christian Cause, should join in the undertaking with united ardour, and selecting the best materials under each head of argument, correct and publish them in the most advantageous form. Now here, Sir, I would have the principal men of the several denominations of Christians to have their respective shares in the undertaking, for hereby would great honour redound to Christianity, and the service done to its cause would be the greater. By this means also the several denominations would not only be induced to think the more favourably of each other, and be more united in love, but perhaps, through the divine blessing, be more and more inclined by degrees to a happy coalition, and who knows but you and I may live to see so glorious an event, if some of the leading men of every tribe in our Israel will use their best endeavours, from time to time, and cordially unite in this one great cause, which is of equal concern to all, and to each of them. I hope this proposal, as thus exhibited, though by one not capable of giving any assistance in it, may deserve your consideration, and that of other persons of ability; and if you have opportunity, and think fit to give the hint to some of the most eminent of your acquaintance, I know you can improve that hint to the best advantage. I often thought of writing to Mr. Chandler, but have not the honour of his acquaintance. If a society be formed, each member should have his proper argu-

ment assigned him, and *one only* ; also in my humble opinion, a catalogue of all the best writers upon the subject, each under proper heads of argument, should be drawn up beforehand, which cannot advantageously be done but by many hands ; and if there be corresponding members nominated in several parts of the nation, and desired to send in their observations to help to complete the catalogue, one would think it would be laying an excellent foundation, in order to so great, and so noble a superstructure.

By this time I fancy you perceive in some measure what is the outline of my scheme : but conversation alone can clear the whole to you. I easily foresee, that if such a design as this should be set on foot, and executed, you, Sir, must have a principal hand in giving the assistance that would be wanted, and from you must be expected a large share of references to the best writers upon each head, as your extensive knowledge, and particular business, have so happily fitted you for giving such assistance ; but if you should choose to undertake the work singly, I am persuaded it will be executed to great advantage, though not perhaps equal to the plan I propose.

Dear Sir, there is lately come to my hands a book of Mr. West's, called " Observations on the History and Evidences of Christ's Resurrection." I doubt not but you have perused them, though I have not as yet. You formerly mentioned to me a passage or two in the Evangelical Historians, relating to that great event, which you said you could scarcely reconcile : adding, that those who engaged upon the

subject about two or three years ago, when it was in debate, had not cleared the matter to your satisfaction. . I hope to hear in your next that Mr. West has done it ; if by your answer I should find he has, I shall then very probably have a favour to ask of him, like that which I have asked of you with regard to your Exposition ; viz. an abridgment in one continued thread of the Narrative of our Lord's Resurrection.

I pray for you, and the success of your labours ; and am with the utmost respect and love,

Dear Sir, yours whilst

JOHN JONES.

FROM THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.*

REV. SIR,

Spring Gardens, March 15, 1746.

I SHOULD be truly glad to congratulate with you, the total suppression of this most execrable rebellion, but fear that blessing will not be immediately granted to a people too insensible of the Divine goodness upon former occasions, and too careless of their own beha-

* Seldom have the solemn functions of an English Bishop been discharged with more private dignity and public advantage than in the instance of Dr. Maddox. Christianity, instead of being a mere system of abstract doctrines, or the convenient badge of party distinction, was with him a constant source of benevolent action. The see of Worcester is far from being one of the most wealthy ; yet the personal charities of this divine were not only extensive, but he appropriated two hundred a year for the augmentation of certain insufficient benefices in his diocess. Of his exertions in *founding* the County In-

viour, even when God's heavy judgments are upon them in various instances.

I am much assisted, and greatly obliged by the accounts that I have been favoured with, in relation to the infirmary at Northampton. Public affairs have been in so unhappy a situation this winter; and indeed my own health has been so very bad since Christmas eve, that I have not been able to do any thing in that useful business. However, we have made a beginning, and admitted some patients into our infirmary at Worcester; and with God's blessing I trust we shall make farther progress this summer. I have been much indebted to Dr. Stonhouse; but have not been able, for the reasons I mentioned, to do so much as I intended in this matter.

We have not yet engaged in building, but have hired a house, in which we can make up about twenty

firmaries, something may be gathered from the annexed letter; and the great interest he felt in establishments of such a nature, was further evinced by the handsome sums which he gave to the London Hospitals. Dr. Maddox was no less the patron of industry, and sustained a considerable loss by his liberal contribution, in aid of a scheme for the extension of the British Fisheries.

Bearing in mind this excellence of character, which shed a splendour on his station, it is pleasing to find that his elevation to its honours was the reward of individual merit, for Dr. Maddox was a man of the most humble origin. He was born in London, 1797; and being left an orphan at an early age, was placed by an aunt at a charity school. His next translation was to the house of a pastry cook, with the view of his being bound apprentice to that dainty craft; but here it was soon discovered, that, like King Alfred, the youth had not a genius for baking, and accordingly the master told his aunt, "that he was not fit for trade, as his whole delight was in reading books of learning." The good woman then left her nephew to follow the bent of his inclination, and "by the assistance of some friends, who were dissenters, an exhibition was obtained for him to one of the Scotch Universi-

five beds. If there be any prudential rules that occur to you, that may be useful in the progress of this work, I should be truly thankful for them.

I am, Sir, with much regard and esteem,

Your much obliged humble Servant,

I. WORCESTER.

FROM THE REV. R. PEARSALL.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Warminster, June 14, 1746.

I LONG to hear what progress you make in Colonel Gardiner's Life, and when we may expect to see the publication. Dear Doctor, do not fear the sneers of an unbelieving age: display the evidences of Divine Grace in all its radiant colours. Quit yourself like

ties." After studying there with reputation, we next hear of him as having obtained the patronage of Bishop Gibson, and admitted of Queen's College, Cambridge. We are then told that "he received ordination, and served as curate at St. Brides;" after which he became chaplain to Dr. Waddington, Bishop of Chichester, whose niece he married, and was made Rector of St. Vedast, Foster Lane. In 1729 he was appointed clerk of the closet to Queen Caroline, then dean of Bath and Wells, and was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph in 1736, and in 1743 of Worcester, where he died in 1759, at about the age of sixty-two.

After speaking of the zeal and fidelity with which he attended to the sacred duties of his office, the author before quoted proceeds to say that Dr. Maddox "was distinguished for his hospitality, which was enlivened with cheerful affability. He was above the false pride of wishing to conceal his humble origin; and when a gentleman was dining with him at the episcopal palace at Hartlebury, after a handsome entertainment, some tarts being introduced, the bishop pressed the company to taste *his pastry*, saying pleasantly, that he believed the tarts were very good, though they were not of his own making."

a man; be strong. Angels will rejoice and clap their wings, and will take the more delight to minister to you, while you are employed zealously to honour their God and the Redeemer of Souls. The saints will hence have occasion given them afresh to triumph. Surely you will have their smiles, blessing, and prayers, when you minister so remarkably to their encouragement and holy joy in the ways of the Lord. I say, Doctor, let the devil rage and his instruments flout; your account of God's wonderfully appearing to rescue that soul out of the jaws of the lion may prove the wisdom of God, and the power of God to the salvation of souls. I lift up my weak hands that yours may be strengthened from on high in this and every other service you undertake, for the glory of our God and Saviour, and the salvation of immortal souls.

This week I have been surprised by a book which fell into my hands, entitled "*Meditations upon the Tombs and on a Flower Garden, by James Hervey, A. B.*" I have been charmed with the lively images, striking expressions, and serious piety which I find there. I wondered much to see a young clergyman acquainted so much with the genius of the gospel, and animated with such a warm love to his Redeemer. Pray, dear Sir, do you know who and where he is? Not that I think the question will be needed to be asked long if he goes on to publish. Whoever he is, methinks I cannot but love and admire him. But when I set in to write to you, I know not how to finish, though I know not what interruptions I give

you. But I cannot conclude before I congratulate you upon Mrs. Doddridge's recovery. May she be long continued to you, and you to the church of God ; and may I leave you a burning and shining light, whenever he is pleased to summon hence,

Good Sir,

Your very affectionate and humble Servant,

R. PEARSALL.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Northampton, June 16, 1746.

I CANNOT forbear writing a line to congratulate you and your lady on the pleasure with which you must receive so amiable and agreeable a son, after so long an absence. I also congratulate the friends of both the Mr. Hyrons, on the same occasion. I bless God I have as much satisfaction in all the three, as I can remember to have had in any three pupils that have ever been under my care, both with regard to their capacity and application, and above all, to those marks of serious piety, which appear in each. I hope I shall be well enough to set out for Bath in about ten days, and may have the pleasure of seeing you in my return home, in the beginning of August. I suppose, Sir, you have seen the Expostulatory Letter to Dissenting Ministers, which, if you have not, I will send you. I have just now got Lord Forbes's

“ Thoughts concerning Religion, natural and revealed, and the Manner of understanding the Revelations,” which contains some remarkable things, and which you will find worth your reading, though you will judge many of the remarks precarious, and many of the arguments inconclusive. Dr. Shaw’s “ Supplement to his Travels” is valuable, especially that part of it which relates to the animals mentioned in scripture, and there are some very curious things concerning the petrified city, and the pavement at Præneste. I know not, upon the whole, any traveller who has so constantly referred his remarks to the illustration of Scripture. Dr. Watts’s new pieces I have by me, they seem likely to make a great deal of noise in the world ; and I doubt not but that Mr. Gibbons entertains you with a specimen of the treatment they are to expect from some sorts of people, by the attacks already made upon them. But I will not detain you any longer. I bless God my wife is pure well, and has been capable of nursing me very diligently under my late illness: and I heartily bless God for the degree of recovery to which I have attained ; but every little effort towards business convinces me of my remaining weakness. I doubt not a continued remembrance in your prayers ; and am, with the greatest respect and affection,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your much obliged Brother and Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

Northampton, June 18, 1746.

At length, having been before retarded, not only by pressing business, but likewise by a fever which seized me about ten days ago, and from the effects of which I am but imperfectly recovered, I set myself down as well as I can to discharge my promise, and to fulfil your request, in giving you my thoughts on that little collection of books, which you seem desirous to make for some young preachers. I shall remember that your inquiry chiefly relates to books of *practical* divinity, and that I may not tire you and myself with the little monosyllable "I," and the frequent use of the words "would recommend," or something synonymous, I prefix the clause once for all, that upon the following heads, according to the little knowledge I have of the matter, and with the little time I have for preparation, and with unaffected submission to the judgment of those better qualified to advise you, I would recommend, under the following heads, the following books.

For LOGIC, Dr. Watts and Carmichael's *Brevi-scula Introductio*. For METAPHYSICS, De Urce's *Compendium*, and Watts's *Ontology*; to which Le Clerc's may be added. For ETHICS, Whitly and Carmichael's edition of Puffendorf's *De Officiis Hominis et Civis*, to which Hutchenson's *Ethics* may be added, which is an elegant piece, though some of his principles are not in my judgment good, as he goes on the founda-

tion of the *Necessitarian* scheme. For JEWISH ANTIQUITIES, Lewis, Reland, and Calmet; with what is to be found on that subject in Prideaux's Connection. For a general view of CIVIL HISTORY, Puffendorf's Introduction and Terselme's Compendium; and for a judicious and, in a few words, comprehensive, as well as faithful sketch of ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, beyond all compare, Lampe. For a compendium of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, Rowning, as illustrated and completed by Neiuwentyt's Religious Philosophy, Ray's Wisdom of God in the Creation, Cotton Mather's Religious Philosopher, and above all, Derham on Boyle's Lectures. As ASTRONOMY is comprehended in the last, I shall only add with relation to that, Watts, and Jennings's late piece if it can be got, and Wells's Young Gentleman's Mathematical Recreation, which touches upon several articles not handled by any of the others I have mentioned. For PROOFS of Natural and Revealed Religion, Carmichael's Synopsis Theologicæ Naturalis, Synge's Gentleman's Religion, and Clark on Boyle's Lectures, especially the latter part of it, for the former seems incomparably exceeded by Abernethy on the Attributes, as much I think in the argumentative parts as in the improvement. The Bishop of London's Pastoral Letters you undoubtedly know; and if, upon the whole, I had seen the arguments in proof of Christianity, so closely, and at the same time so fully and so popularly stated any where else, I should not have taken the great pains I did about my "Three Sermons" on that subject, at the end of the ten, on

the Power and Grace of Christ, which the Bishop of Oxford has often pressed me to reprint alone, but which, by having given Hett the copyright, I have rendered myself incapable of doing. If it be judged necessary to examine the late controversy with Collins, Tindal, and Morgan, of which I think a divine should not be entirely ignorant, I consider Jefferies and Bullock among the best writers in answer to the first; and Coneybeare and Leland to the second, and Leland and Chandler to the third. To come now to Practical Divinity, which, I think, ought to employ the greater part of the care of every preacher, I will not presume, Sir, to mention to you the Divines of the established church, though to my pupils I have given a large enumeration of them, and of their valuable writings, which have employed many hundreds of my hours. Tillotson, Barrow, Wilkins, Beveridge, Scott, Norris, Lucas, Sherlock, Horneck, Hopkins, Scougal, Law, Fleetwood, and several others, are particularly characterized in my catalogue to them; and what seemed to me the most valuable of their writings are those marked out: the catalogue concludes with the much honoured and beloved name of Archbishop Leighton, who is *omni laude major*. But, as I may reasonably conclude the Puritans, and the Divines of the Separation, less known to the generality of those with whom you, Sir, may be concerned, you will pardon me that I mention a few of them, and of their best pieces. Bolton, Hall, Reynolds, Sibbs, Ward, and Jackson, come under high consideration in the first place: and I must needs say, that I look upon the

generality of modern divines as but little people when compared with most of them.

Among the Nonconformists of the last age, (i. e.) those who flourished before the end of the last century, permit me to name the following persons, who appear to me to have been men of great piety, and some of them, of very distinguished abilities; and, as most of them were voluminous writers, and it is not to be supposed, as perhaps may be supposed with regard to the Puritans, that all their works should enter into the collection proposed, I will specify some of the books written by each, which stand highest in my esteem. Owen on Apostacy; on the Hebrews; his Means of Understanding the Mind of God in Scripture; Communion with the Father, Son, and Spirit; on Indwelling Sin; on Spiritual Mindedness and Mortification, and, on the One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm. Goodwin's Child of Light, and Return of Mercies and Prayers. Baxter's Saint's Rest; his Treatise on Conversion; his Call to the Unconverted; his Divine Life; his Counsels to Young Men; Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ; Poor Man's Family Book; and that inimitable piece of devotion, his Converse with God in Solitude. Bates's Harmony of the Divine Attributes in Redemption; his Spiritual Perfection; Four Last Things; Submission to the Will of God; and his Funeral Sermons. Flavel's Fountain of Life; Token for Mourners; Sacramental Meditations; and England's Alarm; to which may be added, his Husbandry and Navigation Spiritual-

ized. Nathaniel Taylor on Faith, with his Discourses against Deism and the Covenant. I close this head with the mention of Mr. How, of whom I cannot but say that he seems to me to have understood the gospel as well as any uninspired writer I have ever read, and to have imbibed as much of its spirit. The truest sublime is to be found in his writings; and, notwithstanding the obscurity of some passages, and the harshness of others, instances of the strongest pathos, as well as some of the most uncommon thoughts. It lies a little out of my way to observe it at present, yet it is most true, that were all the thoughts of his 'Living Temple' to be taken from Clark, on the Attributes, what would remain would be very inconsiderable; but what remains of Mr. How, unborrowed by others, is weighty, various, and, in many parts of it, extremely beautiful. This book, dear Sir, I will venture to recommend to you, particularly in the practical part of it, and to every Christian divine: his Blessedness of the Righteous; his treatise of Delighting in God; his Enmity and Reconciliation between God and Man; his Carnality of Religious Contention; his Thoughtfulness for the Morrow; Redeemer's Tears wept over Lost Souls, and Redeemer's Dominion over the Invisible World, with his two posthumous volumes on the Spirit, which, pardon me if I say *you must read*.

In recommending the writings of Dissenters of the present age I would be more sparing, yet permit me to mention Evans's Christian Temper, and Sermons to Young People. Wright on Regeneration; the

Deceitfulness of Sin; Concern of Man. Watts's Sermons; his Death and Heaven; his World to Come, and Humble Attempt. Grove's Select Sermons; his book on the Sacrament, and on Secret Prayer. Henry, on the Bible, I think very useful for a practical preacher. Both he and Earl have written well on the Sacrament. Boyce's two volumes of Sermons, and his Miscellaneous Sermons, and those on The Four Last Things, are among the best books we have. Bennet's Christian Oratory has met with an acceptance which, in this indevout age, has astonished me. Jennings's Sermons to Young Persons; several Miscellanies of Dr. Grosvenor's, with his Mourner, and his Treatise on Death, shall conclude this catalogue. How far it may be proper for me to add my 'Rise and Progress of Religion,' together with my 'Sermons on Education, Regeneration,' and those 'To Young People,' you, Sir, if you have read them, may be more capable of judging than the author. I must yet add, by way of post-script, 'Two Volumes of Sermons on the principal Heads of Christianity,' preached at Bury Street, by six of our divines, who were all my intimate friends, and persons of distinguished worth: viz. Dr. Watts, Dr. Guyse, Messrs. Price, Jennings, Neal, and Hubbard. This book does, indeed, constitute a pretty little system of practical divinity, and I advise my young people, when entering upon their studies, not only to read but to abridge it. And here, dear Sir, I thought to have concluded my letter, but it occurs to my mind that there is one great defect in it; which is,

that I have said nothing of COMMENTATORS, or books leading immediately to a critical acquaintance with scripture. I have recommended to my pupils Beza, whom, as for the strict import of the words of the New Testament, I think unequalled. Erasmus, Castellio, Hernsius, Patrick, Lowth, Locke, Piercc, Benson; Ainsworth, Grotius, Brenius, Wells, Calvin, Pool, and Le Clerc are mentioned and characterized in my Preaching Lectures, I need therefore say nothing of them to you; but I will mention Cradock, a book very little known, but, in my opinion, the most valuable help for understanding the scriptures that can be purchased so cheaply; because, besides a very plain and judicious plan of the contents of most of the sacred books, there are extracts of some of the most valuable passages in several of the oldest writers above mentioned. I might name several considerable writers who have, likewise, illustrated scripture, though not directly commentators, and who are also briefly characterized in my Preaching Lectures; such as Whitsius, Saurin, Glassius, Gattaker, Frankius, Knatchbull, Blackwall, Lightfoot, Calmet, Mede, Hallet, Edwards, Le Crene, Wolsius, Raphelius, Vitranga, Boss, and, above all, Elsuer, and Lardner in the two first volumes of his Credibility. But perhaps, Sir, you will think that, as the critical study of scripture is not so much intended in your plan, I have gone a little out of my way in mentioning so many authorities, upon this head; yet, if you do think so, you will excuse me, for, perhaps, when young people are accustomed to that attention of

thought which sacred criticism requires, it may not only answer a good end in leading them into the true sense and beauty of particular passages of scripture, in consequence of which their own taste may be greatly improved, but it may prevent those *extravagant reveries* which have filled the minds of so many, and *brought so great a dishonour* on the work of God.*

* The adroit manner in which Dr. Doddridge has here obliquely hinted his disapprobation of the extravagancies into which the Methodists had fallen will be observed. It should, however, be remembered that he was only anxious to preserve practical piety from its common bane, spiritual dissipation; for the effect of the new system, in deteriorating the nonconformists, as a general body, was not then apparent.

When speaking of Methodism, so far has vulgar prejudice confounded opposite sects, that it is almost necessary to say that nothing can be more unjust than to ascribe to the Arminian followers of Wesley the pharisaical assumptions to which the Calvinistic dogmas of Whitfield excited his disciples. Mr. Wesley was not only a man of sterling piety, but of considerable genius; his apprehension was quick, his eloquence varied, rich, and commanding; and his estimation of character penetrating and sagacious. With these qualities was, however, blended a too confident reliance on first impressions, and a consequent rashness of decision. Where he deemed the advancement of religion in question his zeal was boundless; it combined the daring of the martyr with the perseverance of the saint; but in judging of the workings of the mind, when stirred with devotional impulses, he too frequently followed the delusions of an amiable imagination, and was hurried to unapproachable extremes. By his energetic addresses the consciences of thousands were awakened; and a spirit of fraternal charity was diffused throughout the societies formed upon his religious system. The benefit which the lower classes of the community received from the labours of this holy man were of national importance: a tone of increased morality extended the civilization of the age, and has been rendered permanent by the powerful society which bears his name, and continues to

I dare say, Sir, you will not by any means imagine that I intend to recommend the particular notions of all the writers I here mention, which may, indeed, sufficiently appear from their absolute contrariety to act upon the ideas of its founder. With persons in the middling, and still more in the higher ranks, the result has been less satisfactory. Shocked with the palpable follies some Methodists have betrayed, they have absurdly condemned the whole body, and occasionally reproached Christianity itself for the errors of its weakest votaries.

The way in which Mr. Wesley laid himself open to imputations of credulity was by saying, that he had observed *direct* interpositions of Providence, and the *personal* agency of that influence, of whom the *orthodox* poet, Mr. Montgomery, exclaims:—

“ The spirits and the powers of air
 In mystery and in *might* they roam;
 Unseen they act, unknown they dare,
 And make the evil heart their home.
 And One, their centre and their soul,
 There is, the *Demon God* of sin,
 Who o’er the wicked hath control,
 And fires the hell we feel within !”

How far the Scriptures are from accrediting this “ *Demon God* of sin” may be learnt from the valuable work of the Rev. Russell Scott on the subject* ; it is, however, the popular belief, and had Mr. Wesley confined himself to the common terrific denunciations, many, who now smile superciliously at his name, would have applauded him to the echo ; but with him every thing was directly honest, and he was bold enough to say what he thought, as the following extracts from his Journal will evince.

“ 1743, Jan. 27.—On the following days I spoke with each member of the society in Kingswood. I cannot understand how any minister can hope ever to give up his account with joy, unless (as

* An Analytical Investigation of the Scriptural Claims of the Devil, to which is added an Explanation of the terms Sheol, Hades, and Gehenna, as employed by the scriptural writers. By the Rev. Russell Scott.

each other in a multitude of instances ; but I think that, in order to *defend the truth*, it is very proper that a young minister should know the chief strength of error. I am afraid, Sir, I have by this time tho-

Ignatius advises) he knows all his flock by name ; not overlooking the men-servants and maid-servants."

" March, Sat. 12.—I concluded my second course of visiting, in which I inquired particularly into two things:—First, The case of those who had, almost every night the last week, cried out aloud during the preaching. Secondly, The number of those who were separated from us, and the reason and occasion of it. As to the former I found;—First, That all of them (I think not one excepted) were persons in perfect health, and had not been subject to fits of any kind, till they were thus affected. Secondly, That this had come upon every one of them in a moment, without any previous notice, while they were either hearing the word of God, or thinking upon what they had heard. Thirdly, That in that moment they dropped down, lost all their strength, and were seized with violent pain. This they expressed in different manners. Some said, ' they felt just as if a sword was running through them : ' others, that ' they thought a great weight lay upon them, as if it would squeeze them into the earth.' Some said, ' they were quite choked, so that they could not breathe: others, ' that it was as if their heart, as if their inside, as if their whole body, was tearing all to pieces.

" These symptoms I can no more impute to any natural cause, than to the Spirit of God. I can make no doubt but it was Satan tearing them as they were coming to Christ: and hence proceeded those grievous cries, whereby he might design both to discredit the work of God, and to affright fearful people from hearing that word, whereby their souls might be saved.

" I found, fourthly, that their minds had been as variously affected as their bodies. Of this some could scarce give any account at all; which, also, I impute to that wise Spirit, purposely stunning and confounding as many as he could, that they might not be able to bewray his devices. Others gave a very clear and particular account from the beginning to the end. The word of God pierced their souls, and convinced them of inward as well as outward sin. They saw and felt the wrath of God abiding on them, and were

roughly wearied you; and, therefore, what little matter I have to say, by way of more immediate answer to your last, I shall refer to a separate piece of paper, so that when you lay this by, in case you

afraid of his judgments. And here the accuser came with great power, telling them, 'there was no hope, they were lost for ever.' The pains of the body then seized them in a moment, and extorted those loud and bitter cries."

That these supposed demoniacs were, in some instances, the victims of excessive excitement, and, in others, crafty impostors, is a self-evident fact. With Mr. Wesley, however, the matter was very different; and there can be no doubt but that he suffered altogether under a delusion of judgment, as was the case with the celebrated Sir Matthew Hale on the subject of witchcraft. When, indeed, I recollect the force of argument with which he has confuted the fallacies of Calvinism, I cannot but believe that had he not been so constantly hurried forward through a continued change of scene and unremitted exertion, and had time for reflection, he would himself have discovered the unsoundness of the evidence on which he rested in this affair, and in some others of a similar character.

Of Mr. Wesley's candour in acknowledging his liability to prejudice, the following passage from his Journal may be given as a pleasing instance:—"1746, Jan. 26, I set out for Bristol; on the road I read over Lord King's, Account of the Primitive Church. In spite of the vehement prejudices of my education, I was ready to believe that this was a fair and impartial draught; but if so, it would follow that Bishops and Presbyters are essentially of one order; and that originally every Christian congregation was a church independent upon all others."

The masterly policy, shown in the regulations of the Wesleyan Society, is not only remarkable, but capable of exerting so searching an influence in domestic life, that, to continue safe and useful, it must maintain its present form. Were it to be endowed with temporal advantages, and armed with political power by an authorized union with the episcopal church, on the plan advocated by Dr. Southey, it would speedily obtain a dangerous ascendancy; and, instead of dispensing comfort and instruction among the poor, become a pernicious engine of ecclesiastical despotism.

think it worth your while, it may not be encumbered with any thing foreign to the purpose. It only remains that I most cordially recommend you and your labours to the continued presence and blessing of God, sincerely wishing that you may be honoured more and more, as an instrument in the hand of the Great Redeemer, for the salvation of a multitude of those precious souls whom he has ransomed with his own blood. I subscribe myself,

Reverend and Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

and faithful humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE EARL OF HALIFAX.

DEAR SIR,

Audley Street, June 24, 1746.

I TROUBLED you some time ago with a letter, in which I told you I had done every thing in my power towards saving the life of the poor unfortunate deserter, recommended by you, but without the success I hoped for; and I then thought that it would be not only improper, but fruitless to trouble his Majesty with any farther application, after his having once declared his pleasure, and denied his pardon: but being much affected with the compassionate circumstances of the poor man's case, I resolved to venture upon another attempt in his behalf, improper as it

might be; imagining that if it proved equally unsuccessful with the others I had made, the impropriety of it would still appear excusable, as arising from a principle by no means blamable; I therefore wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, and representing the case in as strong and affecting a manner, as with regard to truth I was able to do, I desired his Grace to lay my letter before the King: his good nature was justly moved by the melancholy story, and he promised me his best assistance. I afterwards made use of Sir John Legonier's intercession with his Majesty, when he took leave, before his departure for Flanders. Still this did not succeed to my wish; for though his Majesty did not absolutely deny his pardon, as he had before done, yet he did not grant it; and thus the affair remained in suspense on Sunday. Every hour a party was expected to take the poor prisoner from the Savoy, and carry him to his regiment for execution; but in this case the Captain of the Savoy would, according to my directions, have given me notice of it, that I might have again applied for his Majesty's final determination: but this not happening, I yesterday morning prevailed with the Secretary of War to go in to the King, and endeavour to improve the impression which Sir John Legonier had made, and to add my warmest entreaties, which, I am extremely glad to inform you, had so good an effect that his Majesty said, that since I was so very desirous to save the poor man's life, he would pardon him; but that he should be incor-

porated either into some regiment going to the West Indies, or one now there. This I gave the poor man notice of as soon as I returned from Kensington; and he received it with that joy which it is easier for you to conceive than for me to describe.

The satisfaction I have in saving this man's life sufficiently makes me amends for the difficulties I have had in doing it, which indeed have been very great. I am sure I need not desire you to give the earliest notice to his at present afflicted parents of this news, which I hope will give them such joy as parents who love their children ought to feel upon such an occasion.

Other subjects, that I must write to you soon upon, must for the present be deferred, having only just time to tell you that his Majesty has, by a letter, written by the Secretary of War to the officers and soldiers of my regiment, assured them that they shall, as soon as possible, be relieved by a regiment from Scotland, and then immediately march to Northampton, to be there disbanded.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

DUNK HALIFAX.

FROM EDWARD CAVE, ESQ.*

DEAR SIR,

St. John's Gate, June 26, 1746.

I GOT safe, last night, to this strong tower, with all my company, after a very agreeable day's journey, during which, as you had so cordially expressed your concern for us, we frequently remembered your goodness, as well as your very delectable, and no less improving conversation, and heartily wished you

* As the original projector and editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and still more as the early friend and patron of Dr. Johnson, there is an interest attached to the author of this simple letter which would have inclined me to insert it had it contained still less. Plain, however, as it is, it proves the cheerful mind and pastoral taste of the writer, and shows that the "coldness of manner," with which he was reproached, was no more than the awkward diffidence of a shy but warm hearted man.

Mr. Cave had, for several years, conducted his printing establishment without any great profit, when, in 1733, he brought forward the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "which, by great and unexpected success, contributed to the independence of his fortune."

The first contribution of Dr. Johnson was an alcaic ode, inserted March, 1738, and the encouragement which he immediately received from Mr. Cave was of so much importance to the then humble fortunes of our 'great lexicographer,' that he ventured, in consequence of it, to return to Lichfield, for the purpose of fetching his wife, whom he had not before the means of bringing with him, when, with his quondam pupil, the celebrated Garrick, he entered this great arena of mental exertion, a friendless adventurer. His connexion with this periodical continued till 1743: and the splendid series of political essays, affecting to be debates in parliament, which it contains, sufficiently evince the talent and assiduity with which he laboured in its service.

After a life of honourable exertion, adorned by many acts of benevolence, Mr. Cave died, January 10, 1751.

and your fellow travellers safe over the rough ways, of which, as we should be glad to have an account, we apprehend that it may not be displeasing, as we set out so late, to let you know how we performed our stages.

Having, at a quarter past eleven, reached Aylesbury, which is forty-four miles from London, we took a little bait and proceeded to Wendover; and here, having slipped between the chalk hills, called, I think, the Chilterns, by a very easy ascent, compared with that near Dunstable, we travelled slowly through that confined but delightful valley which reaches along the road from Missenden to Chalfont.

Our intended speed was, in some places, unexpectedly interrupted by waters near a furlong in length, but not otherwise disagreeable, as we could every where discern the gravel at the bottom, they being only the exuberance of that pleasant stream which rises about Missenden and often crossed our way, and sometimes washed a considerable part of it, making the cooling gale of the day still more refreshing, and affording us great comfort in a close road, where, however, the hedges often met, or were spread over our heads on the sunny side; so that our journey was extremely pleasant between the hills, where I apprehended we should have been much incommoded by the sun. At three miles before we reached Uxbridge we entered the great road from Oxford, half an hour past six; but, though it was very dusty the wind blew it from us, and we got to our journey's end a little after ten.

I shall be now turning myself to the pleasures of business, and shall not forget the kind hints which, with so much judgment and benevolence, you were pleased to mention.

I must not yet, though long, conclude without returning my thanks for all favours, and adding, by desire, the hearty respects of all the company, jointly and severally, to you, your fellow travellers, and family.

Reverend Sir,

Your much obliged very humble Servant and Admirer,

EDWARD CAVE.

P.S. I should have troubled you with a letter, which I owed you, about Christmas, but being impatient of care, and generally inattentive as to decent writing, it wanted to be transcribed, and so was mislaid.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

June, 1746.

THE very day after my letter to you I was taken ill of a fever, and am now far from a state of perfect recovery; and I am sure I shall have your prayers that all these adorable instances of God's great mercy to me may be answered according to his kind intentions towards me.

Weak as I am, a circumstance I am much interested about makes me forget all I feel at present: a

young gentleman, to whom I have just given the rectory of Markfield, in Leicestershire, and who serves in my family as my chaplain, is at present in great want of a curate to supply that place in his absence. His situation with me gives him an entrance into four churches; and, could we get a gospel curate, very great good would be done. I hope he has here won the hearts of many people; and a little meeting in my own house is begun, and though, with much bitterness to me, in spite of all opposition it increases. Should Mr. Baddelley leave me to fix in his living, all this present prospect would be at an end; but could we get a faithful minister for his assistance, the having two who would then preach the gospel, might be instrumental to unspeakable good. Such a person, who is properly qualified, he has not yet been able to meet with; he should be not only a good Christian, but one who is a sensible man, who can act prudently, and who, in Mr. Baddelley's absence, would be proper to perform his duty in my family.

So surrounded am I by eyes that long to find fault with all I do, that it makes me cautious to give no offence, either to Jew, Gentile, or the Church of God, but to serve *all* men to their good edification, and to labour with the remains of life to advance our Lord and Saviour's kingdom upon earth. Do, my friend, try to look out for me for this purpose; and if you know, or can hear of any man so qualified, let me know from you. Could I explain the consequences of this matter with sufficient strength, I am sure it would raise emotions in so warm and

earnest a heart as yours for your most active trial. May Heaven assist you, and live assured that, with great sincerity and pure friendship, I am,

My worthy Friend,

Your ever obliged,

S. HUNTINGDON.

TO THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Northampton, July 29, 1746.

I AM truly glad that the long letter I last sent you was agreeable to you. I bless God that my prejudices against the writers of the establishment were so early removed. And I rejoice greatly when I see that prejudices against their brethren of any denomination are likewise subsided in those whom, upon other accounts, I most highly esteem as the excellent of the earth, and that we are coming nearer to the harmony in which I hope we shall ever be one in Christ Jesus.

I have always esteemed it to be the truest act of friendship, to use our mutual endeavours to render the characters of each other as blameless and as valuable as possible; and I have never felt a more affectionate sense of my obligations than when those worthy persons, who have honoured me with their affection and correspondence, have freely told me what they thought amiss in my temper and conduct. This, therefore, dear Sir, is an office you might reasonably

expect from me if I had for some time enjoyed an intimate knowledge of you. But it has always been a maxim with me not to believe any flying story to the prejudice of those whom I had apparent reason, from what I knew of them, to esteem; and consequently, as I should never make this a foundation, you must be contented to wait longer before you receive that office of fraternal love, which you ask from,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate Brother and Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P.S. Your caution has suggested a thought to me, whether it be modest to call ourselves humble? If the expression means a real readiness to serve in love in any thing low, as in washing the feet of another, I hope I can say "I am your humble servant:" but if it mean one who is, in all respects, as humble as he could wish, God forbid I should arrogate so proud a title. In what can I say I have already attained? only, in that I love my divine master, and would not have a thought in my heart that He should disapprove. I feel a sweetness in being assuredly in his gracious hand, which all the world cannot possibly afford; and which I really think would make me happier in a dark dungeon than ten thousand worlds could render me without it; and therefore I love every creature on the earth that bears his image; and I do not except those who through ignorance, rashness, or prejudice, have greatly injured me.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

Newberry, about half way from Bath to London,
Aug. 7, 1746, Thursday noon.

MY DEAREST,

I THOUGHT it would be a satisfaction for you to hear, though by this coarse and dirty paper, that, through the good care of Providence, we are got well thus far. We reached Marlborough, which is thirty-three miles from Bath, by good daylight, and lay at the Angel, which I mention to warn you of it as a cut-throat inn, and to advise you, if you come by London, to prefer the *Bear*.

I have only time to assure you, my dearest, that I often sigh to think how far I am from Bath; all the elegancies of which, many as they are, are to me as nothing, when compared with what the polite world esteems so little,—a good wife! Mr. S***** sends his compliments, mine attend your ladyship, Miss Chandler, both the Miss Doddridges, Dr. Stevenson, Mr. Allen, Mr. Warburton, and Miss Isted. I heartily pray for your daily advancing recovery, and am,

Dear good Creature,

Your ever affectionate,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P.S. I have just been informed that there was lately an extraordinary christening supper at Manchester; at which, marvellous as it may seem, the present royal family and the chevalier were present at the same table! My intelligence says not whether

in paste or in plaster; but there was his present Majesty in the centre of a dish of chickens with their rumps turned towards him, his late Majesty in a dish of unbuttered turnips, the Prince of Wales in a hasty pudding, and the Duke in a blood pudding; there was another dish which the lady who wrote the account did not think fit to name, and which appears to have been something very mysterious, concerning which I do not allow myself to conjecture: but the elegant treat closed with the young Chevalier in the centre of a pyramid of sweetmeats. The young lady was baptized in a plaid mantle, and her name was Sobieski. I presume the clergyman who officiated was an excellent person, and well qualified to succeed Bishop Cappel. If you send this, my dear, to the good ladies in Abington Street, please to accompany it with my best services to them, and my very agreeable and obliging friends at Eton. If they have any of them any business at London in which I can serve them, it will greatly increase the pleasure of my journey.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST, Newington, Aug. 16, 1746, Saturday morning. I COULD have been glad to have heard how you do, and hope a letter directed to me at Northampton, by the first return of the post, will supply the omission in a comfortable manner; for when you say nothing of your health, I am, contrary to my usage where

others are concerned, ready to fear the worst. As for me I bless God I am well, though I cannot say I have rested so well since Wednesday as before; it might partly be owing to the sultriness of the air one night, and perhaps last night to the uneasiness of my own mind, not so much for being hindered all yesterday morning from my proper business by impertinent, though well meant visits, but chiefly by the state in which I found Dr. Watts. His nephew, once so great a favourite, has done something to vex him, and his poor weak spirits cannot bear it; so that he is quite amazed, and even stupified with it to such a degree as hardly to take notice of any thing about him; insomuch that though he knew my chief reason of coming from Bath was to see him, he hardly took any notice of me; and, instead of those tears and embraces with which he has often dismissed me, parted with me, though probably for the last time, as coldly as he did with young Mr. Lavington, who happened to be here, and who is entirely a stranger to him*. This really astonished me and grieved me exceedingly. Lady Abney also took her leave without the usual token of respect, though I

* In another letter to Mrs. Doddridge, dated August 22, the Doctor says, "I wrote indeed in a very melancholy mood. Poor Dr. Watts is no more himself; what I heard from Mr. Jennings concerning his late behaviour made me more sensible of it than what I saw. It seems the wise dispensation of Providence to make his friends willing to resign so precious a life."

The reader will observe with pleasure, from a letter from Dr. Watts to Dr. Doddridge, dated Oct. 18, 1746, that the nervous depression, here alluded to, was merely the result of excessive weakness.

had not the least hint of having in any degree disoblighd her ladyship, nor did her behaviour in any other instance show it.

Good Mr. Barker has, in the most obliging manner, pressed me to go to Walthamstow this evening, and will bring me back to-morrow morning. He is as full of sweet, tender, endearing friendship as ever, i. e. as man can be. Yet man is mutable. May our happiness, my dear, be more and more fixed in God; and may our temper and conduct be such that we may be sure to find it in him. I think with pleasure of returning to the stated duties of life, and of prosecuting them strenuously and resolutely in the midst of the many discouragements and disappointments which Providence may allot me. May you in due time be returned in good health and spirits, and spared to aid me by your wise counsels, and to cheer me by your endearing converse, and then I shall be much less solicitous about other things; above all, may we both have the consolations of the everlasting covenant.

I am heartily glad to hear that dear Miss Adams is with you, and beg my hearty services to her and all other friends. For the present I bid you most cordially farewell, and am,

My good Dear,

Your very affectionate and much obliged

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST, London, Aug. 19, 1746, Tuesday morning.

THE dreadful work of yesterday, which I would not see, though I had one of the best places near the scaffold offered me, threw London into such a hurry, as much to interrupt my business, though I was diligent, and increases the care of these last hours I have to spend in town. Yet I cannot go out till I have written you a few lines in answer to those I have just had the pleasure of receiving.

My disappointment at Newington was amply made up as to the pleasures of conversation and friendship at Walthamstow whither I went in the afternoon, after having run about a great deal in the rain, from ten to four. I dined yesterday with Mr. Scott, and spent the evening with Mr. Neal, in company with my friends from Clapham. He is returned well, and is the same charming friend as ever.

I could fill my paper with an account of the unhappy lords who were executed yesterday; but deferring many particulars till we meet, which I hope will not be too soon, I shall only tell you that there was the most remarkable contrast that can be imagined in the manner of their death. Lord Kilmarnoek, who was attended on the scaffold by Mr. Foster (to whom he has committed the charge of publishing an account of him) appeared in mourning with all the signatures of meek submission and unfeigned repentance. He spoke in the most respectful and

affectionate manner of the royal family, declared his detestation of the rebellion, in which, as he said, contrary to his conscience, he had unhappily engaged, and prayed with his dying breath for King George and the establishment of our religion and liberties under him. He continued twelve minutes extended on the block before he gave the sign, and, in the earnestness of his supplications, raised himself three or four times*. The executioner, on addressing himself to his office, burst out into a flood of tears; but recovering himself, on the earl's throwing away his handkerchief, performed it at one stroke; the people in the mean time praying for him aloud, and saying, in multitudes, Lord Jesus, receive his spirit. Mr. Foster turned away during this scene, and then followed the corpse in a mourning coach to the Tower. Lord Balmerino appeared in his French regimentals,

* "Lord Kilmarnock was a man of considerable accomplishments. His reasons for engaging in the rebellion are said to have been founded partly in the narrowness of his circumstances, and partly in resentment to the government, for his having been deprived of a pension which had been some time paid him. Dr. Foster, an eminent dissenting minister, attended him after conviction, and even to the scaffold. Kilmarnock, either convinced of his errors, or flattered to the last with the hopes of pardon, declared a consciousness of his crimes, and professed his repentance†."—*Cowley's History of England*, page 501.

† "The enemies of Dr. Foster pretended, that he had all along flattered his lordship with hopes of a pardon, provided he kept up his appearance of penitence to the last: and Kilmarnock's raising his head after it was laid on the block, and looking round on the spectators, seemed to give some countenance to this *calumnious* report."—*Cowley's History of England*, page 501.

examined the inscription and lining of his coffin, and felt the block and the axe with such intrepidity, that some of the spectators took him for an officer who was to see that all was right. He read a paper (full of attachment to, and zeal for the Pretender); and then, refusing any assistance from the clergyman, showed the executioner where he would be struck (which was too near the shoulders), put on his Highland bonnet, and, without giving any sign at all that I heard of, lost his head at three blows.—The spectators seemed to have lost much of their grief for poor Lord Kilmarnock (whom the king would fain have pardoned if he could) in their joy for the death of so determined a rebel*. I visited Mr. Chandler on Saturday, who gave me a large account of the excellent temper and behaviour of Lord Cromartie, and of the reasons on which the king and council have proceeded in determining on his pardon, which I think very considerable; but at present he is neither pardoned nor reprieved, only, which is much better than the last, his name was omitted in the death warrant. You see how far my desire of amusing

* Bearing in mind that Lord Balmerino undoubtedly believed the cause for which he suffered to be that of sacred justice, it is impossible to contemplate the closing scene of his life without a feeling of admiration. To meet death with equanimity on the field of battle, when the trophies of conquest wave over the dying head of the victor, is the achievement of an exalted spirit; but on the scaffold, in the consciousness of innate honour, to encounter the bloodthirsty gaze of an infuriated mob with indifference, and then to lay the neck on the block "with calm undaunted eye," is something more, it is the deed of a hero!

you has carried me. If you show this to Dr. Stevenson, Mr. Chapman, or any other friends at Bath, present my affectionate services to them. You will probably see both Mr. Barker and Mr. Roome, and their good ladies next week. Remember their distinguished friendship to me; and I need not add, show them as early and as constant respect as you can. But it is more than time to conclude, with due love, service, &c.

I am always,

My dearest Creature,

Your most faithful, affectionate, and obliged,

P. DODDRIDGE.

TO MRS. DODDRIDGE.

MY DEAREST, Horton, Aug. 30, 1746, Saturday morning.

I HAVE now the honour to write to you from Lord Halifax's, where his lordship and the Countess of Halifax, Lady Bab Montague, and Dr. Salisbury, drank your health last night. I came over to concert measures with his lordship in favour of our good friend Dr. Stonhouse, whose fate in the hospital is just come to a crisis, and will be decided on Monday. Strange scenes will then arise. Mr. Backwell has drawn up a long accusation, in which, among other things, he charges him with having rid the gentlemen of the county above three years; and in the conclusion moves that he be immediately expelled: and, as I

believe a party cause will be made of it, I must say, that, monstrous as these measures are, I shall not wonder if they prove successful. Lord Halifax, the most just and benevolent of men, is determined to exert himself to the utmost in the Doctor's support, and by a revolution which astonishes me, Mr. Isted is become his hearty friend ; and I hope Providence will guard so honest, though so imprudent a man ; and by this escape, if it can be accomplished, cure his rashness, or at least abate it.

Northampton, Saturday night.

At coming home I had the pleasure to receive your last, but indeed a great deal of pain mixed itself with that pleasure. I cannot easily tell you how deeply it afflicted me to hear that my dear cousin is so much worse. I beg you would give my very affectionate service to her, and tell her that she is almost always in my thoughts, and that I earnestly pray that, if it be the will of God, she may be restored. I am much afraid this unhappy affair will detain you longer, and I seem more lonely without you now than I did when you were last at Bath. And many cares, and many griefs have concurred to sink my spirits much below their ordinary standard ; yet, my dear child, do on the whole what Providence seems to direct, and leave me to its gracious disposal.

You cannot imagine how my time is torn to pieces, and how little it can answer the various demands that are made upon it, which puts my thinking faculties most sadly out of joint. Even now I hardly know

what to write first. But I am inclinable to harp on a melancholy string. Mr. Jennings, of St. Ives, is thought to be going into a consumption. One of my greatest immediate comforts is, that I think good Dr. Stonhouse is secure, in consequence of what, in concurrence with Lord Halifax's and Mr. Isted's advice, Mr. Palmer and I did for him at the committee this day, by which we have bound down the court on Monday, unless it should fly in our faces, and that of justice, and even of shame. My thankful services attend good Dr. Oliver; and I am,

My Dearest,

In all circumstances and in all frames,

Your ever affectionate and faithful

P. DODDRIDGE.

P.S. Shall I condole with or congratulate poor Miss —— on the loss of her man? There is nothing that makes me condemn my own sex more than their scandalous insincerity in their amours. I know they turn it off with an air of gaiety; but I am very serious on that point, and consider it as the blackest and the meanest villany; and if a lady could have called me a faithless lover, I should be ashamed to call myself a Christian or a man.

FROM THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

Stoke Newington, Oct. 18, 1746, Saturday.

DEAR SIR,

MY MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND AND BROTHER,

It was some trouble to me that you even fancied I had taken any thing ill at your hands ; it was only my own great indisposition and weakness which prevented the freedom and pleasure of my conversation ; and I am so low yet, that I can neither study or preach, nor have I any hope of better days in this world ; but blessed be God we are moving onwards, I hope, to a state infinitely better. I should be glad of more divine assistance from the Spirit of Consolation, to make me go cheerfully through the remaining days of life.

I am very sorry to find, by reports from friends, that you have met with so many vexations in these latter months of life ; and yet I cannot find that your sentiments are altered, nor should your orthodoxy or charity be called in question. I shall take it a pleasure to have another letter from you, informing me that things are much easier both with you and in the West country. As we are both going out of the world, we may commit each other to the care of our common Lord, who is, we hope, ours in an unchangeable covenant. I am glad to hear Mrs. Doddridge has her health better : and I heartily pray for your prosperity, peace, and success in your daily labours.

I am yours affectionately in our common Lord,

I. WATTS.

P. S. I rejoice to hear so well of Mr. Ashworth* : I hope my Lady and I have set him up with commentators, for which he has given us both thanks. I trust I shall shortly see your third volume of the Family Expositor.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Northampton, Nov. 30, 1746.

I HEARTILY congratulate you and your worthy lady on your safe return from Bath, and rejoice in the confirmation of her health and yours, as an answer to repeated prayers. I think my health was never in a better state; may it be as faithfully and as wisely improved, as it is graciously preserved amidst many fatigues. One of the last was, on a very melancholy occasion; a journey to St. Ives, to preach a funeral sermon for our hospitable friend Mr. White, Mr. Jennings being at London when he died; but he returned while I was there, I hope in a way of recovery from a consumptive illness, which threatened his valuable life. The death of Mr. Scott, at Norwich, touched me very nearly; I believe he was one of the holiest and most benevolent men upon the earth. Your good son has given me some pain just now, by going out this cold blustering night to repeat a sermon some miles off. This is an excess of goodness; but it was to keep an appointment, and I hope Providence will

* This gentleman was afterwards the Rev. Caleb Ashworth, D. D. the candid and worthy theological tutor of the Daventry Academy.

guard him. I think I never knew him more sprightly, or, as it seems, more able to bear fatigue. He is become our deputy steward of the Reading Society, and a member of the Philosophical Society, and fills up his place in both with great credit.

If Archbishop Leighton's works have not reached you I would recommend them to you, as I have received not only great pleasure from them, but I hope great benefit too. The editor has given me a most splendid copy, and a promise which gives me much more pleasure; it is to send me several original manuscripts of that most eminently pious and candid author, that I may select such other pieces as I judge most worthy of publication.

Mr. Wilkinson, our clerk, may perhaps return on Thursday, when I hope he will bring us a line from you, which, after so long a silence, will be doubly welcome to,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE..

FROM THE REV. ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, Stoke Newington, Jan. 26, 1746.

I KNOW of nothing that I have taken amiss from you, nor would I have you suspect it; let my letter of recommendation which I wrote to Mr. Longueville be a constant memorial to you how near you are to

my heart, and that I suffer no slanders to make a division betwixt us*. I have much to thank you for, besides your daily prayers; but I would take leave to admonish you, that your speaking of the books you design to publish so many months before any of

* The letter alluded to, as it cannot but interest the reader, is here subjoined.

TO THE REV. DAVID LONGUEVILLE*.

REV. SIR,

It is a very agreeable employment to which you call me, and a very sensible honour you put upon me, when you desire me to give you my sentiments of that reverend and learned writer, Dr. Doddridge, to be prefixed to a translation of any of his works in the Dutch tongue.

I have well known him many years; and have enjoyed a constant intimacy and friendship with him ever since the Providence of God called him to be a Professor of human sciences, and a Teacher of Sacred Theology to young men amongst us, who are trained up for the ministry of the Gospel. I have no need to give you a large account of his knowledge in the sciences, in which I confess him to be greatly my superior; and as to the Doctrines of Divinity, and the Gospel of Christ, I know not any man of greater skill than himself, and hardly sufficient to be his second. As he hath a most exact acquaintance with the things of God, and our holy religion, so far as we are let into the knowledge of them by the Light of Nature and the Revelations of Scripture, so he hath a most happy manner of teaching those who are younger. He hath a most skilful and condescending way of instruction; nor is there any person of my acquaintance with whom I more entirely agree in all the sentiments of the Doctrine of Christ. He is a hearty believer of the great Articles and important Principles of the Reformed Church; a most affectionate preacher and pathetic writer on the practical part of religion; and, in one word, since I am now advanced in age, beyond my seventieth year, if there were any man, to whom Providence would permit me to commit a second part of my life and usefulness in the church of Christ, Dr. Doddridge should be the man.

* Minister of the English church at Amsterdam.

them appear does not do you much service: your Comment on the Acts, especially, and your Life of Colonel Gardiner have long been expected with tiresome desires: but I know your daily calls of duty fill up almost every inch of your time.

May the grace of God ever assist and bless you in

If you have read that excellent performance of his, "The Rise and Progress, &c." you will be of my mind; his Dedication to me is the only thing in that book I could hardly permit myself to approve. Besides all this, he possesseth a spirit of so much charity, love, and goodness towards his *fellow Christians*, who may fall into some *lesser differences* of opinion, as becometh a *follower* of the *blessed Jesus*, his Master and mine.

In the practical part of his Labours and his Ministry, he hath sufficiently shown himself most happily furnished with all proper Gifts and Talents, to lead persons of all ranks and ages into serious piety and strict religion.

I esteem it a considerable honour, which the Providence of God hath done me, when it makes use of me, as an instrument in his hands, to promote the usefulness of this great Man in any part of the World: And it is my hearty prayer, that our Lord Jesus, the head of the church, may bless all his labours with the most glorious success, either read or heard, in my native language or in any other tongue.

I am, Rev. Sir, with sincerity,

Your faithful humble Servant,

And affectionate Brother in the Gospel of our common Lord,

ISAAC WATTS.

After reading this important letter I cannot but recollect, with feelings of mingled disgust and contempt, the presumption, ignorance, and malevolence which the Eclectic Reviewers have betrayed, in their idle attempts to depreciate the character of Dr. Doddridge, in their notice of the former volumes of this Correspondence.

I will not here, enter into details, but the reader, who may feel interested in the matter, will find them fairly and circumstantially convicted of *wilful* and *malicious* misrepresentation, by referring to the Monthly Repository for January, 1830.

all your labours and designs for his honour, and the praise of our dear Redeemer, which is much more on my heart as I come nearer to the end of my race.

I shall order the bookseller, Mr. Oswald, to send you a book I have just printed, called *Evangelical Discourses*, which I hope you will receive within a week.

I am, Dear Sir,

upon the borders of life,

Your constant and affectionate Brother and Servant,

ISAAC WATTS.

FROM THE REV. JOHN BARKER.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

Feb. 3, 1747.

I AM desirous of knowing how you do, and of hearing how you go on, that I may rejoice in your usefulness and happiness. We here, being apt (some of us at least) to think ourselves great men, meet with rubs and mortifications which ought to do us good. There is a charge laid against me of not being submissive enough to Dr. Hughes, for which I am kept out of a trust in which, by Mr. Smith's death, he presides. This has afflicted my old friend, Dr. Grosvenor, who is one of the three surviving trustees, and who nominated me; but, being opposed by Dr. Hughes and dropped by Dr. Earl, was at length forced to give me up; and thus I am kept out of a service in which I should have had my labour for my pains. The cir-

cumstances attending this affair were very dishonourable both to Hughes and Earl ; but the age, weakness, and low spirits of my friend Grosvenor have persuaded me to choose that we should give it up. Thus, dear Sir, you see that you are not the only man who meets with unkind treatment for being useful, and only doing his duty.

Since I wrote this I have seen Mr. Jackson, who related some passages of your last letter to him, which to me were very delightful. Thank God for your usefulness and the success of your ministry ! take the comfort of it, dear Sir, and ascribe the honour of it to him whom you serve with a good spirit in the Gospel of his Son. I go on with cheerfulness, and with some encouragement, more indeed than could be expected from my years. As for the rest we manage, as Mr. Buge was wont to say, *sic et sic*.

The behaviour of Dr. Richard Watts and the wretch Bruckston towards Dr. Isaac Watts is a most marvellous, infamous, enormous wickedness. Lady Abney, with inimitable steadiness and prudence, keeps her friend in peaceful ignorance, and his enemies at a becoming distance ; so that, in the midst of this cruel persecution of that righteous man, he lives comfortably ; and when a friend asks him how he does, answers, " Waiting God's leave to die." The remarks on the resurrection, you mention in your letter to Mr. Jackson, I am told are written by a converted deist ; they are generally esteemed a good performance*. I believe I shall shortly publish a

* Observations on the Resurrection, by Gilbert West, Esq.

sermon of Dr. Stephenson's, which is in my hands, concerning the validity and regularity of our ministry; and, if I do, I shall order some of them to your Academy. Buckland sent me Dr. Watts's Evangelical Discourses last night, but I have not had time to look into them.

I hope you, and Mrs. Doddridge, and the children are well; my affectionate respects to them all, jointly with Mrs. Barker's. May the Lord of the vineyard bless your planting and pruning; may you have the honour of bringing up plants of righteousness and of renown; and may none of the buds and promising trees be either destroyed by killing winds, or oppressed with weeds and brambles; and may you be satisfied with a long life of religious consolation and joy.

I am, most affectionately and sincerely, yours,

JOHN BARKER.

FROM THE REV. JACOB CHAPMAN.

Staplehurst, in Kent, Feb. 14, 1747.

VERY DEAR AND REV. SIR,

I SINCERELY thank you for your most obliging and kind letter, and esteem it a great honour and happiness that you will correspond with me. Your invitation to Northampton I take very kind, but cannot accept it. It rejoices my heart to think, that God should make use of the "Call," &c. to help any one forward in the way to happiness.

The Treatise on Infant Baptism is just finished. I have endeavoured to collect such arguments as are full of strength, tempered with love and meekness. I have no view of interest in publishing these, and shall sell them to you, or any of your friends, at two pence each, the bookseller's price is four pence. I rejoice greatly on account of your Academy. O, may God continue and increase the blessed work!

I should joyfully embrace an opportunity of giving you a substantial proof that I very highly esteem you; and am, dear Sir, with great truth,

Your very weak and unworthy Fellow Labourer,
and much obliged humble Servant,

JACOB CHAPMAN.

My wife joins with me in affectionate service to Mrs. Doddridge. We beg that you would remember us when you draw near to God. The two last hymns in the Treatise on Baptism are Mr. Fawcett's. The hymn of four stanzas on St. Luke, xviii. 15, 16, is Mr. Darracott's; the rest are out of Dr. Watts's Hymn Book.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL WOOD.

Northampton, Feb. 19, 1747.

MY DEAR AND EXCELLENT FRIEND,

Yours reached me the first instant, and I laid aside the academical business of the 2nd till twelve, that I might comply with your request as entirely as possi-

ble; and I was enabled to spread the matter before God in such a manner that I do assuredly believe was heard. I joined three excellent Christians with me then, and I have since recommended it to many others, particularly at a meeting of a few of my dear brethren, in the ministry, on Wednesday last. Though a particular hurry of engagements has hindered my writing the two or three last posts, for which I am very sorry, I hope this will reach you before your final answer is returned. Yet it does not signify much, for I can give no more particular advice, except it be this hint, which was strongly impressed on my mind while I was praying, that if your near neighbours in the ministry, whose personal interest it is to keep you where you are, advise you to go to Norwich, you are assuredly called thither. I pity you from my heart, and wish I were near you; but still greatly rejoice to see you and your dear lady, and other valuable friends, in that excellent frame which is a sure token that God will guide you. Good Mr. Pearsall is going to Taunton, to which I would have nominated, and did mention, either you or him. There was the signal hand of Providence in this; and I look upon it as a most important event.

The Colonel's Memoirs are going to the press next week. Mr. Gibbons has written a fine elegy on his death. We join our sincerest and tenderest services to yourself and lady.

I am sorry so short and worthless a letter, two lines of it excepted, should cost you double postage,

but it is not in my power to prevent it, for I have not a frank, nor time to enlarge. Assure my friends at Rendham that I have impartially and affectionately prayed for them; though I think the balance must, so far as I can see, turn in favour of Norwich.

I am, Rev. and Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother
and faithful humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

February 23, 1747.

MY VERY WORTHY AND MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND,
I COULD not lose this opportunity of conveying my inquiries after you, and most thankfully acknowledging your letters, for one of which I find I am obliged to a mistake.

As there is nothing you either write or do that I am not interested for, you must forgive my reminding you that so faithful a minister of the glorious gospel not only merits our highest regards, but our many blessings also. I hope you will comfort me by all the accounts you can gather of the flourishing and spreading of the glad tidings. O! how do I lament the weakness of my hands, the feebleness of my knees, and coolness of my heart: I want it on fire always, not for self-delight, but to spread the

gospel from pole to pole. Pray for me, my very excellent friend, and cause others to do so. I dread slack hands in the vineyard : we must be all up and doing ; the Lord is at hand, and let us not lose the things we have wrought, but labour and exhort each other to diligence and faithfulness. O ! my friend, we shall reap plentifully if we faint not : it is thinking of your unwearied labours that inspires even so dead a heart as mine at this moment with great earnestness ; and I want words to tell you what shall be your reward : all I can say is, it is not less than Infinite Bounty which is to pay you.

I forgot to tell you that I have never heard of Mr. Braggar since he left my family ; but I believe he is gone to Denmark. Make my kind compliments to Mrs. Doddridge, and rest assured of the most sincere regard

Of a very unworthy, but truly faithful

and most obliged Friend,

S. HUNTINGDON.

Mr. Baddelley has just concluded a most faithful sermon to a good many hungry souls : gospel every word of it ; and I do trust the words were clothed with power, and have reached the hearts of some, so as to convert them, as well as to comfort others.

FROM THE EARL OF LEVEN.

DEAR SIR,

London, Feb. 25, 1747.

I MUST acknowledge with shame the receipt of three letters from you ; yet believe me, Sir, it was no neglect that made me not write, for I did so twice ; but, upon reading the letters over, I found I had insensibly fallen upon subjects too delicate for the *public*, and even, at present, as the world stands—or at least at that time, *a little freedom* was, I believe, used at the post office.

I assure you, Sir, that no length of time, nor alteration of circumstances, shall ever make me forget the obligations I lie under to you ; I am not much given to change, and friends are the last things a wise man would change, as they are sufficiently rare in this degenerate age, when nothing but falsehood and hypocrisy prevail.

I came to this place about ten days ago ; how long I shall be here I know not, but I intend, God willing, to go down by Northampton, purposely to wait on you. I beg leave to make an offer of my humble respects to Mrs. Doddridge.

Pray let me know how poor Mary Wills does : what you wrote of her fears about me is very extraordinary, for at that very time I was in very great distress ! I want much to know her notions of the present times, and shall have a long conversation with her when I come to your part of the world.*

* Some highly interesting and *remarkable* particulars relative to Mary Wills, a poor woman of singular piety, then residing near Northampton, will be found in the Diary of Dr. Doddridge.

Please to let me have the pleasure of knowing you have forgiven me for not answering your letters ; and direct for me at the British Coffeehouse, near Charing Cross.

I am, with great esteem,

Reverend Sir,

Your most obliged and most humble Servant,

LEVEN.

TO THE REV. RISDON DARRACOTT.

Northampton, March, 1747.

ONE of the most signal instances in which God has ever honoured me, was in the conversion of a physician of this town, who was once a most abandoned rake and an audacious deist. God made me the means, first of bringing him to a conviction of the truth of Christianity, then of correcting his morals, and bringing him to attend the public worship of God at church ; and, at length, of enlightening his mind with that true and saving knowledge of Christ to which, I bless God, he has now attained. He has written many most truly Christian letters to his old companions ; and has already, as he informs me, in a letter which I received from him but last post (for he is now in London), been the means of converting an intimate friend, who was once as great a deist as himself ; so that he is become a true lover of Jesus Christ. His is, indeed, an amazing change. Good Mr. Hervey has been honoured as a fellow-labourer with me in this

work ; and he sometimes comes to the meeting, and at other times is a constant attendant at church. My book, on the Rise and Progress of Religion, has been, I hope, honoured of God as one great means of producing this blessed change. He has read it again and again, and marked, with a line drawn under them, some hundreds of passages which occur in that treatise.*

FROM THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

MY MOST EXCELLENT FRIEND, March 15, 1747.

I HAVE so sincere a regard for you that I own it would flatter me to have you think it long since you heard from me. Company, some business, and my weak body, make my writing often to be attended with difficulty. I wished much to have been earlier in my acknowledgments of your last than usual, as it gave not only all that spirit of Christian friendship that I now am honoured by from you, but the consolation of assuring me, you have hopes of finding out a youth who may be thought worthy, from pious disposition and education, for the ministry. What contribution will be wanting from me towards this purpose I beg you will let me know, and my excellent friend

* "Transcribed from a copy in Mr. Darracott's own hand-writing."
"Sunday, Sept. 6, 1795."

"THOMAS SEDMAN."

The reader will observe that the above fragment is an extract from a letter of Dr. Doddridge's to Mr. Darracott, who was a dissenting clergyman of distinguished piety, resident at Wellington, and who had been one of the Doctor's pupils.

may depend upon my utmost gratitude for this high honour vouchsafed me: I feel my mite is cast into the treasury of God; and, O! inexpressible consolation, that he in his love is sending these calls to poor, vile, unworthy me. My heart wants nothing so much as to dispense *all, all* for the glory of Him whom my soul loveth.

I have ventured to send you a letter written by a young lady, upon the death of her sister, but with perfect confidence, that you will communicate it to *no one but* Mrs. Doddridge, and that you will be so good as to return it. A most wonderful conversion, and it has had the same effect upon both the sisters left behind! I knew it would make your gracious heart glad, as many incidents lately happening would do, could I enumerate all. O! many prophets and religious men have desired to see these days, and have not seen them:—great, great is the power of the Lord, and for ever glorified be his name. Some important time is coming: O! might I hope it is that time when all things shall be swallowed up by the enlightening and comforting displays of our glorious Redeemer's kingdom; when love shall be the burning language of the heart, and every soul be longing for the moment of his appearing:—my hopes are not only full of immortality, but, of this. Your works are blessed, and God is making you a polished shaft in his quiver. I want every body to pray with you, and for you, that you may wax stronger, and stronger. I have had a letter from Lord Bolingbroke, who thus says: 'I desire my compliments and thanks to Dr.

Doddridge, and hope I shall continue to deserve his good opinion.'

I am strongly baited to have some advice about my health : it seems good enough for me, but not for my children, and my sister, who is now with me, and who is very unhappy to see me so weak and ill. In submission, I have consented to apply to one of the faculty, and I have desired that it may be Dr. Stonhouse, of your town, who is the only person to be sent for to me whenever I should be so ill as to be thought in any immediate danger ; and, till then, his advice taken upon my case.

I have this day received a fresh mark of your unwearied pains and thoughts about me : alas ! could you know those sighs and tears I am continually offering through the weakness and unprofitableness of my life, they would speak cruel, and bitter answers to the tender care of all my dear friends. I often look to that bed which promises me a refuge, from an evil world, and from a yet more evil heart ;—but how does it bound, as the roe or hind over the mountains, when that all-transporting view presents itself ; presents, O, glorious ! an eternity of joy, to follow this glad release from time ;—everlasting triumphs sounding throughout the angelic thrones, to welcome my arrival. Such love and pity dwells in Heaven, and only there, for misery and poverty like mine. What liberty, to delight in that which is most excellent ! how enlarged those faculties which can take in celestial purity, and, by sweet attraction, engage and eternally maintain a union with it ! Thus do I

look on Death ; he is called a monster, a king of terrors, but as a Gabriel's salutation shall my soul meet him : he can bring no other message to the redeemed in Christ but, " Hail ! thou who art highly favoured of the Lord : " and though, it is true, so great a stranger may surprise for a little, yet his smiles of victory will clear even the ignorance of flesh and blood, and make the grave appear a consecrated dormitory for sweet repose. O ! glorious Emanuel ! how, how do I long for that immortal voice to praise thee with ; and, till then, that mortal one which may sound through earth thy love to man !

The post will not let me say more. I am happy in writing to you, as I find so perfect a liberty in my mind as causes me to rejoice. My kindest services to Mrs. Doddridge and your daughters ; thank them a thousand times for their thoughts about me, and live assured of the most unfeigned esteem, and highest regard of

Your most unworthy Friend,
Who hopes to continue to all eternity,
Ever, ever your Friend,

S. HUNTINGDON.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL BATES*.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

Warminster, May 16, 1747.

Yours of April 21 has been often perused and oftener thought upon by me with pleasure; and should not have been so long unanswered, if I had had an opportunity of sending sooner. .

I heartily thank you for your kind sympathy with me under all my trials, which I own do sometimes affect me so much, that I am forced to cry out, Lord, a little less trouble, or more faith and patience to bear it! But I see a necessity of doing what I can to conceal it from mine enemies; because I know, from long experience, that it will but encourage them to persevere in their opposition, in hopes of tiring me out in time, as they have often expressed it. But through Grace I have somewhat within to keep me quiet, and I can say, all is less than sin deserves, and nothing to what my dear Redeemer underwent for me. Yea, sometimes I have such supports as make me think, surely, the kind and pious Dr. Doddridge has been praying for me. I endeavour to go on in a daily method of renewing my covenant, and surrendering myself, my enemies, and friends, into the hands of a world-governing God, to be wholly at his disposal,

* Of the excellent author of this letter I am sorry not to be able to give any satisfactory particulars. The following short notice appears written on the back of one of his letters, by the late Rev. Thomas Stedman: "Mr. Bates was a sensible, prudent, pious man,—much persecuted by congregation of dissenters at Warminster."

who has chosen for me all my days, hitherto, better than I could for myself. And can I but escape all the rocks, which many, even ministers, split upon, and get safe to glory at last, I am very willing, yea desirous that God should take his own way. Unbelief is ready to say, alas, too often ! How long, O Lord, holy and true ! or when will these troubles be over ! But I am soon struck dumb, when I consider, that God is worthy to be waited upon ; his mercies are worth waiting for, his time and way are best for every thing ; and had we presently what we desire, we should not know whether we have the grace of patience or not. It is true I am the man that hath seen, and am likely to see affliction here ; but if my heart does not deceive me, I do sincerely say, through Grace, “ If he slay me—yet, will I trust in him.”

I am glad to find the account given of my affairs has been so well received by you. It was so far from exceeding, that it did not contain a tenth part of what might have been truly said ; but I will add no more on that head, than that, it is possible some may in time be forced to say, as others have, “ We are verily guilty concerning our brother.” I own myself vastly obliged to you for the many kind expressions of your readiness to heal our breaches ; but desire nothing of a friend that may be prejudicial to himself. I will only say, that as our separation never would have begun without support and encouragement from London, so I believe it will not last long without a continuance of it. Some have already left them, and are come to us ; others seem

inclined. They still continue to be supplied principally by Baptists, but had lately Mr. Lawson, a Scotch minister at Glassenbury, who was much cried up by them. He, in private, advised them to a union with us, as they did not pretend to any difference in opinion. But I know one of them said, they would have him here no more, and gave that as a reason for it.

I sincerely rejoice in the good prospect you have from your church and family, and am sensibly affected with some discouragements you labour under at home and abroad.

I know you have your enemies, but sure I am my care hath been to lessen the number, and I think some success hath attended my endeavours that way.

I heartily join with you in thinking that the *middle way between both extremes* is the only one to keep us from ruin. With these thoughts I set out in the world at first, and never yet saw any cause to depart from them.

As for my poor prayers which you are pleased to desire, I can truly say, my heart, such as it is, daily ascends to God for you, and all under your private or public care; and though I am sometimes ready to say, 'Will God ever hear the prayers of such a sinner?' yet, as long as I have a blessed Jesus pleading the merits of his atoning blood, I will venture to continue pleading in my poor imperfect way; and by all the observations I have made throughout my life, I will say, that nothing in my poor opinion has a greater tendency to knit the hearts of Ministers or private

Christians together than this practice of praying one for another. Could we but all be prevailed upon to set and keep up such a method, upon ordinary and extraordinary occasions, how soon would all our angry disputes, jealousies, and heartburnings vanish away !

But I forget myself, and thus it is always when I am thinking upon, or writing to dear Dr. Doddridge ;—I scarcely know when or how to leave off. Excuse my tediousness ; and do me the justice to believe that I am, with hearty service to your good lady,

Your sincere Friend and ready Servant,
but unworthy Brother,

SAMUEL BATES.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

MY VERY EXCELLENT FRIEND, May 21, 1747.

I DELIVERED your letter to our friend who was here, and read it with pleasure and joy, as all that comes from you occasions to those who love our Lord in sincerity. We have prayed earnestly together for you, and recommended, just before we parted, the young man.

My health is the same ; I drag about a painful companion, and yet I am quite satisfied to do so : how long it may last, while in the hands of infinite strength, I know not. Our affronts and persecutions here, for the word's sake, are hardly to be described.

But, alas, these are among those honours that should not be mentioned by me :—that so unworthy a mortal should thus be favoured by so loving a Father, ought to make me bow down with confusion of face, that he should regard me. Many secret and shameful enemies of the gospel by this will appear, the particulars would amuse you, and blessed be God they rejoice me, as good must follow from it. They called out in the open streets for me, saying, if they had me they would tear me to pieces, &c., and this without an offence of my life to one ; but, alas, this does but prove that it is the Lord that offends them, and so must he continue to the unregenerate heart. In haste I must assure you how sincerely and affectionately

I ever remain your obliged Friend,

S. HUNTINGDON.

FROM THE REV. DAVID FORDYCE, M.A.

DEAR SIR,

London, May 23, 1747.

ACCORDING to your desire I have sent you Mr. Mac-laurin's proposals, which you may please to show to Mr. Lawton or any other person whose taste lies that way.

Dr. Middleton's Introduction to his great work, which I suppose you have seen, raises a horrid combustion and noise here, especially among the Clergy, who seem to think, that to remove the rubbish of false

miracles is to undermine the true ones; and that his writing upon dissenting, free principles is pulling up the pins of the tabernacle.

Mrs. Cockburne, a clergyman's wife in the north, who once lived in Aberdeen, has written a book against Rutherford in defence of Dr. Clarke's Fitness, which your friend, Warburton, has ushered into the world with a pompous commendatory preface, in which he says that he thinks the author wrong, yet recommends the book.

Two reverend doctors, of which Chapman is one, are drawing quills, full fraught with gall, against Dr. Middleton.

Mr. Blackwell's book on Mythology will, I hear, be soon published; Mr. Mallet has published a pretty poem, called the Hermit; and Richardson, the author of Pamela, is going to entertain the world with a still more divine creature, called Clarissa. Mr. Millar is publishing a new edition of Sidney's works, with a Life by Mallet. I know of little else of the literary kind going forward.

As to politics, there was a great debate the other day on the Scotch jurisdiction bill, for which the Duke of Argyle spoke an hour and a half, though people shrewdly suspect he does not like it; yet, *en habile homme*, he submits gracefully to what he cannot help.

My compliments wait on Mrs. Doddridge and your family, and I am

Your most obedient humble Servant,

D. FORDYCE.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL WOOD.

Northampton, June 2, 1747.

Yes, my dear excellent friend, I am ashamed and grieved that I write so seldom to a man whom I love with more than the affection of a brother; and to dear Miss Scott, to whom I beseech you to give my humble service, and to assure her that she lies much upon my heart. But, alas! business presses me exceedingly, and some friends are sojourning in my house, and I cannot quite withdraw from them, nor forsake my poor flock, now under terrible desolations by the smallpox, which has taken away several young people of whom I had the highest hope, and whom God had lately given me as seals to my ministry; and also some heads of families, particularly the other day one excellent woman, the mother of seven small children. My fears for my dear wife, still subject to the danger, are not few: but I leave her with Him with whom I have left my soul, to which she is the next dearest thing I can call mine in the world of creatures. But indeed I fear my heart is full of too much tenderness.

I mourn for many; for you I rejoice, dear Sir, that God is calling you to so honourable a post of service, and thereby manifesting his care of a Christian society, which is so remarkably dear to me, as that over which our dear and now glorified friend Mr. Scott presided. The unfortunate lady you recommend to me I will serve if I should have an opportunity; but

I have been wishing some time for such a situation as you describe for a pious kinswoman of my own, whom her father, my first cousin, left destitute, and to whom I have endeavoured to be a father, so far as my care of others whom Providence has also committed to me would allow.

May all grace and peace be with you ; I have a multitude of things to say which make me long to see you ; but I cannot indulge myself in the pleasure of visiting Norwich this year.

I wish you had leisure to write against Mr. Taylor on the Romans. It is a book that is greatly extolled by many of the clergy of the established church, as well suiting their schemes, and it has been received with much regard by a multitude of dissenters. The Discourse on the Priesthood of Christ, which returns such solemn thanks for it, is said to have been revised by Dr. Sykes, Dr. Benson, and Dr. Lardner; the whole substance of it is taken from Crellius and Wolzogenius, and hath been fully answered by Dr. Owen in his Dissertations prefixed to his work on the Hebrews.

Amidst my many cares and sorrows let me still, and now with some peculiar compassion, be remembered in your prayers. I must conclude with telling you, that, if God permit, I shall be at Wisbeach, at Mr. Godwin's ordination, July 9, where Mr. Godwin of London, his father, will preach, and I am appointed to give the charge. Could you and Mr. Tozer meet me there, I would gladly spend Friday morning there for the pleasure of your com-

pany, and we might talk over general affairs freely. Could you get at liberty to return with me, it would greatly increase the joy of

My ever dear and ever honoured Friend,

Your most affectionate Brother

and obliged humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S. My letters from Holland confirm that idea of the piety of their Stadtholder, which the excellent speech he made to the States naturally excited.

FROM THE REV. JOSIAH TUCKER, D. D.*

GOOD SIR,

Bristol, July 23, 1747.

I THANK you heartily for correcting my mistake relating to Matt. iii. 11. Those words were certainly directed to the Pharisees and Sadducees, as you justly observe, and not to the apostles, wherein my

* Dr. Tucker, late Dean of Gloucester, was not only distinguished as a controversialist, but also as a political writer. In this latter field his talents were frequently called into action, and the liberality and wisdom he evinced in 1753, when a measure for the naturalization of the Jews was in agitation, did him infinite honour. The bigots of the day were, however, outrageously incensed; and no sooner was his Pamphlet on that subject printed than he was vilified in every direction; and, as a "crowning act," burnt in effigy by the populace. Some of his other efforts of this nature were not equally happy; and, in the war with the Americans, he got so much out of humour that he not only abused that gallant people scurvily, but ran

error lay. But I cannot yet conceive, that this mistake at all affected the point in question. For supposing these words directed to the Pharisees and Sadducees, and the sense just as you have stated it, viz. *He shall baptize* [those among] you [who shall be brought to believe] *with the Holy Ghost and with fire*. Then it follows, in my apprehension, that this baptism relates (at least principally) to the *extraordinary* and *miraculous* gifts conferred at Pentecost, at which time those miraculous powers were communicated under the *symbol of fire*. And my reasons are the following:—1. It appears, that the one hundred and twenty persons then present (among which num-

his head against a rock, by attempting to refute the arguments of Locke in favour of civil liberty!

As a divine, the reputation of Dr. Tucker was highly and deservedly estimated; and in 1771, when a body of the Established Clergy petitioned parliament to annul the enforced subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles, his defence of the Church “as by *law* established,” was at once the most able and moderate “apology” which appeared. It is worthy of remark, that in this treatise, “though strongly arguing for the necessity of some declaration as a point of union among the members of a church, he expressed a wish for the *omission* of the Athanasian Creed in the Church service; and also for *excluding* from subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles *students* to the universities, upon matriculation, and *graduates* in lay faculties.”

The opinions of such a man cannot but have their due weight with the pious and honourable body of which he was a member, and it may be hoped that the time is not far distant when the *necessary* reforms on these, and some other points, will be spontaneously effected by the enlightened and liberal majority of the clergy of the Church of England.

All the public and private duties of his office were well discharged by this good man, who died deeply regretted, of a paralytic stroke, in 1799, at the age of eighty-eight.

ber were probably some of those very Scribes and Pharisees to whom the Baptist here speaks)—it appears, I say, that these persons were a sort of representatives of the whole Jewish nation in this affair, according to the words of St. Peter, spoken at the very juncture: “This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel, and it shall come to pass in the last days (saith God) I will pour out of my spirit upon *all* flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on my servants, and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my spirit, and they shall prophesy.” All this plainly refers to miraculous gifts, and not to the common and ordinary sanctifying graces. But it is difficult to show, *when* this prophecy was so conspicuously verified, as it was at the time of Pentecost, when the believers were baptized with the *Holy Ghost* and with *fire*. 2. It is very certain, that your interpretation (which I look upon to be a very true one) of Matt. iii. 11, must yet admit of a farther restraining clause; viz. *He shall baptize* [some] of those among you that shall believe, *with the Holy Ghost and with fire*. For I think it is pretty evident, that only *some* of them were invested with the extraordinary gifts; and that they were *not* vouchsafed in common to *all* believers. 3. I conceive it follows from your very hypothesis, that this baptism of the spirit and of fire, must, at least, primarily relate to the *gifts*, and not to the *graces* of the spirit; because you suppose them (and I think very justly) to

be believers, BEFORE they receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost and of fire : and yet they could not have been believers at all, if they had not received the assistance of divine grace to enable them. And therefore if this baptism of the Holy Ghost referred principally to the one hundred and twenty persons assembled at Pentecost, it follows, that the baptism with visible fire was as literally accomplished upon *them* as the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I might here add a great many names of note to corroborate my sentiments : but I wave that to a person of your judgment and reading.

As to any peculiarities in Mr. Taylor's system, which do not appear to be well founded, I give myself no concern about them. The passages you refer to of his making the children of professing Christians " to be in a regenerate state, even before they are baptized," is, I hope, only an unguarded manner of expressing himself, and not his real design. I cannot go with him in *all* things in *this* treatise ; and have still more objections against his *other* performances :—but I do not perceive, that he has borrowed any of his hints concerning *justification, regeneration, &c.* from the *Fratres Poloni* ; though, in *other* matters, I know he is much indebted to them.

In your postscript you say, that *Melancthon* and the *Lutherans*, though not strictly Calvinists, do not go *so far* as the Arminians. I confess that I am not able to see how they CAN halt between these two opinions. And the famous *Le Blanc*, who was so remarkable for distinguishing *logomachies* from *realities*, saith,

p. 163, *tertiæ* edit. “Pono theologorum confessionis August. qui Lutherani appellantur, *eadem propemodum* hac in parte sententia est quæ remonstrantium, seu Arminianorum, *nisi quod minus subtiliter et curiosi hanc quæstionem tractant.* And again, p. 556. Pono ex iis quæ hactenus exposita fuerunt, colligere promptum est, et theologos confessionis Augustinæ, circa doctrinam de gratiâ sufficienti atque efficaci, methodo quidem et dicendi formulis aliquatenus differre, sed *quoad summam rei inter eos esse consensum.*

Your second hint is very ingenious and judicious, and seems to me to have brought the controversy into a very narrow compass ; viz. that there may be a sense in which wicked Christians may be said to be chosen, called, &c. to *external* privileges. But you declare it as your opinion, that the Scriptures never use the phrases in this signification. I, on the contrary, must acknowledge, that, according to my best light at present, it appears to me, that the scriptures very frequently apply these terms to the *whole body* of Christians in general, both good and bad, and, consequently, that wicked Christians are chosen, elected, called, &c., to those *external* privileges of the gospel ; to the *intent* that they might not neglect so great a salvation, thus offered to them by *means* of these external privileges, as, also, by means of the inward workings and admonitions of the Holy Spirit upon their minds. May it please the Divine Being to illuminate, with his heavenly light, and to bring into the way of truth whichsoever of us hath erred, and is deceived.

Though I have expressed myself with some length on certain topics, yet I entreat that you would please to consider it, as rather done with an intent to explain my own sentiments, than to engage in a controversy at all, and especially with a person of your abilities. It was my friend, Dr. Stonhouse, who first put me upon saying something concerning these matters ; which was a request I could not have denied him, though I could have wished that he had not turned his thoughts to these *δυσνομία*, and hope to have the concurrence of your assistance in diverting him from studying controversies to attend to the plainer precepts of the Gospel. After all our studies, we shall leave these controversies as we found them, *undecided* ; some declaring for one side, and some for the other : and certainly the arguments on *either* side are sufficiently strong to induce us to have compassion on those whom we think are ignorant, and out of the way, considering that we ourselves may appear to be the same kind of weak persons to others, that they may do to us.

Whenever you have a spare hour, I should take it as a favour to be honoured with your correspondence ; and am, worthy Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JOSIAH TUCKER.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON.

July 29, 1747.

MY MOST KIND AND EXCELLENT FRIEND,

How many thanks have I to return for these instances of your kindness; but indeed I am so sensible of my great and full unworthiness that I have not words to do justice to my gratitude; suspect every thing but my regard and high honour for you, and assure Mrs. Doddridge that no one is more sensibly obliged than I am by her concern for me. Was it not for your letters, and the kindness of some few others, I should suppose I am clean forgotten, even as one dead and out of mind; and that I ought to be so, God knoweth: the least mark of regard surprises me, and I start from it as a stranger unacquainted with hope, from any thing I can see about myself, that a thought should be about my health or life, they seem of so little importance, even to myself.

What shall my grateful heart add more? indeed it is filled with love and thanks to you and your family; may you long continue a blessing; may your gifts and graces be as visible to all mankind, as your known worth to me is highly precious, and then from your piety, and valuable life and works, will sound out the praise of God to ages after, as well as from distant nations now.

Prayers from me you will have, and I believe one of the last I put up will be to beg a reward for you; the voice involuntary of my heart is, glory, glory,

glory! Sure great things are to be done soon, or I to be unfettered soon from flesh and blood. Should the kind lot be appointed for me I shall rejoice over you as your ministering spirit, and I shall have always good news to bring you; I will wait carefully to protect your life long upon earth for the sake of thousands; and then, by a gentle operation, help to unfold your garment of flesh, and with my fellow companions waft your gracious spirit to the bridal feast of the lamb, and with them on Mount Sion shout your glorious deliverance. Farewell,

My kindest, best of Friends,

And live assured of the affectionate regard of

S. H.

P. S. Forgive the hurry I have wrote this in; my only, my dearest sister leaves me to-morrow, who has been with me a fortnight, after seven years' absence; perhaps you have heard of Lord Kilkenney, in Shropshire, she is his wife. Some impressions I hope are made upon her. Lady Betty sends her best respects; but sets out, at my sister's request, to go with her into Shropshire for a little while.

FROM ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, ESQ. *

REV. SIR,

London, Aug. 13.

THE following account of what you desire to be informed, with relation to the cure wrought on Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, I have taken down from her sister, Mrs. Thoroughgood's own mouth ; and am promised the particulars under her own hand, if it will any way add to your farther satisfaction, as she is still at Wrixham.

She was about thirteen years old, and in appearance in a state of perfect health, when she was at once seized by a distemper which absolutely took away the use of her limbs ; in which condition she continued about a month, incapable of any motion at all, but with crutches, and then with great difficulty, and but for a few yards at a time. The physicians soon found the disorder beyond the reach of their art, and advised her being sent to Bath. This Mr. Thomas the more readily complied with, as her elder sister was at the same time in circumstances which required the same application. They therefore set out for that place, attended by Mrs. Thomas their mother. The next morning after their arrival, before she had

* This gentleman, whose intelligence of mind, and generous hospitality, rendered his house the resort of many of the literati of his day, is already known to the public as the author of several hymns of considerable poetical merit. His daughter was the wife of that distinguished surgeon, Percival Pott, F. R. S. ; and his grandson is the present truly, venerable, and pious Archdeacon of London.

been carried to the bath, or drunk any of the water, being retired into a little dressing-room, adjoining to that in which her mother and sister then were, and on her knees earnestly imploring the divine blessing on the means she was about to use for her recovery ; in the midst of her devotion she felt a sudden alteration in her limbs, and, at the same time, a strong impression on her mind that she was healed. She instantly attempted to rise from her knees, which to her great surprise she performed without the assistance of her crutches, and at once found herself restored whole as before. This amazing cure for some time took away her power of speech, and her tongue could only form some unintelligible sounds of joy and amazement, which were heard in the next room, and supposed by her mother to have proceeded from her having fallen down, in which case as she knew she was incapable of raising herself, she flew to her assistance : at her entrance into the room the daughter ran into her arms without the appearance of any remaining weakness. Though she continued some time at Bath on the account of her sister's indisposition, she could never be persuaded either to go into the bath, or drink any of the water, always asserting, that as God had wrought the cure, he alone should have the glory*.

I am, Sir, with great sincerity,

Your very humble Servant,

ROBERT CRUTTENDEN.

* This sudden recovery from a nervous disease, it should be remembered, as *suddenly* contracted, was certainly calculated, at that period, to excite a great degree of pious astonishment. Mr. Cruttenden

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Northampton, Aug. 30, 1747.

THE smallpox prevails very much still, especially in the southern quarter of the town. Five have very lately been buried from under one roof, and three of them grown persons. A bad fever also is said to be very prevalent. I bless God our house is at present preserved from these infectious visitations, and I hope it will still be so. I know, dear Sir, you will be praying for us, and I recollect it with great pleasure.

My academy has received some agreeable increase this vacation. If all that I expect return, I shall have twenty-nine pupils, of whom seven are beginning their course. Five intended for the ministry are all church members, youths of eminent seriousness, and some of them of considerable genius and learning. Two young gentlemen for other professions are modest, sober, and promising youths.

My pupils acquitted themselves well at the late examination; when it would have been a great pleasure to have enjoyed your good company, with that of Dr. Guise and Mr. Jennings.

I have this day been preaching to a large auditory, though a great number of country people were driven away by the distemper, and not a few detained at

den, like a prudent man, makes no comment, but many other good men would have termed it a miracle, and many such are upon record.

From another letter it appears that the young woman, in question, suffered from a contraction of the chest, and were all the other necessary particulars given, it would, doubtless, be no difficult task to account for the instantaneous change described.

home by it. I really wonder whence so many come, and look upon it as an encouraging symptom. Busy as I have been, I have found time to read good Dr. Newton's Statutes for Hertford College, which contain a great number of valuable things, and as the book is now published for sale, I would recommend it to your society.

Comber's Heathen Rejection of Christianity in Answer to Weston is so ill natured a performance that I have little expectation of any good from it; but I have not yet had an opportunity of reading it over.

I am now so thoroughly weary with what the evening has added to the work of the day, that I must conclude with a large parcel of services to yourself, lady, and family, from all the branches of the family here, who are so happy as to be known to you. I cannot tell you how much I rejoice in your great happiness, which, I think, to borrow Mr. Warburton's language to me, in a visit he made me some time ago, is like that of a pious Levite under an equal providence among the Jews.

Since I began this, I have just heard of the calamity of a very friendly and generous family at Olney, who, after having buried ten children, some of them very amiable and at engaging ages, have now lost by a fever the only surviving child, a beautiful and lovely daughter of about nine years old, for whose life they have been trembling almost ever since she was born. It touches me very tenderly. May we be sensible of the divine goodness in having built up our families,

and in continuing our children around us, and may they grow up to religion and usefulness. I must add no more, but that I am with the greatest gratitude and respect,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, ESQ.

REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR, London, Sept. 10, 1747.

It was an old objection (though I think our modern atheists are ashamed of it) against the wisdom of Providence in the constitution of the human species, that mankind were not formed with a window in the breast: which contrivance, as they supposed, would have prevented a great many inconveniences, which attend our judging of one another's hearts; hence those men of pretended reason argued that, the best and most valuable part of mankind are exposed to the easy artifices, by which designing men conceal their real thoughts, and impose not so much on the understanding, as on the goodness of those with whom they have to do.

For my own part, I cannot help thinking that what they complained of, as a blunder, is an instance of the wisdom and goodness of our great Creator. If I consider man, as he at first came perfect and innocent out of his hands, such an access to his

heart, as is here contended for, must have been absolutely needless. When the tongue was a sufficient and unerring index to his mind, what occasion could there be of any nearer inspection, the very supposition implies that he could not be safely trusted, and consequently was neither innocent nor perfect.

If, on the other hand, we view him in his present fallen state, it must be allowed, indeed, that his heart is become "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" but still I think it a happiness that none can know it. Let it be granted that this ignorance may sometimes betray us into false friendships and dangerous confidences, and lay the generous and the honest open to the villain in disguise; let the hypocrite be allowed the advantage of his mask to deceive the man of integrity and honour, yet still it seems to me that this inconvenience, great as it is, will be still less than the total extinction of those social passions, which, I am afraid, would be the consequence of a thorough intimacy with each other's failings.

It is a maxim with me, that mankind, in their present state, are not fit to be entrusted with this access to each other's hearts, which God has, therefore, reserved as his own peculiar prerogative. This I am sure is true, with regard to the greater part of the world, who are therefore obliged to live in one eternal masquerade, and frequently take more pains to conceal the badness of their hearts, than, if rightly applied, would be sufficient to make them better; and I am afraid the esteem and confidence on which friendship (the noblest and most pleasing passion of

the human mind) is founded, with those of a better character, would be greatly weakened, did we know them but half as well as they do themselves : for my own part I confess that I dare stand no such scrutiny.

All that I intend by this long preface, is only to reduce my theory into practice. Let it then be supposed that this imaginary window was opened in my own breast, and that you had the liberty of inspecting what daily passes there ; would it not grieve that benevolent heart of yours to find one there so unlike your own ? would it not excite a painful pity to survey a thousand passions, perhaps artfully disguised, in the soul of the man you have condescended to call your friend, and honoured with so many marks of your esteem ?

Believe me, Sir, and God is my witness, that I now, at least, speak without disguise, did you know me better, you would love me less. Is it not, then, really better that this avenue to knowledge should be shut up ; and would not you yourself draw a veil over so unpleasing a picture ?

How often have I wished I could hide it from myself, and entered on the work of looking inwards, rather as a duty, than a pleasure. If the prospects I meet with there, in spite of all my fond partiality to myself, make me, in the language of holy Job, “ hate my own soul ;” with what aversion would my fellow mortals turn away from the loathsome, the forbidding object ? Well ! since with all my endeavours to conceal them, they are, they must be known, how happy is it that the only eye which views them is directed by a feeling which can pity and forgive

them? OMNISCIENCE! my soul startles at the thought of its existence in any other being but in Him who does alone possess it.

But how awfully glorious does this attribute appear in Him, where it is joined with infinite Power to relieve, and infinite Compassion to pardon? and yet there is a covering through which even those all-seeing eyes will never pierce; a robe in which I dare appear, and stand the scrutiny of eternal justice! Mercy prepared the glorious veil: may my soul be ever found in this garment of salvation; thus clothed I may with humble confidence approach His throne, and there confess those secrets which are there most securely hid, when most openly acknowledged. To Him I can, without reserve, reveal what I dare not disclose to the most generous, the most forgiving friend on earth. But yet there is a time coming when these important secrets too, which with so much pains I endeavour to conceal from the eyes of my fellow creatures, shall be laid open before men and angels; where then shall I hide my guilty head? The thought would indeed be too shocking to be borne, were I not at the same time assured, that pardoned sin can raise no passion but gratitude and praise; or if shame can reach the man whose iniquities are forgiven, whilst from thence the glory of free grace is the more exalted in my heart, let me willingly bow down my guilty head before that awful assembly, triumphing amidst my own confusion in the efficacy of that atoning blood which paid the ransom. Let angels, and men, and demons too, hear the black catalogue read over, and attend the charge, whilst

my glad soul at the same time hears my Judge pronounce the solemn absolution. In the hope of that glorious day, and as a necessary preparation for it, may I be found in a constant attendance at a throne of grace below; there may every fresh pollution be washed away by renewed acts of repentance and godly sorrow: and here, Sir, you too may assist me.

Though I do not deserve your esteem, I may at least engage your prayers—the very defects and imperfections which forbid the one, call for the other; perhaps, like Job's prayers for his friends, yours may prevail when mine would be rejected. It is a labour of love to which I am sure you are no stranger; with thankfulness I acknowledge the share I have already had in them, and beg their continuance for me and mine: and may every blessing your kind and friendly heart thus supplicates on my account be returned seven-fold into your bosom, and diffused over every part of your amiable family.

These, Sir, are acts of friendship, to which the distance at which providence has placed us from each other can be no interruption. I can no longer share your generous entertainments, or enjoy the pleasure and profit of your conversation—no more, perhaps for ever, join the social religion of your family, or go up to the house of the Lord in that beloved company with whom I lately attended the public worship of his sanctuary. These pleasures are now over; and though they leave a pleasing remembrance, and will always inspire a sense of gratitude on my mind, must not be again repeated: but this intercourse may still be maintained, still we

may duly meet at our Father's throne ; nor will it, I hope, be long before I meet every branch of your dear family in a better place, where, as the great Colonel Gardiner told his lady at their last parting, " eternity will be sufficient to make up for this short absence."

I have, without design, stretched this letter beyond all reasonable bounds, but it is the first hour of leisure I have had since my return hither ; and though I have hardly left room to return my wife's acknowledgments to you, Sir, your amiable lady, your dear children, and indeed every branch of the family, I am still inclined to enclose a copy of the letter I was speaking of at Northampton ;* yet I had twenty things of my own I designed to have added, but

**(From the Rev. Arthur Bedford to the Bishop of Bath and Wells.)*

MY LORD,

BEING informed by Mr. Shute of your Lordship's desire that I should communicate to you what I know of a certain person who was acquainted with spirits to his own destruction, I have made bold to give you the trouble of this letter, and hope my desire to gratify your Lordship in every particular, will be an apology for the length of it.

I had formerly given an account to the late Bishop of Hereford, in which there are, probably, some things contained, which I cannot now well remember, which if your Lordship could procure from his lady, who lives near Gloucester, would be more authentic.

About thirteen years ago, when I was curate to the Rev. Dr. Read, rector of St. Nicholas, in this city, I began to be acquainted with one Thomas Parks, at Mangersfield, by trade a blacksmith ; he was about twenty years old : I lived, at that time, with his father, and contracted an intimacy with him, he being not only good natured, but extremely well skilled in mathematical studies, which were his constant delight. He understood arithmetic, geometry, gauging, surveying, astronomy, and algebra : he had a notion of the perpetual

must let them alone till next week, when I will get a new stock of franks, that you may not pay more

motion, much like the wheel in Archimedes' mathematical magic, to which he had made some improvements, and which, he said, was demonstrable on mathematical principles, though I could never believe it.

Accordingly I have seen an iron wheel, to which he intended to have added several things of his own invention, in order to finish the same; but thinking the discovery of no use, and being unfortunately otherwise engaged, it was never perfected.

He gave himself so much to astronomy, that he could not only calculate the motions of the planets, but an eclipse also, and demonstrate every problem in spherical trigonometry by mathematical principles, in which he would discover a clear form of reasoning, though he would very often mistake in the quality of things.

When the Rev. Mr. Bayley, rector of St. James's, in this city, endeavoured to set up a mathematical school, I advised him to this Thomas Parks as an acquaintance, in whom, as he told me, he found a much greater proficiency than he expected, or could have imagined.

After this he applied himself to astrology, and would sometimes calculate nativities, and resolved questions, which he said often proved true; but he was not satisfied in it, because there was nothing which would admit of a demonstration.

When, by the providence of God, I was settled in Temple Parish, and having not seen him for some time, he came to me, and we being in private, he asked me very seriously my opinion concerning the lawfulness of conversing with spirits; and after I had given him my thoughts in the negative, and confirmed them with the best reasons I could, he told me he had considered all these arguments, and believed they only related to conjuration, but that there was an innocent society with them, which a man might use, if he entered into no contracts, and did no harm by their means, and was not anxious in prying into forbidden things: That he himself had discoursed with them, and heard them sing to his great satisfaction; and he gave an offer to me at one time, and to Mr. Bayley at another, that if we would go with him one night to Kingswood, we should see them, and hear them both talk and sing, and should talk with them whatever we pleased, and that we should return very safe: but neither of us had the courage to venture.

for my correspondence than, I am afraid, it will deserve.

I told him of the subtilty of the devil, in deluding mankind, by transforming himself into an angel of light, but he would not believe it was the devil. We had several conferences on this subject, but I could never convince him. In all these conversations I could never discover the least disorder of mind; his discourse was always very rational, and I proposed, to try him, by a question in astronomy, relating to the projection of the sphere, which he resolved, and afterwards did so demonstrate from the mathematics, as shewed his brain free from any suspicion of madness or distraction.

Having this opportunity, I asked him several questions concerning the methods he used to obtain this conversation; he told me he had a book, whose directions he followed; and accordingly, in the dead time of the night, he went out into a cross way, with a candle and lanthorn consecrated for that purpose, with several incantations. He had, also, consecrated chalk, consisting of several mixtures, with which he made a circle at what distance he saw fit, into which no spirit could enter. After this he invoked the spirits he would converse with, by using several forms of words, which, he told me, were taken out of the holy scriptures; and therefore he thought them lawful not considering that they were wrested to his own destruction. Accordingly the spirits appeared in the shape of little maids, about a foot and a half high, and played about the circle.

At first he was somewhat affrighted; but after longer acquaintance the antipathy in nature wore off, and he became pleased with their company. He told me they spake with a very shrill voice, like an ancient woman. He asked them if there was a God? they said there was. He asked them if there was a heaven, or hell? they said there was. He asked them what a place heaven was? they described it as a place of great joy and happiness. He inquired what a place hell was? they bid him ask no questions of that nature, for that it was dreadful to relate it. He asked them what method or order they had amongst themselves? they told him they were divided into three orders—that they had a chief, whose residence was in the air, that he had several counsellors, who were planted, by him, in the form of a globe, and he in the centre, which was the chief order. The second order were employed in going to and fro from thence to the earth to carry intelligence from the higher spirits. A

In hopes, dear Sir, of the pleasure of seeing you at Bunhill Fields, where my whole family long to

third were confined to the earth, acting according to the directions they received from those in the air.

This description was very surprising; but being contrary to the account we have in scripture of the hierarchy of the holy angels, it made me conclude they were devils, but I could not convince him of it. He told me he bade them sing, and they went to some distance, behind a bush, whence he heard a pleasant concert of such music as he never heard the like: in the uppermost part he could hear something very harsh and shrill, like a reed; but as it was managed, it gave a particular grace to the rest.

About three months after this he came to me again, and said, he wished he had taken my advice, for that he had got what would cost him his life, and what he did heartily repent of, and, indeed, his eyes and countenance showed a very great alteration. I asked him what he had done? he told me that, being bewitched to his new acquaintancce, he resolved to proceed farther in his art, and to have some familiar spirits at his command, according to the directions of his book; which were to get a book made of what he called virgin parchment, and consecrated with several incantations, as also a particular inkhorn, ink, and pens. He was to go, as usual, to a cross way, to call up a spirit, and ask him his name, which he was to put in the first page of the book, and this was to be his Familiar. This he was to do by as many as he pleased, writing their names in distinct pages, only one in a leaf: and then whenever he opened the book, the spirit, whose name first appeared, should appear also. The Familiar spirit he had was called *Malchi*, a word in the Hebrew of an untoward signification.

After this they appeared faster than he desired, in most dreadful shapes, like lions, bears, and serpents, hissing, and attempting to throw balls of fire at him. This very much affrighted him, and the more, because he found it not in his power to lay them, insomuch that his hair, as he told me, stood upright, and he expected every moment to be torn in pieces. This was in December, about midnight, and continued till break of day, and then they left him.

From that time he was never well as long as he lived; in his sickness he came often to this city to consult with Mr. Jacobs, an apothecary in Broad Street, concerning a cure, but I know not whe-

pay their respects in person, which they now do by proxy, I am, with great sincerity,

Your most obliged, most obedient, humble Servant,

R. CRUTTENDEN.

ther he ever told him the occasion of his illness. He also came to me at the same time, and owned every matter of fact unto the last.

He said, that when he did any thing of this nature he was deluded in his conscience to believe it lawful, but that he was since convinced to the contrary: he professed that he made no contract with any of these spirits, and that he never did any harm by their means, nor ever pryed into the future fortunes of himself or others. He expressed a hearty repentance of the steps he had taken; so that, though they cost him his life in this world, I have great reason to hope and believe, that he is happy in a better.

I am not certain whether he gave this account to any besides myself, though he communicated something of it to Mr. Bayley, the minister of St. James's parish, in this city. Perhaps your Lordship may be farther informed by his relations or neighbours in Mangersfield; the town lies not above a mile out of the road from this city to Bath. I have frequently told the story, but never mentioned his name before: if, therefore, your Lordship has any design of printing any such accounts as these, I desire it may be with such a tenderness to his memory, as he deserved, and so that it may not in the least prejudice any of his surviving relations, who have the character of sober and honest people; at least I never heard any thing to the contrary.

I am your Lordship's most dutiful Son and very humble Servant,

ARTHUR BEDFORD.

Bristol, Aug. 2, 1703.

N. B. The original, from whence I transcribed my copy, contains the following words signed by the writer's own hand*.

"The above facts are all true. *Arthur Bedford.* Jan. 1, 1740."

* This observation is made by Mr. Cruttenden, from whose copy the letter is printed.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL WOOD.

Northampton, Sept. 14, 1747.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

My esteem and affection for you is as certain as my being, yet I can give you but few written proofs of it; such is my hard lot, and you must pity and excuse me; yet let me hear from you when you conveniently can, for it is a great comfort to me. I will mention two particulars, which I beg you to recollect when you are tempted to think I forget you. It is one of the questions which I ask myself every evening, whether I have lifted up my heart to God for you in the day; and when I was lately applied to by one of the most important congregations in England to nominate a minister, to whom they should apply for a visit in the view of a settlement, and the conditions were, that he should be a man distinguished for good sense, learning, and good temper; that he should be a man of presence, experience, orthodox principles, and exemplary piety, I mentioned my *good friend* as, on the whole, the most proper person I knew.

And now, briefly, in answer to your much valued letters:—the more I know Mr. Ekins, the more I esteem him. He has found, and will find in me a faithful friend, ready to serve his interests, in some degree, to the hazard of my own. The guardianship of his young cousin, a lady of nearly ten thousand pounds' fortune (reckoning what she will probably

be when she comes of age), is a burthen which compassion and friendship have brought upon me, and which gives me more care, and takes up more of my little scanty time than can easily be imagined.

I rejoice in your late religious association. Something like it has been carried on here, and I wish I could say more of its success. Awful providences, like those under which we have been, often quicken the prayers and graces of real Christians, but they seldom convert souls. I see little or nothing round about us here, remarkable in that way; though many are growing up gradually, under serious impressions, so as, in that view, to give a very hopeful prospect.

I am extremely glad to hear of what the pious clergymen your way are doing. Would you believe it, some of the best friends I have, next to the intimate circle, in which some few chosen persons stand worthy of being ranked with Mr. Scott, Dr. Watts, Mr. Wood, (Colonel Gardiner, while living, and a few more) wear the Gown! They are several of them persons of distinguished piety, humility, and candour, as well as learning and genius; and I am grieved and ashamed to see how little some of our dissenting brethren (especially those in the new scheme) resemble them, particularly in the former, and much more valuable qualities: calumny, pride, censoriousness, suspicion, vanity, and many other bad things, do so disfigure and disgrace some of their characters, that I think it a misfortune and discredit for a man to be num-

bered among their associates and confidants. I thank God we have hardly any of them in these parts; but a few leading people in most of our chief congregations are governed by them, and hinc illæ lachrymæ.

My children are well. We join our most cordial services to yourself, your most agreeable lady, and dear Miss Wood. You forget to tell me what proficiency she has made in her Latin. Farewell, dear invaluable Friend.

I am more yours than I can express,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. W. WARBURTON, D.D.

DEAR SIR,

Prior Park, Oct. 10, 1747.

I HAD the favour of your letter, and along with it Colonel Gardiner's Life, which I have just read through with great pleasure. Nothing can be better or more judicious than the writing part.

Many considerations made the subject of great importance and expediency. The celebration of worthy men who sacrificed themselves for the service of their country*;—the tribute paid to private

* In allusion to this circumstance, Dr. Doddridge says to a friend, in a letter written in 1746, "Colonel Gardiner foretold it to me, that he foresaw the event of the wretched conduct at Preston Pans; and told a friend of his that, humanly speaking, the King's forces must be defeated; and declared his *resolution* of dying in his duty, if he were, as he expected to be, deserted. His counsel, though his experience was so great, and knowledge of the ground so perfect that

friendship ;—the example, particularly to the soldiery, of so much virtue and piety, as well as courage and patriotism ;—the service done to the survivors of their families, are such important considerations, as equally concern the writer and the public.

I had a thousand things to remark in it which gave me pleasure ; but I have room but for two or three. The distinction you settle between piety and enthusiasm, in the 78th page, is highly just and important, and very necessary for these times, when men are apt to fall into the opposite extremes. Nor am I less pleased with your observations on the “mutilated form of Christianity,” in the 30th page ; we see the terrible effects of it. The same pleasure your 162nd and 163rd pages afforded me. Your hymns are truly pious and poetical. The note at the bottom of page 176 is fine. I entirely agree in your sentiments concerning the extraordinary circumstances of the good man's conversion. On the whole, the book will do you honour, or what you like better, will be a blessing to you by its becoming an instrument of public good.

Mr. Allen (who is now upon beginning your book),

almost that single circumstance rendered his advice of the greatest importance imaginable, was not asked or not at all regarded ; and such a disposition made, and such measures taken, that had the General been indeed in the pay of the rebels, without joining them, it would be difficult to say how he could more effectually have served them.*** I feel a secret exultation of soul whenever I think of dear Colonel Gardiner's death, though the strong agitation of the various passions I felt at first, almost overbore me ; for no words can express the endearing intimacy which existed between us.”

Mrs. Allen, and my wife join with me in our best respects. I am, dear Sir,

With the truest esteem, your affectionate Servant,

W. WARBURTON.

FROM THE REV. SAMUEL BATES.

DEAR AND REV. SIR,

Warminster, Oct. 12, 1747.

THIS comes with my service to all your pupils, as well as thanks for their kind acceptance and approbation of my charge. If it prove useful I shall rejoice, and I hope you will continue your prayers with mine that it may be so.

I bless God for his presence with you in all your late journeys, and for the account you give of that good disposition which appears in many places where you have been, especially with respect to Messrs. Littleton and West, which, I hope, will be an introduction to farther mercies that way. I join with you in concern and grief, for the remains there yet are of lukewarmness in some, and bigotry in others, and wish I did not know so much of these things as I do; but I consider, who is called an accuser of the brethren, and would not be like him. God is perfectly wise in all he does, and all he permits; He ever proposes the best ends, and takes the best methods to accomplish them. If we had none in a different way of thinking, what room should we have for charity and forbearance? If no enemies, how

should we know whether we had grace to forgive and pray for them? And if we had every thing as soon as we wanted it, how could patience have its perfect work? We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, and what can we desire more?

You have all been much on my heart, especially since the day of your visitation; and prayers have been going up here for your whole town and neighbourhood, particularly for those under your care in the church and family, and still more for your good lady; and the same spirit, I hope, will be kept up; it shall, at least, be my endeavour.

I often think upon and pity you under all the fatigues you must have; but I know that God is faithful, and will not suffer us to be tried above what we are able to bear: my prayers are that you may, and my trust is that you will find it to be so. We have had many aching hearts here for the only son and heir, and hopes of a family, and now as many rejoicing ones. The Lord grant we may have yet still farther joy, and that every heart may be as much enlarged for a spiritual life as I was for a natural one, especially now that we have had such a fresh evidence that GOD IS A PRAYER-HEARING GOD.

Afflictions and deliverances have often been God's way to bring persons nearer to himself, and who knows but it may be so now, with reference to your town, church, and family, and this young gentleman in particular? However, let us strive hard that it may be so. All ages have set their seal to the power of Prayer, and why may not we in this, as we have

so lately and formerly been able to do in other respects, since God is the same God! Christ is the same Advocate! the new covenant of grace and all the promises it contains the same as ever? The righteous have been as bold as a lion, even under the Law, and shall not they be so under the Gospel! What if a Moses or a Samuel could not sometimes be heard, they were but equal to John the Baptist; but he that is least in the kingdom is greater than he! We have the actual sufferings, death, and atonement of a dear Redeemer to plead, which they had not. Since, then, we have a great High-priest, that is passed into the heavens, to present our requests to God, perfumed with his blood and merits, let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help us in time of need. But I leave this subject to be enlarged upon and practised by you, better than it can be by your unworthy brother, though, I hope,

Sincere and hearty Friend and Servant,

SAMUEL BATES.

TO THE REV. SAMUEL CLARK, D. D.

REV. AND DEAR SIR, Northampton, October 22, 1747.

I MUST beg the favour of your good lady to accept of Colonel Gardiner's Memoirs, which I should have sent you a week ago if I could have got it bound in a manner agreeable to my mind; but we have but

one binder in the town, and he is so full of business that it is a favour to get a book dispatched ; nor shall I be able to get one for Lord Halifax till next week.

I have a great deal of reason to suppose that very different censures will be passed on this work. However, it was a matter of conscience with me, to deliver to posterity the remembrance of so extraordinary a person ; and I have the satisfaction to hear that it is well received by many for whose judgment I have a peculiar regard, and particularly by Mr. Warburton, from whom I have received a letter, testifying his approbation in the strongest terms, and pointing out some particular passages that have been peculiarly agreeable to him.

The mortality among the cattle which has returned into these parts, has a great and growing spread : these things, in concurrence with the state of our public affairs, undoubtedly call upon us to humble ourselves before God : but, alas, Sir, I see little of this, and it grieves me that I do not.

I have of late had little time for reading, but I have now before me Ridley's Sermons on the Divinity and Operations of the Holy Ghost, which are the most learned on the subject I remember to have seen. He has published three on the late rebellion, under the title of " The Constitution in Church and State," which contain some remarkable things.

I have almost gone through my corrections of Archbishop Leighton's Commentary on Peter, which I esteem one of the most excellent pieces I have ever read ; yet I never saw any thing equally incorrect. I have, with the strictest care, avoided adding or re-

trenching any thing, but I hope you will find them read abundantly the better for having passed through my hands. I have restored the true division of the sentences, which were every where perplexed, three or four being generally thrown into one ; and commas, colons, and periods every where confounded, so that they might frequently seem to be placed by chance : besides, there was hardly a passage where there was not some word wanting to complete the sense, and frequently the most gross errors that can be imagined*. I have received a large collection of his letters never before printed ; among which are those from which Mr. Bennet made his extracts in his

* As this interesting passage has suggested the propriety of the step to my mind, the reader will perhaps pardon me for introducing some particulars relative to the rules I have adhered to in editing the Correspondence before him. In doing this, I must, however, in consequence of the dishonest and malicious attack which both the Work and myself have experienced from the Eclectic Review and its satellite, the Congregational Magazine, beg leave to be somewhat circumstantial.

1. I have rejected some hundreds of *unimportant* letters.

2. I have condensed the matter printed, by the omission of *uninteresting* sentences.

3. I have, in some instances, struck out the *superabundant* words with which the hasty carelessness of the writers had left their sentences encumbered.

4. I have *not*, in any instance, omitted any passage showing the Personal history, or the Theological opinions of Dr. Doddridge.

5. I have *not*, in any instance, altered the original sense of *any* passage printed in these volumes.

6. I have *not* put parts of separate letters from the same individual together, so as to make up one letter from the whole, as it did not suit the biographical plan of this work, although it was done in some instances by Mr. Stedman, and perhaps with advantage, as his publication was confined to a single volume of four hundred and seventy-two pages.

J. D. H.

Christian Oratory. I suppose you have seen that to the Synod of Glasgow, published in the Magazine.

I have received another letter from Mr. Littleton full of the same good spirit that breathed in the former. He tells me that he is writing the Life of Henry II. in six books, four of which he has already dispatched; and I doubt not but the genius of popery in such a work, from so masterly a pen, will appear in its full deformity.

I have seen Mr. West, with whose conversation I am charmed, and who seems to breathe in a remarkable manner the true spirit of Christianity. I have engaged him, I hope, to pursue a work of which I had once some thoughts myself, but which I was extremely glad should devolve upon one capable of executing it so well. I mean the Proof of Christianity which arises from what remains of the writings of Celsus; and I doubt not but the world will then see, in a stronger manner than it was aware, that "Out of the eater, cometh forth meat, and out of the strong, sweetness."

I shall weary you with the length of my letter, and will therefore conclude with the most affectionate services to yourself and good lady; and am, with the greatest respect,

Reverend and dear Sir,
Your most affectionate Friend
and obliged humble Servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

FROM THE REV. R. PEARSALL.

REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR, Taunton, Nov. 2, 1747.

I ENTREAT and hope you will not impute my long silence to any forgetfulness, for I assure you, you are much in my thoughts, and your name is much in the mouths of many in this country, but purely to the want of any subject to write upon that would be worth the perusal of one daily filled with employments, subservient to the interests of our blessed Redeemer. But it is often found that a long silence is broken by some remarkable event. The imminent danger of a father, it is said, burst the restraints of a tongue that had never spoken; a different event, producing a different passion, causes me to break a long silence; I mean your Life of Colonel Gardiner. And how shall I express my joy and thanks? I want words: affections uncommonly great do, as it were, swell the mind, and crowd, with a sort of throng, to the outlet of the soul, and obstruct the passage of words. I own I longed greatly for the publication, and am abundantly satisfied. I congratulate the church of Christ upon such an addition to its treasure; I would glorify God in him, and on your account too. Adored be that grace which rescued such a vessel out of the snare of the devil; and that in a way so extraordinary, and which strengthened the redeemed captive to stand his ground, and to oppose all the methods of the roaring lion and cunning serpent, and to remain, in

the midst of showers of darts, more than a conqueror. Indeed the whole book opens a scene of wonders, which, I entreat, may be blessed to the awakening and confirming of many souls. I wish it may be read by the whole army, and weighed according to its deserts by all, from the Duke himself to the meanest soldier who carries a musket. And, my good friend, blessed be you of the Lord, who have been the honoured instrument of handing forth so glorious a light to the view of thousands. For my part, when I read it, I was almost impatient till others were acquainted with the same good news, which I knew must tend so strongly to the joy of the righteous, and the enlargement of their adorations, and their encouragement and quickening in the ways of the Lord ; and therefore I gave notice that I would read it in public, and did so two evenings in a week, for five times, till the whole was finished ; and as we began and ended each season with prayer, I could not forget you who under God had, as it were, spread the table and furnished out the entertainment for us : and I assure you I had a great number hanging their ears upon my lips every time. Such a remarkable event as the Colonel's conversion, such a system of sentiments as those which he imbibed, such a spirit as that which animated him, and such sacred joys as crowned all, will be animadverted on in a way agreeable to every one's taste ; so that you will not wonder if in this *rational*, self-opinionated, erroneous and unbelieving age, some may call it a scene of enthusiasm, and load it and you with reproaches ; and indeed,

Doctor, you stand fairer than ever for the honour of being a sort of martyr, I mean in your character, for the glorious cause of gospel truth, vital religion, and free grace. I trust, in the midst of all you will not be dismayed. They called the master of the house Belzebub. "If ye are reproached for the name of Christ happy are ye," &c. It is a glorious attainment for a scholar to be willing to become a fool (to be accounted such) for Christ; and shall not a minister of the gospel be willing to partake of the like fate with the Gospel itself, which was, in the apostle's time, and ever since has been treated as foolishness, though, indeed, the wisdom of God in a mystery! Go on, good soldier of Jesus Christ, and, in imitation of your great Captain, despise shame in the prosecution of God's glory, and in marching on to the joy set before you. I believe scarcely any have been remarkably zealous for God, and peculiarly successful, but that they have experienced a cast of the devil's malice, and tasted persecution, in some shape or other. For my part, I am endeavouring to die daily to a good name and reputation among men. May I be enabled to approve myself more to my great Lord and Master, and to my own conscience; and as for my fellow mortals, their good name is as empty as the air, and uncertain as the wind! We cannot please all, nor any, perhaps, at all times. I say again, Reverend Sir, be not in the least discouraged, if your name run the gauntlet among some; I verily believe, the best of God's people will love you more, and rejoice in their friend the more intimately, when

they see him espouse the cause of God more vigorously. You will experience more joy in your own breast ; and upon this account too, that you are esteemed worthy to suffer reproach for Christ's name's sake. For my part, let me have all your shame for half your honour, and for being instrumental of half the service you are performing for Christ and his church.

Providence has brought me liither agreeable to your advice. I am entered into a large field ; and, if gospel ministers in general may say, " Who is sufficient for these things ? " much more may so feeble an instrument in so wide a sphere. We have a numerous auditory ; supposed, in an afternoon, to be one thousand. I do not know that we have lost many famous for religion. There are many belonging to this society really judicious and remarkably serious. Through mercy, too, we are very peaceable ; there are no squabbles, either among ourselves or with the people of the other meeting. I hope also that the spirit of God hath not quite departed from us. There are some concerned about their souls, and their everlasting interests, inquiring the way to Zion with their faces thitherward : and, I hope, more than a few who have been prevailed with to set to prayer, secret prayer, and family prayer, who were strangers to it. I mention this, entreating your prayers, and that frequently and fervently, amidst your many and important affairs. I am much pleased with your pupil's being come to settle so near me as Wivelscomb : he seems to be a truly valuable young man, and one

that you will have comfort from, as being greatly instrumental in promoting the glory of our God and Redeemer. Mr. Darracott too goes on exceedingly well at Wellington. He will have a brighter crown than many who shine more conspicuously in the learned world; as he will have a larger train, of whom he may say at last, "Behold, here I am, and those that thou hast given me."

As I am now finishing I cannot but remember how much candour you have need of, to excuse my free way of writing; but I know I am writing to one who has a good stock of that amiable quality in his composition.

That God would be pleased to continue you long in life, and every day richly endow your soul with the gifts and graces of his Spirit; that, while you are, as a tutor and minister, watering many, you may be abundantly watered with its richest effusions, is the earnest prayer of,

Rev. and worthy Sir,

Your affectionate but unworthy Fellow Labourer
and humble Servant,

R. PEARSALL.

END OF VOL. IV.

